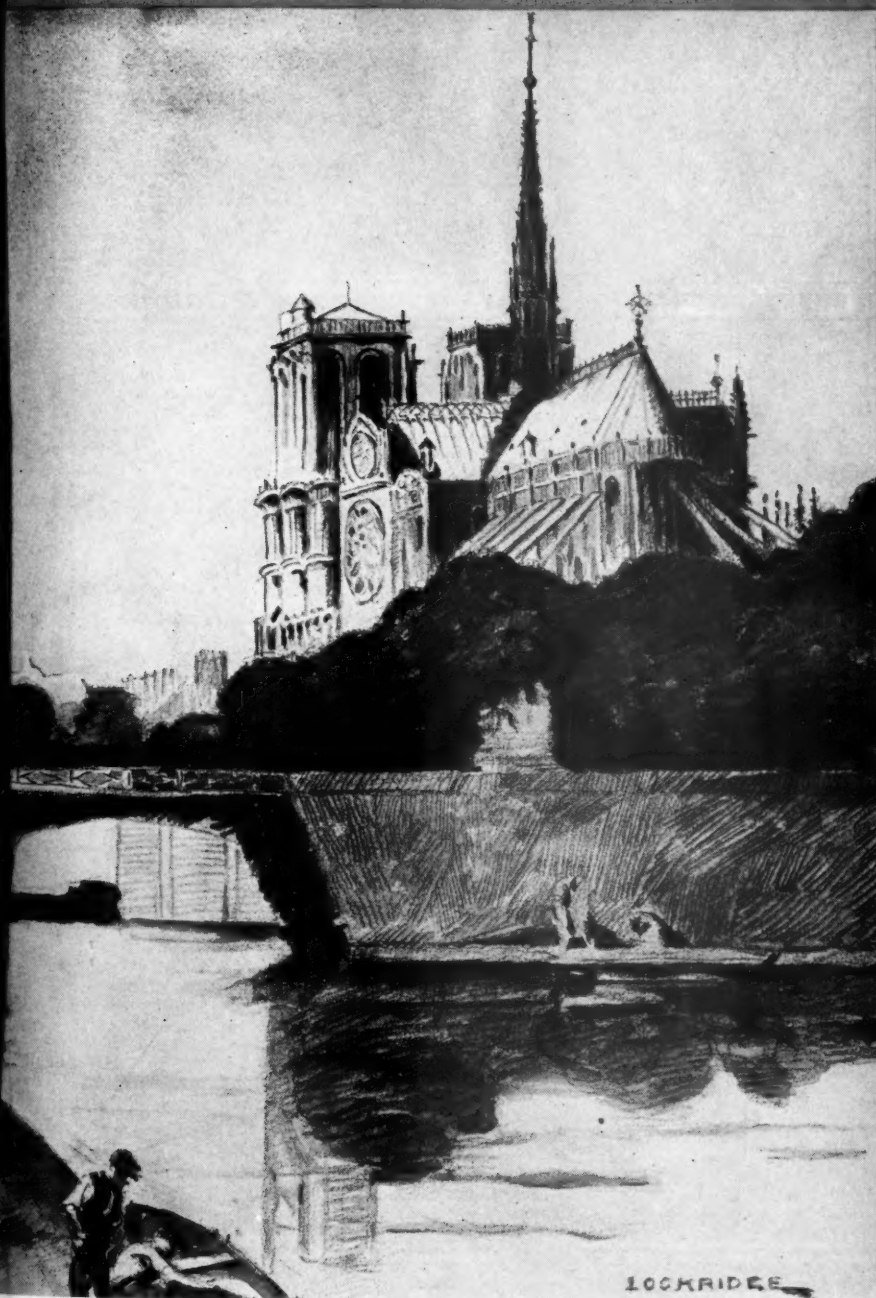


# THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



## AT GRIPS WITH REDS

—✠Cuthbert M. O'Gara,  
C.P.

## FICTION—POETRY

The Face of God—O'Dea  
Ringing of a Bell

—Eberhardt

The Red Judas—Newton

The Golden Christ

—Weaver

This Heart and Mind

—Ray

## ARTICLES

Not a Commodity—Brady

King George V—Gwynn

Mexico Sees Red—Pond

Columkille, Irish Saint

—Wilby

The Strength of Islam

—Belloc

Economic Progress

—Ryan

The Romantic Hellenist

—Lann

Gen. Charles Ewing

—Guilday

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Editorials

Book Reviews

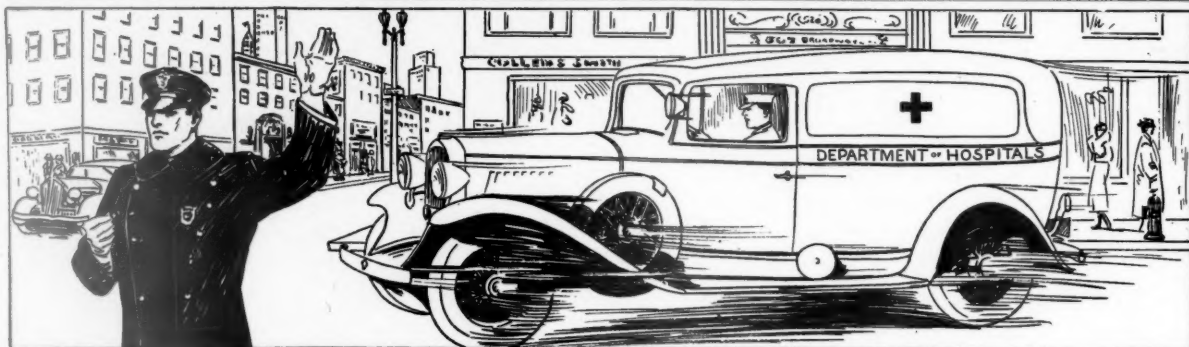
Sign-Post

Woman to Woman

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## Our Cover

### Notre Dame Cathedral

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL has been for countless years the parish church of Paris, and of France. With untiring fidelity, it has presented the splendor of the Church's liturgy and the beauty of her spirit. And men and women from every class of society have come to capture that spirit, and incorporate it into their own lives.

Notre Dame long enjoyed a unique privilege. In it were treasured some of the most precious relics of Our Lord's Sacred Passion—the Crown of Thorns, one of the Nails, and a relic of the True Cross. On certain occasions, the French King and his people gathered here, and the King presented these sacred relics to the veneration of the people. Here, too, the King and people assembled to think of Christ's sufferings, and to find strength to bear their own sufferings. Here, they came with their joy of victory.

Unfortunately, Notre Dame has witnessed not only France's spiritual greatness, but also her moments of infidelity. During the French Revolution, the altar of the Cathedral was desecrated, and upon it was placed an infamous woman, whom the mob hailed as Incarnate Reason. The voices of the clergy were forcibly stifled—but there was one voice that would not be silenced. Christ had said on a certain occasion that if men did not acclaim Him, the very stones would cry out. His prophecy was fulfilled. The stones of Notre Dame spoke with thunders of silent eloquence. Men heard, and repented of their crime. The false goddess of Reason was taken down; Christ, the true God of Wisdom was restored to Notre Dame.

# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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# AT GRIPS WITH REDS

*Important events—both interesting and deeply significant—have been happening in our mission in Western Hunan, China. His Excellency, Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., Vicar Apostolic of Yüanling, is in this country at present, and at our request he has consented to interpret these events for the readers of THE SIGN.—The Editor.*

IN the closing days of November last there appeared in the American Press a brief dispatch from China announcing that a band of Communists had broken through the Government lines and were menacing northwestern Hunan. It mentioned that in the danger zone were a number of missionaries, American Nationals, and that one Passionist Father having escaped had released the news. That was all. Few on reading that dispatch suspected that behind it lay a stirring story of missionary adventure and heroism equal in human interest to any from distant penal days.

The Vicariate of Yüanling is one of the most exposed and hazardous mission fields in China. It is several weeks' travel from the seacoast, remote from the main arteries of travel. It lies far beyond the reach of the protecting arm of the Consular Service. There are no gun-boats within five hundred miles. The mountainous nature of the territory has made it a fertile field for banditry and a perennial prize for warring chiefs.

Three times since the advent of the Passionists in Western Hunan have Communists overrun the territory. Three times have the lives of the priests and Sisters been in peril. Three times has the Vicariate suffered heavy material losses. In November, 1935, at the time of the most recent raid, there were stationed over the field twenty-two Passionist priests, twelve Sisters of Charity and four Sisters of St. Joseph. The sudden thrust of the Communists intercepted all lines of communication. Roads were closed. The Missionaries were trapped. The letter from one of the Missionaries which is featured in this issue of THE SIGN is typical of the fate which befell many of the Missions and of the miraculous escapes of the Missionaries together with their perilous days of hiding from the Communists. Equally tragic and more desperate was the case of those priests and Sisters who in two populous cities at opposite extremes of the Vicariate found themselves completely cut off without even remote possibility of escape. Communist bands approached within a few miles of both these cities. The anxiety and suspense of such situations can only be appreciated by those who have actually suffered such experiences.

THERE was no misgiving as to the calibre of the foe. This army is inoculated with a brand of Communism as red as any existent in Russia today. These Communists are imbued with an implacable hatred of the Catholic Church, for priests and for Sisters and, indeed, for all who profess Christian principles. Witness their diabolical hatred for the Church as narrated in the letters which have been appearing in THE SIGN: crucifixes carried through the streets in mockery and hacked to pieces in public places; pictures of Lenin and Marx pasted on altars; the plundering of churches, missionary residences;

wanton scattering of all manner of equipment in diabolical urge to paralyze and extinguish the work of the Church.

These are the Reds that were so hot on the heels of the Missionaries. These are the Reds who camped within six miles of the city of Yüanling with its seven priests and twelve Sisters of Charity. These are the Reds that passed almost within sight of the walls of Chihkiang behind which were four priests and four Sisters of St. Joseph.

The history of the Church in every land is ever the same. The word is preached in sorrow. The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. The Church grows and waxes strong in the face of frustrations and apparent defeat. Trials and tribulations are but the seal of divine approval and the earnest of future success and triumph. The question is so frequently asked even by instructed and fervent Catholics, "Why send our priests and Sisters into the foreign mission field, into evident danger; why risk life itself when there are fields to be cultivated at home with no danger to life or limb?" This is not the spirit of our Divine Lord Who said "Go teach all nations." This is not the spirit that animated the great missionaries of the past, to whose labors, sacrifices, sweat and blood we owe the Faith that flourishes in the United States today.

HOW proud we are of the dauntless courage, loyalty unto death of our Catholic forebears in ages past. We are thrilled by the stories of hunted priests hiding in secret closets, offering Mass at risk of life under hedges, disguised and outcast; we laud those staunch and loyal Catholics who befriended these intrepid apostles and so kept alight and handed on to their posterity the torch of Faith. Because these things are of the past they are romantic. They do not touch us directly, and are the objects of our wistful admiration. What we forget is that the Church, though old, is ever young and that in every age these scenes must be re-enacted. We Americans ought to rejoice and give thanks to God, not only that we spring from heroic Christian stock, but that this our generation has been found worthy to suffer and do battle for the Faith.

The storm has temporarily subsided and priests and Sisters are again at their posts. The history of this latest raid is the sad record of pillaged missions, ravaged churches, scattered flocks, missionaries pursued—a heartbreaking story in all truth, but there is a ray of cheer in the darkness. It is the story of the loyalty of the Chinese Catholics. Their selfless devotion to the welfare of their priests and Sisters in the face of certain torture and probable death, if caught, is the Missionary's well of consolation.

The outposts of the Church in Hunan, battered down by the Reds, must be rebuilt and strengthened, for the work of Christ's Church must go on. American Catholics, upon your support—your prayers and your material aid—will depend in large measure whether Communism or the Catholic Church will prevail.

+Cuthbert M. O'Gara, S.J.



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# THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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## CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

CERTAIN Latin American Republics have been experiencing recently a considerable amount of trouble that is attributed to Communist agitators. In some countries

### Communism South of Us

the conflict may be merely the inevitable clash between conservatives and liberals. In such a case the one side is always quick to label the other Communist even where there is no foundation for it.

But where there is so much smoke it is hardly credible that there is no fire. In spite of vehement denials there can be no doubt as to the existence of Red activity in South America. Even on the face of it the disturbances in Brazil and Uruguay present too perfect a picture of Communist methods for the Reds not to have had a considerable part to play in them.

In Mexico the situation lends itself to a more definite diagnosis. There is evidently a silent but none the less desperate struggle going on between the Conservatives and the Radicals. The rivalry between Cárdenas and Calles is but part of a widespread and general struggle. In the recent tie-up in Monterrey, Mexico's greatest industrial centre, all commercial and industrial activities were suspended for two days as a protest against Communist activities. A committee of citizens appointed to wait on President Cárdenas said that the two day suspension of business was "to demonstrate that the people of Monterrey are Mexican and do not want anything to do with exotic doctrines."

On the following Sunday thirteen thousand workers paraded before Cárdenas carrying red and black flags and singing the *Internationale*. Their spokesman attacked capitalists and the bourgeois. Cárdenas declared that there is no reason to believe that a Communist movement exists in Mexico. He also condemned the employers' class. One might be tempted to ask whether Cárdenas has ever heard the saying—a rose by any other name—.

In this issue of THE SIGN appears an article *Mexico Sees Red*, written by one who has lived in Mexico for years. It is particularly timely because it gives a calm and dispassionate analysis of this very question of Communism in Mexico. Mr. Pond's statement of facts will help one to form an opinion as to whether or not President Cárdenas is right when he says there is no Communism in Mexico.

THE New York State Council of the Knights of Columbus, in inaugurating a Study Club Program for Lent of this year, is doing an important work from which we hope to see lasting beneficial effects. This year's work is only a beginning. It is hoped that a permanent and intensive movement will be initiated later.

### Knights of Columbus Study Clubs

The immediate purpose is not the establishment of Evi-

dence Guilds, though that too is envisaged in the plan as a result of the training given in the Study Clubs. The immediate purpose is to train the members of each Council in the teachings of the Church, to prepare them to discuss and to defend their faith intelligently.

A copy of the Program for Study Clubs, sent to each Council, outlines the plans for these Clubs. Each Club is to consist of a group of not more than twenty—non-members are admitted. Under the guidance of the Spiritual Director there is to be free and open discussion on an assigned topic. The subject matter for discussion is not limited. Suggested topics in the Program show an emphasis in matters which are both important and timely, such as: Marriage and Divorce, Birth Control, Sterilization, Euthanasia, Social Justice and the various Papal Encyclicals.

The Knights are not entering a field of endeavor in which nothing has been done before them. The Study Club movement has been fostered with extraordinary success by the Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Great Falls, Montana. An account of this movement, written by Very Rev. Daniel J. Dineen, Vicar General of the Diocese of Great Falls, appears in an article entitled *Study Club Activities*, in the December issue of THE SIGN. This article has been reprinted, and a copy is being sent by the State Council, on request, to the various New York State Councils of the Knights.

The experience gained in this work in the diocese of Great Falls is set forth in this article. Its perusal is recommended to all who are interested in Study Clubs. Two things stand out strongly in Father Dineen's account. One is the need of thorough organization, and the other is the need of competent leadership. The experience gained in the Diocese of Great Falls should be of untold help to the Knights in the work they are organizing.

UNDER the heading *Spiritual Activity* in the Program, the recommendation is made that each Study Club should undertake some particular spiritual activity under the advice and guidance of its Spiritual Director. We were particularly interested in the suggestion that the Study Club should be a nucleus from which a Council retreat should be developed. No better spiritual activity could be asked of the Study Clubs than an active interest in the Retreat movement. The intellectual advantages gained by study and discussion would be supplemented and consolidated by the spiritual exercises of a retreat.

We have long been of the opinion—and have stated it in these pages—that the Knights of Columbus, with their numbers and organization, could do more than any other group for the furtherance of the Lay Retreat movement

in this country. We hope that the Study Clubs will bring about a renewed interest and activity among the Knights of Columbus in this particularly important Catholic work.

It is pleasant to think of the unlimited field for good which opens before the Knights, in this work which they are inaugurating. It is difficult to conceive of any greater asset to the Church in this country—or for that matter in any country—than an intelligent laity, well-instructed in the teachings of the Church. Too many of our Catholic laymen, even those equipped with secular learning, are unable to give an intelligent explanation of their faith, to say nothing of a convincing proof of its verity.

Most of the successes gained by the enemies of the Church, especially in time of trial and persecution, have been gained in the ranks of those who are Catholics by heredity rather than by conviction. We feel that the Study Club movement is one of the best methods of making intelligently convinced Catholics, and hope that much will be accomplished by it through the Knights of Columbus.

• • •

**T**HE remains of Father Damien—the leper priest of Molokai—are on their way back across the world to their last resting place in Belgium. The story of this missionary who begged his Superior to send him to the leper colony where unclean men were living in exile—or dying a living death in squalid huts—is

#### A Modern Missionary Martyr

one of the great spiritual romances of the modern world. One almost feels that this saintly dust should be escorted regally and with acclaim wherever it goes. Surely it will bless as it passes. Fr. Damien was called by Robert Louis Stevenson "one of the world's heroes and exemplars, crowned with glories and horrors, toiling and rotting in a pigsty under the cliff of Kalawai." "Damien was coarse," says Stevenson in his defense of Father Damien against Mr. Hyde who had impugned his character. "It is very possible. You make us very sorry for the lepers who had only a coarse old peasant for their friend and father . . . Damien was headstrong. I thank God for his strong head and heart . . . Damien believed his own religion with the simplicity of a child."

"We lepers" is how he addressed the eight hundred outcasts of society. He was one of them—they were his to minister to. Souls beneath the ruined, rotted flesh—behind the fierce and fevered eyes—on the thick and patchy lips. Souls whose bodies were beyond mending, but of whom the Master had said: "As often as you did it to the least of these—you did it unto Me."

Stevenson said of Molokai: "A pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in." But Father Damien went down into it and lived in it and left upon it a stamp of glory that makes his life one of the finest missionary romances of Holy Mother Church.

• • •

**I**T is pleasant here to record that Catholic Press Month—February—saw THE SIGN reach the one hundred thousand mark. To take care of the March business it will be necessary to print something over one hundred thousand copies.

#### The March of The Sign

The year 1935 saw a steady increase in circulation and saw THE SIGN meeting with a certain measure of success on the newsstands of the New York Metropolitan area. The sale of a Catholic Magazine on a city newsstand has always been something of a major problem in the matter of increasing circulation. There seems to be room for every kind of publication dealing with every kind of subject. And they are bought by our Catholic people as well as by others. If these same Catholics can

only be awakened to the fact that they can be of great assistance in the promotion of Catholic literature simply by asking for it at their nearest newsstand the advancement of the Catholic Press will be made much easier. Demand creates supply. THE SIGN hopes to continue its effort in this field throughout the year 1936.

And if there is pleasure in recording the 100,000 mark—there is added pleasure in paying tribute to the Bishops, Priests and lay readers throughout the country who have been so friendly and encouraging with their support.

The Editors of THE SIGN have spared neither expense nor time in order that the magazine might reach its present standard of quality and they gladly see it going out each month to thousands of homes and institutions, confident that it finds always a ready welcome.

Woven into the story of THE SIGN let it be remembered is the story of our Chinese Missions. And while you read and support its pages you may well bear in mind that you are doing what you can to develop and strengthen Catholic thought and culture and you are also making a distinct contribution to the mission of implanting Christianity in the heart of China.

• • •

**E**VERY now and then word reaches THE SIGN of unauthorized agents soliciting subscriptions. It is an old racket and a profitable one it seems. Even the elect are deceived.

These agents come armed with apparently genuine credentials. They talk confidently about THE SIGN office and about the Passionist

#### A Word to the Wise

Fathers and their stories are so plausible that one is very apt to be taken in by them.

Be it known that THE SIGN employs no door-to-door agents nor solicitors of any kind. If such call at your home they should be invited in and made to wait while a very discreet phone call is made to the police.

One of these "agents" was recently apprehended in New York City by a priest who had been victimized five years before. The fellow had been at his game for almost a score of years and had been averaging almost a hundred dollars a day. A priest from the Pittsburgh Diocese warns against a "fake" in Pennsylvania and Ohio renewing subscriptions at the rate of four dollars for three years and also trying to get new subscriptions. No one should give an agent a hearing unless he has been announced from the parish pulpit. When in doubt call your pastor.

Just another warning, while we are at it. Money sent to THE SIGN for any purpose should be in the form of check, a money order, or in registered mail. Thus one is always insured against possible loss.

• • •

**P**LAINTS are frequent concerning the low state of religious drama. A recent writer after examining the field says in concluding: "We lack majesty. The bulk of our religious drama still consists of sentimental plays, pious in tone, heavy with propaganda and weak in portrayal of character." He sees only a saving remnant in which there is hope for the future.

#### Religious Drama and "Veronica's Veil"

It would indeed be pitiful if religious drama were to die of anemia or be limited to the weak and diluted drama of the type and technique now too prevalent. Religion has played an extremely important part in the development of the drama and still offers its most inspiring theme. The plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles were religious dramas produced in the temple as a ritual of worship. The medie-

val mystery and morality plays drew their inspiration from religion.

Fortunately modern religious plays are not all of low quality. *Veronica's Veil*, the Passion Play presented at St. Joseph's Auditorium, Union City, N. J., is an example of what can be done in this field. In its 22nd Season, each year has witnessed a steady improvement in acting and presentation as a result of the experience gained. Oberammergau has proven that a play of this kind can be produced successfully by amateurs—perhaps better than by professionals, because the players enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of the play. A real Passion Play, *Veronica's Veil* uses well the opportunities for inspiration and devotion that are to be found in that greatest of all themes—Christ's sacred Passion and Death. Stage equipment and furnishings compare favorably with the professional stage.

Up to the present over 600,000 have seen this Passion Play. During its 22nd season, from March 1 to April 8 of this year, we hope that many more will be inspired by the presentation of this remarkable religious drama.

ONE is often asked just how far Anglo-Catholics are from the Catholic Church. To those accustomed to loose thinking and too much engrossed in appearances, the dividing line between the two seems to be very faint or even non-existent. Repudiation of Protestantism, and the concession that Rome is at least

### Are Anglo-Catholics Catholic?

in some way the center of Christianity, such as was made recently in the much discussed declaration of the twenty-nine Anglo-Catholics, seems to confirm this view.

Nevertheless, the line of demarcation is clear and definite, and Anglo-Catholicism is not even what so many Catholics seem to think it—a half-way house to the Church.

True it is that the Anglo-Catholics have kept many beliefs in common with Catholics. At least a great many of them believe in the apostolic succession, the Sacraments, the Real Presence—even in Purgatory, Confession, the Mass and the veneration of the Blessed Virgin. But all of these beliefs taken together do not make a Catholic. The one thing necessary is the one thing that constitutes a stumbling block to them—acknowledgment of the Supremacy of the See of Peter and submission to that See.

It is submission or nothing. From the throne of the fisherman the successor of Peter can never descend. This is not pride. It is not a desire to dominate. It is the realization of his high and divine commission. It is appreciation of the fact that in him as Vicar of Christ and successor of St. Peter is the one bond of unity that can and will hold together Christ's Church on earth. Compromise on his part, even for the sake of union, is unthinkable, because compromise would mean the abandonment of the only true principle of unity.

What Anglo-Catholics have kept of the faith does not always help in bringing them to the Church. Without being Catholics they accept enough Catholic doctrine and ritual to feel satisfied. They are perfectly content with what they have and are incensed at being refused the title of Catholic. Yet they are often further from the submission that would make them Catholics than the most evangelical Baptist.

It is our duty to respect the religious convictions of others. But that respect cannot go the length of denying our own convictions. For us there is but one Catholic Church and that is not the Church which at one time in its history not only denied the supremacy of the Holy See but rejected the priesthood and denounced the mass, deliberately desecrating the altar stones on which it was celebrated.

Furthermore, the recent declaration of the twenty-nine Anglo-Catholics brought out clearly a condition which one

would scarcely expect to find in a Church which calls itself Catholic. Condemnation of this declaration—at times vitriolic—by members of their own Church, indicated there is no such thing as agreement among them as to what their Church really believes.

THIS month introduces a departure from our usual custom. On the page always reserved for the Editor's letter we have a letter from His Excellency, Most Reverend Cuthbert

### The Sign's March Offerings

M. O'Gara, C.P., Vicar Apostolic of Yüanling, China. In this Vicariate, cared for by the Passionist Missionaries, there has been a series of Red inva-

sions in recent months. Bishop O'Gara discusses the situation there. His letter breathes the spirit which animated the Bishops of the early Church.

We call particular attention this month to the *Passionists in China*. The tale of adventure and heroism there recorded is an epic of modern missionary zeal.

In *Not a Commodity* Colonel Brady discusses the relations between labor and the Federal Government. Mr. Denis Gwynn, THE SIGN's European correspondent, writes this month on *King George V and the English Monarchy*. He describes the relations between the King and his ministers, who exercise the real power in governing.

*Mexico Sees Red* by Randall Pond is an answer to the question whether or not the present régime in that country is Communistic. *Columkille, Irish Saint*, is a lively and interesting account of the life of one of Ireland's greatest Sons. It is particularly appropriate for the month in which occurs the feast of the Great Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick.

Too many of the remedies suggested for reducing crime are only palliatives. In *The Roots of Crime* Mr. Lawrence Lucey probes into its sources. In *The Strength of Islam* Mr. Belloc with his usual original approach to a subject, uncovers the secret of Mohammedanism's strength, growth and endurance.

*Economic Progress and Distribution* by Msgr. John A. Ryan defines economic principles not widely understood or appreciated. In *The Romantic Hellenist* Mr. Arnold Lunn declares that classical Greece attained its highest perfection only through the later influence of Christianity.

Msgr. Peter Guilday describes the career of General Charles Ewing under the title of *Catholic Laymen of Action*. *St. Joseph Prefigured*, by Joseph I. Shade, should help to increase devotion to the foster-father of Our Saviour. There are various other articles.

A serial story and two short stories give variety by providing light reading. There are also the usual departments.

TO Right Rev. Msgr. Joseph A. Breslin, Vice Rector of the American College in Rome, on his appointment as domestic prelate. ¶ To Very Rev. W. L. Adrian, Vice-president

### Toasts Within the Month.

of St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, on his appointment to the See of Nashville, Tenn. ¶ To Rt. Rev. Nelson H. Baker of Our Lady of Victory, Lackawanna, N. Y., known as the "Father of the Poor" on his ninety-fifth birthday. ¶ To Dr. John J. Sherry, who has given his services to care for the lepers at the Maryknoll Leper Colony in Sunwui, South China. ¶ To Mrs. Harry Blader, who is accompanying her husband, Dr. Blader, to China where together they will work for the lepers at the Sacred Heart Leper Hospital at Toishan. ¶ To the Passionist Missionaries and Sisters in Hunan, China, for their heroic courage and fidelity during the recent Red invasion into that territory.



# CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY

**D**URING the month of March St. Patrick's Day will be celebrated wherever Ireland's sons have roamed. The following thoughts for St. Patrick's Day are taken from "Manuscripts and Memories" by Michael Earls, S.J.:

This is the day that brings the light of other days around it—the memories of the Gael and his descendants. The wearing of the green starts the day early, very early in the morning, and moves along, long beyond the rising of the moon. Where opportunity furnishes an altar, to the altar they go in the dawn; the pleasant and sociable aftermaths are reserved for the hearth fires, for that, as all sensible civilizations have stated it, is the order of human programs—*pro aris et focis*. And when opportunity is not favorable, where the demands of daily duties in the shop or office preclude the morning's morning of the Holy Mass, then the preceding Sunday, in a village chapel or in a metropolitan cathedral, anticipates with hearts and voices the religious tributes to the great anniversary.

You surely know the formula in the past century: a statue or a painting of the Saint was brought prominently forward, an eloquent sermon was delivered by a special preacher, and at the conclusion of the liturgy of the Mass, the pastor and acolytes remained standing at the foot of the altar, while the zealous and heroic choir laid aside the Latin texts and sang in the vernacular, "Hail, glorious Apostle." Yankees from their meeting houses and their Sabbaths in New England were democratic and neighborly, and deemed it brotherly to attend this postlude of the service; French Canadians, too, mindful of old Irish affections in Quebec, would have a devotional and patriotic tribute in their churches, welding an old Norman air to words about *l'apôtre glorieux de la belle Irlande*.

Hymns more ancient were sung on that morning in a little convent chapel of the Rue des Irlandais in Paris. (And if I am allowed to whisper between these brackets a special and touching detail, I heard at one of the side altars of the stately Madeleine the gentle voices of two girls singing an Old Irish-Latin hymn to the tender air of "Kathleen Mavourneen." And I reiterate that this melodious performance was at a side altar; for liturgical proprieties were always *de rigueur* with the great choir around the central altar of the Madeleine.)

## ST. JOSEPH

**A**PPROPRIATE for the month of March, dedicated to the great Saint Joseph and the month in which his feast occurs, are the following lines from Father M. Russell, S.J.:

Saints know thee best, O hidden Silent Saint!

And would that I could feel a little heart

Of that great love Theresa's kindred heart

Felt for thee, Foster-father! But the taint,

The chill, is on my soul; and few and faint,

The prayers that from this earthly bosom dart,

Up to that heavenly throne whereon thou art

In glory, not too high to hear my plaint,

Patron of all who work in humble ways!

Pray that from pure and earnest motive I

May fill with patient toil the moments flying:

Patron of happy deathbeds! when my days

Have reached their term, be thou, dear Joseph! nigh

With Mary and with Jesus, while I'm dying.

—REV. M. RUSSELL, S.J.

## CAPACITY PLUS

**T**HERE is a limit to human capacity; but one would wonder where it is after reading the following account of a meal. It is taken from the column "Bob Davis Reveals" in the "New York Sun":

In the eighteen hundreds this peaceful village, Nagold Black Forest, at that time boasting a population not to exceed 2,000 souls, was a top side spot for royalty to throw a party. The Post Hotel, built in the sixteenth century and still doing business at the old stand, was the favored hostelry for Frederick, King of Wurtemberg, considered to be a grand spender during his time. Among the archives is a voucher for luncheon and fodder served seventeen of his guests, eleven servants and forty-one horses. The King's pals, aside from the fish, meats, vegetables and desserts, killed fifteen bottles of Barolo wine, fifteen of champagne, six of Burgundy, six of Rhine wine, one bottle of malaga, sixteen seltzers, three bottles of beer and two of brandy. Call it sixty quarts of potable liquor, which is three quarts plus for each man. The eleven servants polished off a quart each of native wine. The forty-one horses had a feed of hay and water, for which the bill was about 50 cents. The total cost of the luncheon for the King's party and his lackeys came to about \$60 gold, including repairs for the Queen's carriage and axle grease for all rolling stock.

When I compare these prices with the \$15 I was set back for one bottle of Apollinaris, two squirts of Scotch from an atomizer and a pair of indurated tongue sandwiches in a Manhattan sarcophagus on Fifty-third Street following the armistice, I just can't go on . . .

## DROWSY DRIVERS

**S**LEEPY drivers are a menace to themselves and others. Realizing this their ingenuity is taxed in an effort to find the means of keeping themselves awake. Some of these means are listed by James S. Baker in the February Harper's:

Compared to the variety of methods used to combat drowsiness while driving, the notoriously numerous pet remedies for colds seems few, for nearly every driver has his own "dope" or "system"; I have tabulated more than fifty of them which may be classified pseudo-scientifically like this:

1. *Distractors* are intended to break monotony. Chewing or smoking are most common, but also popular are turning on the windshield wiper or radio. Not a few drivers find the conversation of hitch-hikers helpful, and as a last resort one can always sing to himself—many a driver who dares not broach a tune otherwise will troll practically all night long for safety's sake.

2. *Stimulants* are used by those who must "take something for it." Coffee heads the list of course, with Coca-Cola in second place; but sometimes they are mixed to make a sure-fire potion. Then there are pills for sale under names like "No-doz" or "Sta-wake" which have about the effect of three or four cups of coffee; and an occasional driver will recommend a "shot of straight whiskey," but usually with evident relish for the excuse. Medical authorities and experienced drivers, however, hold that although these "jolters" do postpone drowsiness they make the ultimate onslaught of sleep more fierce and sudden.

3. *Punishers* keep one awake by producing discomfort. Hunger and cold are of this type. Less spartan are chewing lemons, sour apples, alum, or even such vile and filthy things that the mere thought of tasting them keeps one awake. One trucker finds an onion handy for irrigating eyelids parched

by drowsiness and another relies on snuff to sneeze away danger.

4. *Gadgets* are the inventors' attempts to make our highways safe for snoozers. A typical example is a pair of contacts on the steering wheel arranged to shock the driver electrically if his grip relaxes for an instant. Another contrivance consists of a shoulder harness and loosely fitting collar which is connected by a trigger to a bicycle bell so that when the driver's head nods against the collar, the bell rings and awakens him. Imagine driving one's girl home from a party with this device to set you right whenever you nodded—even in her direction.

Strangely enough, many motorists have never hit upon the only sure remedy, the one which practically every seasoned driver relies on—sleep. Even a fifteen-minute nap will do wonders in reviving a tired motorist, although there is often difficulty in limiting it to that.

#### COAL

"WHO could have dream't," ask Poet, Miner and Angel in the following lines by F. O'Rourke in *G. K.'s Weekly*:

"Who could have dream't,"  
The Poet asked,  
"That times should come like these,  
When monstrous Poverty with ugly head,  
And suffering and disease,  
Afflict the poor,  
And strike their hearts with dread."

"Who could have dream't,"  
The Miner said,  
"That toil could earn so little bread,  
That men commanding wealth and land,  
And Christian men not less,  
For selfishness,  
Deny their fellow-men a gen'rous hand."

"Who could have dream't,"  
An Angel cried,  
"That Christ in agony had died  
In grief too terrible for tears  
For men like these,  
Who, at their ease  
Withhold the fruits of mankind's sweated years."

#### MODERN LIBRARY OUTPUT

MARY M. COLUM in "Life and Literature" in the February "Forum" finds a need for book control, somewhat on the lines of crop or food control:

At no very remote date the literary world in every country was composed of people all of whom had heard of each other and who were, to some extent, familiar with each other's work. This was true not only for all the writers in any one country but even of those of foreign countries: an English or an American writer would be known to French or German writers and vice versa; a new writer of power would be known from his initial publication. Now, at the present moment, the literary world is a vast, miscellaneous crowd, composed for the most part of writers who have very little connection with literature. The artist-writers who used to make up the whole literary world are now a fraction of it, and their work is getting crowded out and is either ignored or half-ignored in the medley of books turned out by all sorts and conditions of people on all sorts of subjects.

Books are now published in such multitudes that even the most omnivorous reader can get through only a small percentage of them, and even all the book reviewers together cannot cope with the output. Book publishing is getting completely out of hand; nobody seems to be able to control the production any more; nobody wants such numbers of books but nobody

can stop their publication. It is the same story with many other things in this civilization: nobody wants so many ships built or so many cars constructed or such quantities of munitions manufactured but nobody can halt their production. In the same way, nobody wants war but nobody seems to be able to stop the world or portions of the world from heading towards it.

In the literary world, though, part of the trouble undoubtedly comes from the increased commercial nature of publishing; a part of it certainly comes from the fact that we have an insufficient number of all-round experts in literature. We have too many specialists, or, anyhow, people trying to specialize, and not enough of those with sufficient breadth of mind and extensiveness of training to be able to resolve the problem as a whole—the sort of mind which can relate a book to the past, to the needs of the moment, to its value to the publisher, writer, and reader. Most of the books published are by people who have nothing significant to say; they die after a couple of weeks or a couple of months, and when read at all are read by people who could write as good or even better books themselves. No nutriment is provided for the readers.

The necessity for some form of book control for the benefit of both reader and writer is becoming evident, but how that control can best be exercised is a difficult matter to work out. We have forms of crop control; food control, fuel control, wage control; the expressions "planned society," "planned economy" are becoming familiar to everybody. The physical needs of people are being planned for everywhere; their intellectual and psychic needs are being largely ignored. Some of the big publishing firms are really factories for turning out books; they can give very little attention to a first-class work because they bring out such a vast array of the fifth rate and the tenth rate. The bulk of stuff published makes very little money for either author or publisher, and the reason for the publication of a lot of it is that printing presses have to be kept going, just as the assembly plant for cars has to be kept going. This is bad for the reading public and calamitous for real writers.

#### GENTEELISM

DICTIONARIES ordinarily afford rather dry reading. If its definition of "Genteelism" can be taken as a sample, this is not true of H. W. Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage":

Genteelism. By *genteelism* is here to be understood the substituting, for the ordinary natural word that first suggests itself to the mind, of a synonym that is thought to be less soiled by the lips of the common herd, less familiar, less plebeian, less vulgar, less improper, less apt to come unhandsomely betwixt the wind and our nobility. The truly genteel do not offer *beer*, but *ale*; invite one of *step*, not *come*, this way; take in not *lodgers*, but *paying guests*; send their boys not to *school*, but to *college*; never *help*, but *assist*, each other to potatoes; keep *stomachs* and *domestics* instead of *bellies* and *servants*; and have quite forgotten that they could ever have been guilty of *toothpowder* and *napkins* and *underclothing* of *before* and *except* and *about*, where nothing now will do for them but *dentifrice*, *serviette*, *lingerie*, *ere*, *save*, *anent*.

#### ADVICE TO ADVERTISERS

IN an address delivered before the New England convention of the Advertising Federation of America, Mr. John P. Cunningham, of Newell-Emmett Co., presents some plain facts worthy of serious consideration by advertisers and of interest to all of us:

If you will permit frankness I'd like to post a few warnings against specific kinds of advertising—advertising which, though it may be temporarily successful, does damage to the general advertising business.

First there is the insincere testimonial, the paid-for testimonial, the testimonial for which free goods are given.

Then there's the testimonial photograph that pretends to be real—but underneath it is a piece of six-point frankness

that tells dear readers who look *sharp* that it is "posed by a professional model."

What a way to sell goods!

Then there's another kind of trick. It's often used in that old familiar advertising technique the "before-and-after" pictures. The first picture shows the subject all fagged out. The second picture, "After-taking-our-product" shows that the product appears not only to have revived the model, but somehow or other has combed his hair and washed his face as well.

What a way to sell goods!

Then the Love Awakener appeal. This used to be the advertising property of lipsticks and perfumes. But now it is the promise of many an ordinary product from cigarettes to food stuffs.

What a way to sell goods!

Then there are the exaggerated, unbelievable claims. Some become even ludicrous. The man didn't marry the girl because she slipped on the rug and disclosed her Housemaid Knees to his critical gaze. He married a girl from Philadelphia instead.

Then the radio. Listen to the little kiddies' program. There has been such a modification of these programs recently. But too many products are still being sold by the sending of high frequency shivers up the spines of children. Pistol shots, screams, suspense.

What a way to sell goods!

Sit in a copy conference in New York. Somebody says "Let's think up some new diseases." Recently Printers' Ink recorded 26 new diseases that had been discovered by copy writers during five months last year—ailments which somehow or other had been completely missed by the medical profession.

In the quackery days we advertised patent medicines that would cure every single known disease.

Now we advertise things that cure diseases that do not even exist!

What a way to sell goods!

#### PAGE NO WHITE MAN!

"**N**EW'S WEEK" gives the following account of the work of a Jesuit "Sky Pilot." Native opinion of whites is evidently not very high in these regions:

Now that he can fly his own plane, Father Couture thinks he will get around more often to see his parishioners, 90 per cent of whom are tubercular. Speaking the Chippewa dialect better than English or French, the Jesuit has won his parishioners' confidence by living with them and avoiding white people, in whom they have little confidence.

"Still quite primitive," Father Couture describes his Indians. "When they see an eclipse they think the sun is dead and the world has come to an end." But they are scrupulously honest. Once he asked the owner of a cache of food if he did not fear it might be stolen. "Why?" asked the native. "There are no white men within 50 miles."

#### OLD SCHOOL BOOKS

**A**FTER a generation or two old school books take on an oddity that is well brought out by Stephen Leacock in an article entitled, "Tattered Guides" in "The Atlantic Monthly":

There flourished both in England and in America, about a hundred years ago, a type of schoolbook that was all made up of questions and answers. In such books as *Mrs. Magnall's Questions*, and *Peter Parley's Treasury*, the history of all the world and the manners and customs of all its people were thus set forth in question and answer, in searching inquiry and reassuring fact. Thus Mrs. Magnall would ask, "Did not the Roman people claim to descend from Romulus and Remus?" And the answer (written *Ans.*) echoed back: "They did." Mrs. Magnall continued: "Was not the first Roman King of

whom we have authentic account Numa Pompilius?" And the answer reassured her: "He was."

Progress under this system was far more rapid than under the slower methods of today. An intelligent child could scoop up the whole of ancient history almost without effort. The form of the instruction reminds me of the old story of the dialogue carried on, through a speaking tube, between the bartender down below stairs and his boss above. "Is O'Rourke good for two drinks?" "Has he had them?" "He has." "He is."

At times the situation was reversed and the pupil in the dialogue, having been content with "yes, yes, yes," for a whole series of questions, suddenly broke out with a perfect coruscation of brilliance, erupting dates, names, and facts with an effulgence that would have dazzled Macaulay. Mrs. Magnall: "What great event happened next in Greece?" *Ans.* "The Peloponnesian War, in which Athens, together with Attica, Boeotia, Locris, Doris, Phocis, Aetolia, and Acharnaria, was leagued against Sparta, Megara, Corinth, together with the Islands of Chios, Romnos, and Samos."

"Was the war of long duration?"

*Ans.* "This internecine struggle lasted from B.C. 431 till B.C. 404 and witnessed a carnage second only to that of the ravages of the Persians in Cappadocia. In Corinth no less than 2,882 houses, 4 temples, and 17 stadii, or open playgrounds of the discoboli, were destroyed in one single assault of the Boeotians."

"Name some of the chief figures of the contest."

"Pericles, Praxiteles, Proxenes, Lysander, Anaximander, Timocles, Themistocles."

After which Mrs. Magnall, completely knocked out, says, "You have answered well. That concludes the history of Greece."

It ought to.

#### LONG LANE OF WORDS

**F**OR statistically minded readers the following computations may prove satisfying. They are taken from a report published in the Miami Herald:

Hubert Shaddix of Athens, Ala., statistically minded University of Alabama undergraduate, reported today the average student reads 450 miles of printed words, if placed end to end, in four years of college work.

The student who wins a diploma has written more than 6,000,000 words, he estimated, and has gone to 2,304 classes.

And during the four years, he has consumed 125 gallons of milk, 75 gallons of coffee and about 2½ tons of food.

He has used 54 pounds of soap and 9 of tooth paste.

He has walked 3,000 miles, slept a total of 7,680 hours and has remained sitting 12,000 hours.

Shaddix based his computations on his own experience and research at boarding houses, and from professors.

#### CHRIST IN WOOLWORTH'S

**F**ROM "The Master of Men," an Anthology of "Quotable Poems About Jesus" comes the following. The thought is beautiful and worth pondering:

I did not think to find You there—  
Crucifixes, large and small,  
Sixpence and threepence, on a tray,  
Among the artificial pearls,  
Paste rings, tin watches, beads of glass.  
It seemed so strange to find You there  
Fingered by people coarse and crass,  
Who had no reverence at all.  
Yet—what is it that You would say?  
"For these I hang upon My cross,  
For these the agony and loss,  
Though heedlessly they pass Me by."  
Dear Lord, forgive such fools as I,  
Who thought it strange to find You there,  
When You are with us everywhere.



# NOT A COMMODITY

*The Law of Supply and Demand Does Not Justify an Unfair Agreement Between Capital and Labor. Labor Is Not an Article of Commerce.*

By George Stuart Brady

POWER of the Federal Government to regulate wages and hours of workers has once (in the NRA decision) been denied by the United States Supreme Court. On this point in the famous Schechter decision there is no such general public concurrence as there was on the question of Congressional delegation of power. Some said that the Court thinking was still in the "horse and buggy age"; others maintained that judges are no more than human—that they have traditions, prejudices, political opinions, just like other men—and that another court differently constituted might have given a reverse opinion. Certainly, the two directly opposed arguments in the AAA decision of the Court gives status to the view that judges otherwise trained than in big corporations might have viewed the matter differently. In fact, the decision of the State Supreme Court of Wisconsin on January 7, 1936, holding valid the Wisconsin Recovery Law of 1935, proves this point. There is evidence of a growing feeling that in the public eye the question of Federal control of labor conditions has not been ended by the decisions.

It is a well-established fact that sometimes an action which is morally right may not be legal in the civil law. What a court may establish as not legally right today, therefore, may still be morally right and may even be an obligation of the State. In such case it only remains for the people to bring it to the point of a recognized custom and demand that it be written into law.

No better illustration of the position of the Government in regard to the regulation of its citizens for "general welfare" can be made than by comparison with the steps in the moral and legal recognition of education. We have only to recall that a century ago men who met in Philadelphia to demand free schools for the children of workmen were arrested as dangerous radicals, just as those who believe that the State should prevent the exploitation of labor are often considered "radicals" today.

The fundamental principles are stated by Bishop William Turner in his article on Schools in the Catholic Encyclopedia:

WHEN there is question of protecting the rights of individuals, the poor and helpless have a claim to special consideration. The richer population have many ways of protecting themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State; those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly rely upon the assistance of the State. And it is for this reason that wage-earners, who are, undoubtedly, among the weak and necessitous, should be specially cared for and protected by the commonwealth. . . .

Let it be granted then, that, as a rule, workman and employer should make free agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to wages; nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice. (Encyclical "Rerum Novarum." Leo XIII.).

"When the parents neglect their duty in the matter of education, the State, in the interests of public welfare, takes up the obligation of teaching. It has, therefore, the right to establish schools, and, consequently, the right to compel attendance, insofar as the principle holds good that public welfare demands a knowledge, at least, of the elementary branches of education."

"Education," as stated in this principle, is a relative term, as any matter relating to public welfare is relative. Its interpretation must necessarily be in that degree to which the "public welfare" demands education. In a State in which the average person has a bare knowledge of reading and writing, it cannot be in-

terpreted that the State can require parents to give their children a secondary education. As the average is raised, however, by a general spread of education, and as the "public welfare" in an increasingly complicated mechanical age requires a general elevation in the standard of public knowledge, the State can progressively raise the degree of education required, and compel school attendance up to that level. The standard must be one that would pass the test of reasonableness according to the custom of the majority of the people of that State at that particular period. Thus, it can be seen that the State can raise, and has raised, the standard of required education from 9 years to 10, 12, and universally to 14. For certain professions it requires higher education. But the principle of natural law must be observed—that custom is greater than law, and no written law can set aside custom provided that the custom is moral. Therefore, the written law must not force the standards.

The same reasoning is applicable to the power of the State over the wages and hours of work of hired workmen, and this reasoning establishes that in a complicated industrial community it is not morally right, nor in the interests of "public welfare" to permit individuals to hire other individuals at wages less than sufficient to enable them to bring up their children to the customary standards of the age. In reasoning on the public welfare, moreover, certain other considerations indicate even a more specific power of the Government over labor conditions than over education. This relates to the rights of the people as set forth in their Constitution. And in the United States the Constitution represents the delegated power of the people of the democracy, not a compact between States as sovereign governments.

In the Constitution, in addition to the "general welfare" clause, it is specifically set forth that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude" shall exist within the United States. It is apparent that "involuntary servitude" was intended as something different from chattel "slavery."

"Involuntary servitude" is a relative term, and must be judged in the light of the established customs of the particular time. At the time that our Constitution was written, serfdom was not classed as "slavery," but was recognized as "involuntary servitude." A serf in France was no longer bound to the land, as he had been in the Middle Ages. He could move his family to America if he would, but he had no money, was usually in debt to the land owners, and was bound by economic conditions.

Likewise, we can now visualize conditions of economic "involuntary servitude" among industrial workers. Workers are often bound to a miserable existence by starvation wages that keep them in debt and without cash to enable them to move to another place or job. They are bound by a horror of being without a job while their families starve or go on public dole. A workman who "supports" a wife and children on \$15 a week (and NRA experience showed industry paying wages far below this) has no economic freedom. He is not free to leave his job to search for another in a distant town, and the card-indices of the manufacturers' associations often prevent him from moving in his own town without the consent of his employer. In fact, the depression has proved that our industrial towns are filled with thousands of workers in "involuntary servitude." It is reasonable to consider, therefore, that it is not only legal for Congress to forbid this industrial "involuntary servitude," but that it is constitutionally the express duty of the elected legislators to provide, in the "general welfare," a standard below which no resident of the United States can hire and work another individual.

THE minimum wage, the point below which industrial serfdom, "involuntary servitude" occurs, is variable and relative to the customs of the time and place. It is obvious that in a country where the standards are low and the custom of the country prescribes merely a moderate living, a compulsory regulation to raise the masses up to an immediate standard of radios and automobiles could not be justified as necessary for the "public welfare." But in a machine-age civilization, in which the masses have been educated, in which factories have already been established by the public sale of stocks and bonds to manufacture products in great quantities, and in which the radio, motion picture, and paid higher education no longer exist as luxuries but have become necessary for intelligent living in the age, the minimum wage must rise above the level of a mere sustenance wage, and enable the head of a family not merely to provide food and shelter for his family, but also provide a reasonable share of the products of the age. The general customs of the time

## No Golden Christ

By Bertrand Weaver, C.P.

NO golden Christ did hang from brutal Rood;  
Nor marble Christ, nor Christ of carven wood.  
We bless the craftsmen for their twofold part—  
The blend of worship and consummate art.  
But blame esthetes, who come with cultured gaze,  
And fail to see His pangs through golden haze—  
Why must the glint of gold thus blind them so  
To Christ's dark depths of poignant woe!

and community will indicate a point below which public reason establishes that a family cannot subsist in a condition that will promote the "public welfare" of the State. Applying such reasoning, for example, it is dreadfully obvious that the average wage of \$13 a week paid to male weavers in the Silk and Rayon Industry is far below a reasonable standard for a machine-age civilization.

Another important consideration for the judgment of a correct standard of wages and hours in this democracy is the duty imposed upon the Congress by Article I, Section 8, of the Constitution: "To raise and support armies."

In the early republics it was generally accepted that workmen and non-property holders were not obliged to fight in the armies since they had no stake in the issue. Where they were accepted into the armies, as in the later stages of the Roman Republic, they were paid well for the service and received large bonuses. Even through the Middle Ages, first-rank fighters were the sons of property holders, and the fighters recruited from workers were either mercenaries enlisted for loot and bounties, or were serfs enlisted and equipped by the lords to whom they were economically bound.

In our present form of democracy, the Federal Government has interpreted by the conscription law of the Civil War and the one of 1917, that a non-property-holding citizen must not only serve in the military forces to protect the property of the nation, but that he can be compelled to serve against his will. When the State assumes the right to compel a father to hand over his sons for military service, it is not unreasonable for that State to provide, in the "public welfare," and "to raise and support armies," such legislation as will enable that father to bring up his sons in health and to give them, in addition to a mere sustenance, medical and dental attention, a proper level of education, and such advantages of the machine-age as custom makes necessary to maintain the youths at the average level of the life of the age. We know the high percentage of army rejections of youths from the industrial towns during the War. In Germany this was recognized a century ago, and the

first law to reduce working hours in Prussia in 1839 was a result of an army study of the evil effects of long hours.

Practically the same basis for government control over hours of labor exist as those over wages, except that the argument of public health lessens as the hours are reduced. However, there remains indefinitely the question of "public welfare" as relating to the spread of available work, that it is not in the public interest to permit employers to work men long hours, while millions remain unemployed and dependent upon public doles.

Finally, the legislative branch of the United States Government has declared (Clayton Act) that "the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce." Under any interpretation of this statement whatsoever, no employer in the United States can legally call upon "the law of supply and demand" to justify any unjust agreement which he makes with the workman he hires. The labor of a human being, not being in the United States a "commodity" is not something tangible to sell or contract for in a market of supply and demand. Any management-labor agreement, or "collective bargaining," therefore, must recognize a higher motive than mere barter. In the long capital-labor battle from 1887 to 1914 which preceded the Clayton Act, it was apparent that both sides realized fully that the statement meant that an employer has not the moral, and now not the legal right, to bargain for the labor services of a citizen of this republic at wages below a fair standard, or for longer hours than are reasonable for "general welfare."

In the year 1785 Thomas Jefferson said: "Whenever there are in any country *uncultivated lands and unemployed poor*, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right." Since that date the United States has grown from an agricultural to an industrial country. Translating Jefferson in terms of industrial America of 1936 we would say: "Whenever there are in any country *unoperated factory capacity and unemployed poor*, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right."

# King George V and the English Monarchy

By Denis Gwynn

**MONTH** by month, Mr. Denis Gwynn, our European correspondent, gives an account of important events in Europe. During the past month the death of King George V has occupied more attention than any other event. As a constitutional King, his powers were extremely limited, yet his personal influence was considerable. Mr. Gwynn discusses the man, the monarchy to which he did honor as a just sovereign, and the prospects that confront the new King, Edward VIII, in his new and difficult position.

**K**ING GEORGE'S sudden illness and death has cut across the whole situation in Europe in a way that scarcely any other event could have done. Talk of oil sanctions and of naval maneuvers in the Mediterranean has ceased immediately, not only in England but in France and at Geneva. On all sides in England one hears it said that the King's last gift to his people was to restore peace and to kill the incessant talk of war, which had become an obsession, making war almost inevitable in a state of disordered nerves. Although such emotional comment is obviously misleading, and ignores the fundamental conditions that have produced so much preparation for war in the past months, there is at least some truth in it.

The King's death has indeed come as a shock to the whole of Europe, which compels men to reconsider all their recent actions. Its effect has been all the more remarkable when one remembers how little power, or even direct influence, King George possessed. There has been no important decision for years past—with one partial exception when he invited Mr. Baldwin instead of Lord Curzon to become Prime Minister—in which he had even an effective voice. His constitutional powers bore no comparison with those of the President of the United States. They were scarcely equal even to those of such a typically bourgeois figurehead as the President of the French Republic. Nor will his son, now Edward VIII, exercise any greater power than his father.

Considering his position as a whole,

one can scarcely point to any field in which he exercised even a limited power of decision. In legislation, the English monarchy has long ceased to have any power at all. As a constitutional King, his function has consisted solely in convening or adjourning Parliament and in giving his assent to every measure which is duly passed by both Houses. He does not even compose the King's speech which announces the program of each session of Parliament. That is prepared for him by his Ministers. And when bills are passed and brought to him for signature, he cannot do otherwise than sign.

## Acts on Advice

**H**E cannot, of course, choose, or refuse to accept the nomination of new Ministers, even though his whole function under the Constitution as it now exists is to act on the advice of his Ministers. They, and they alone, decide policy and possess the executive power. Similarly with the judiciary. Every new judge accepts his status from the King, but he is appointed without any reference, except in courtesy, to the King's desires. And similarly with the Church of England, of which he is the spiritual as well as the temporal head. Every new bishop accepts his appointment at the King's hands, with a curious ritual in which the Home Secretary of the day plays a necessary part. But the bishops, like the judges or the Ministers of State, are all appointed by other authorities.

In recent years the diminution of the

King's direct influence has been carried still further as the result of evolution in various fields. The change has been most notable in relation to the King's personal representatives in the British Dominions. The Governor-General of Canada or of Australia or of South Africa is the direct personal representative of the King, performing in his name and by his authority precisely the functions which the King performs in England. He opens Parliament or attends great public functions as though the King himself were there in person. And for many years it was only natural that the Crown should preserve jealously the absolute right to choose its own representatives for such personal duties.

## Effects of World War

**B**UT the Great War introduced different conditions; and the Peace Conference, at which the Prime Ministers of the Dominions took part as the leaders of independent States within the British Commonwealth of Nations, resulted in their claiming the right of direct access to the King instead of dealing through the Colonial Office in London. It was only a short step to their claiming soon afterwards the right to choose for themselves who should be sent out to them as Governor General and to submit such nominations direct to the King. In the spirit of the times that claim was readily granted; but before long it developed still further. The Irish Free State was the first Dominion to exercise that right in requesting that Mr. T. M. Healy, as a well-known and popular Irishman, should become the first Governor General instead of some English peer of the traditional type.

In time, however, conflict developed between the first Irish Governor General and the Irish Ministers; and when his term of office expired they submitted another nomination, claiming that their right to make such nomination could not be refused. Other Dominions had in the meantime become jealous of the same right, and Australia and South Africa each chose their own Governor General. And only a few years ago Mr. de Valera deliberately carried the demand to such lengths as made the whole



position ridiculous—when he insisted on nominating Mr. Daniel Buckley, who refused either to visit London or to write any official document except in Irish.

Needless to say, the powers of the King's Governor General in the self-governing Dominions have practically become non-existent. He is no more than a dignified figurehead, who may (or may not) command or even create confidence in his own position during his term of office. If he has been chosen for his more negative qualities by a Government which wishes to assert its own independence of traditional usage, he will probably diminish the remaining prestige of his authority to an extent which creates great difficulties for his future successors. But if he is a man of attractive character and combines public spirit with unusual energy and enterprise, he may set an example which may well make public opinion desire the appointment of some equally useful person to replace him.

To a great extent the modern position of the Governor General in a Dominion is in fact very similar to that of the King in England. A King with decided prejudices of his own would inevitably come into collision with any strong Government with which he had to deal, and under present conditions the only possible result would be disaster for the Crown. A radical-minded King would probably be a real nuisance to any self-satisfied Ministry, and he would gradually be told that he must not interfere in politics. Or a reactionary King who wished to prevent new legislation would be reminded emphatically that he must act nowadays entirely on the advice of his Ministers. There have indeed been occasions when King George V—who was by no means a die-hard, but was at heart a typical kind-hearted conservative—has indicated clearly that he did not agree with certain appointments, by announcing that the appointments were being made by the King "acting on the advice of his Ministers."

### Devotion to Duty

ONLY a most determined devotion to duty could indeed make the life of an English King tolerable at all. He is entirely devoid of power, yet he can exercise a personal influence if he is prepared to take a deep interest in public affairs. He is surrounded by a carefully chosen group of advisers, and the traditional loyalty of English people towards the Crown makes them treat his wishes or his opinions with real deference and respect. On any main issue he could not overrule his Ministers, but on smaller matters from day to day, in an immense variety of affairs—from the selection of recipients of public honors to the choice of ambassadors, or even of Ministers in the less influential posts,

or the nomination of the higher clergy, or even the decision as to whether certain countries should be treated with exceptional favor—his personal preferences still weigh considerably in the balance. And a King who has had a long reign and has gathered much experience, and who has never spared himself in undertaking personal efforts in any good cause, will always command a certain respect and reverence, strengthened by gratitude and by personal affection.

### Hold on Public

THAT was the chief strength of King George V, but by no means the sole cause of his very wide and profound personal influence in English public life. His death has stirred the whole country to an extent which no one could have thought possible in post-war times. The public demonstrations of affection for the Silver Jubilee of his accession last summer were so overwhelming that a reaction of feeling was to be expected. But his death has aroused public sentiment to a degree which has scarcely a parallel since the death of Queen Victoria nearly forty years ago. She had been Queen for so long that a new era without her seemed almost inconceivable; and she had somehow imposed her austere standards of respectability upon successive generations. But King George's influence had never weighed in that manner upon his people; it was rather a loose tie of affectionate loyalty, and in times of difficulty a sense of boundless gratitude to a King who had never relaxed in his high standards of public duty.

One of the closest members of his entourage throughout his reign told me that the King had said to him wistfully, not long ago: "I am the only man in the whole Empire who can never have a complete holiday, even for a day." There was always some document which only he could sign; some decision, no matter how trivial, which required not only his assent but his personal attention. He was no less conscientious than Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's Consort, whose devotion to duty has become proverbial, and who died in early life from overwork.

King George had become King when he was still in his early forties, and he was faced at once with the fierce political controversy which ended in abolishing the veto of the House of Lords. For several years he was surrounded by the turmoil over the Home Rule Bill which threatened civil war in Ireland, until that smaller conflict was suddenly submerged in the vast upheaval of the world-war. Those were years to test to the utmost the manly qualities of any King; and before peace returned he had seen the downfall of three European Empires—in Russia,

Germany and Austria. The British monarchy almost alone survived. His stature had been enhanced greatly by those years of anxious endurance, and in the long period which has followed since, the extent of his public duties had grown enormously from year to year.

Time after time it had become known that his personal influence was always exerted for reconciliation, and that there was no limit to the extent of his desire to promote concord when disagreements had become acute. His personal instincts and his family tradition had made him decidedly conservative; yet he intervened to prevent the execution of Irish Republicans, and he gave full support to every plan which aimed at reconciliation in India. His experience ranged over so immensely varied a field that he attained a unique position among what are called the Elder Statesmen of British politics. Nobody ever claimed that he possessed either brilliant gifts or any special aptitude for inventing methods of settlement. But he was always there as the supreme umpire or arbitrator; and he won the devotion which is the reward of a life-long unselfish service and an integrity which no man ever questioned.

But the burden had grown intolerable as the years passed, and his long illness had left him liable to constant fatigue. The recurrence of public anxieties and danger during the past year had imposed on his failing strength a strain which only a younger man could bear. At the age of seventy it was an appalling prospect. The plain truth was stated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in a final tribute, when he said, after attending the King's last hours at Sandringham: "I think the death of King George was singularly fortunate in its time and in its manner, which spared any lingering weakness. The memory was fresh in his heart of that overwhelming gift of the love of his people which he had received. As I looked upon his face for the last time on Tuesday morning, I saw that there lay upon it the most perfect tranquillity and peace."

### The New King

WHO can withhold sympathy from the new King who inherits not only the overwhelming burden of public duty but the immediate prospect of a European crisis in which so many factors seem to be tending inevitably towards war. As Prince of Wales his motto has been the German phrase *Ich Dien*—"I Serve"; and the servitude of a modern King Emperor can scarcely be equalled in history. A diplomat who had lived long in Turkey under the old Turkish Empire once told me a poignant story of the Grand Vizier. Appointed to the highest office in the Empire he was in fact a prisoner for the remainder of his life—unable ever to

leave the Imperial Palace, just as the Popes were unable in modern times to escape from the confines of the Vatican. My friend went to see him on a brilliant day in spring, and the Grand Vizier said to him sadly that he knew that spring had come. He knew it by the flowers which were brought daily into the palace, and he could keep in touch with the changing seasons that way. Otherwise the whole year was an unceasing round of duties, from which he could look forward to no possible release until death took him in the end.

In his new task King Edward VIII is at any rate free from such confinement, and he brings to the throne the priceless gifts of vitality and an intense capacity for enjoying life. His accession creates the sense almost of a New Deal, or at least of the advent of a new generation, undaunted by the cares of years and facing an anxious and menacing future with the courage and resourcefulness of youth. But it would be a mistake to think that the new reign can introduce any substantial change of policy either in internal or external affairs. King Edward VIII, even more than King George V, will be the mouthpiece of his Ministers; his function is to preserve intact, and if possible to develop in modern ways, the tradition of national unity and of indifference to party politics which his father had maintained with so much dignity and humanity.

The situation in Europe generally has in fact been developing swiftly during the brief interval in which the King's funeral has distracted attention in England from foreign affairs. If the King had not died, there was more than enough to fill the newspapers with excited speculations as to the future. The League of Nations assembled on January 20th, two days after the King's death, for the long-awaited discussion as to whether oil sanctions should be imposed against Italy. The French as well as the British Fleet has been assembled at the entrance of the Mediterranean in anticipation of any possible threats from Italy. But attention was wholly diverted from Geneva while the fateful decisions were being taken. A new Committee, however, was appointed at Geneva to consider the question in detail, while the League repudiated all further responsibility for initiating peace proposals and threw all future responsibility on Mussolini.

#### French Politics

IN the meantime Laval's government in France had fallen as a sequel to Herriot's resignation. A new government had just been formed under Albert Sarraut, an enterprising Colonial Minister who shares Herriot's wholehearted enthusiasm for the League of Nations and the detestation of Fascist principles. It is obviously no more than

a stop-gap Ministry, and it may not even last until the early spring when the general elections will take place. Sarraut was Prime Minister once before, but his ministry lasted only for one month; and his is actually the hundredth government which has been formed in France in some sixty-five years since the Third Republic came into being in 1870. But nobody will want to replace him while the finances of France are in a chaotic state, and when any Ministry must incur the abuse from all sides that will result from financial panics and foreign crises.

In addition to the menace of war with Italy, Europe is increasingly threatened by the symptoms of growing German impatience. When France and England implored Mussolini to avoid the risks of a campaign in Africa, they were anxious above all about the future of Austria if Italy should become unable to protect Austria from the pressure of pan-German expansion. Six months of disappointing and costly campaigning in Africa have already reduced Italy to a state of relative incapacity at home, and the Nazis are growing restive as they see their opportunity approaching for a decisive stroke which will attach Austria to Germany.

#### German Intentions

AT the same time similar troubles are brewing in Danzig and the Polish corridor. There are ominous signs also of German intentions to assert their right to fortify the demilitarized zone in the Rhineland. A vehement press campaign in that sense in Germany has already provoked protests in France and has led to anxious negotiations for a mutual understanding between the Powers. But Hitler refuses to commit the Reich to any alliances or other ties while conditions are every-

where in a state of flux and uncertainty because of Mussolini's adventure in East Africa. The most likely outcome appears to be the conclusion of an inextricable military alliance between France and Soviet Russia with the object of holding Germany in check. It remains to be seen whether the new Germany will attempt to challenge such efforts to restrain her hopes of complete revival and of future expansion.

#### A New Generation

SUCH is the prospect which must confront Edward VIII and his Ministers on his accession to the throne. He symbolizes at least the arrival of a new generation, which grew to manhood amid the agonies and the bloodshed of the Great War, and which is most unlikely to desire any repetition of its horrors. With King George V, an older generation retires to make way for younger men. He has left them an example of patriotic service and of admirable private life, which could scarcely have been better than it was.

His son has already traveled more widely than any previous King, and has become personally known throughout the Empire and in most of the great countries of the world. His vitality and personal charm have won him a popularity which any dictator might envy. His practice of making all his journeys by airplane has been generally recognized as symbolic both of his adventurous and attractive temperament and his complete sympathy with a new era. His first act after King George's death was to fly to London in his own airplane, and in the first few days he has already created other similar precedents. But perhaps his greatest claim upon the devotion and admiration of his people is the fact that he shared the conditions of active service in France throughout the War.

## This Heart and Mind

By Louise Crenshaw Ray

WITHIN the temple of my being dwell  
A pair whom years of marriage have not blent  
To any wholesome fusion. Infidel  
And jester one, the other a monument  
To virtue absolute, they seldom find  
A lasting harmony, although they mate  
Of insufficiency—this heart and mind  
So closely bound, but ever separate.

And yet their variance may benefit  
The dwelling housing them: the mind alone,  
Would make a cold and musty place of it;  
While the heart would dedicate it, beam and stone,  
To hedonic gods. So my chaotic life  
May find an equilibrium through strife.

# MEXICO SEES RED

By Randall Pond

**H**ISTORY, we know, never repeats itself in exact detail. There are times, however, when circumstances so arrange the stage of history that many peoples, places, and policies fall into positions which lead us to exclaim "This happened once before." Such an occurrence was the December drama centering around the return of General Calles to Mexico. It recalled the tense days of last June—and the result (although Calles had not left the country when this was written) was very much the same. Cárdenas presented a bold front and Calles, with the shriek of the mob in his ears, demanding his lands, his liberty and even his life, went into seclusion.

The significance of the ex-dictator's return is to be found not so much in the personalities of two men, but in the social and economic concepts for which they stand. And it is my purpose to give in this article a short summary of recent trends in Mexico, trends which justify, I think, the title of *Mexico Sees Red*.

Calles, and the things Calles stands for—brutal domination of the weak, monopolies of the necessities of life, disregard of constitutional and personal rights, etc.—have had their day in Mexico and are on the way out. This is not to say that such men and such policies no longer exist in Mexico; they do, and within the iron circle of the National Revolutionary Party itself, which can embrace the two extremes of a financially-honest Cárdenas and a vulgar money-grubber like Abelardo Rodríguez. The point is that public opinion, as never before, has been aroused against Calles and his clique. Cárdenas has emerged as the angel who drove the Sonoran Satan from the Mexican Eden, armed with the flaming sword of social justice and equality before the law. The prospect is, at first glance, a not unpleasing one to honest Mexicans and to true friends of the country. It is the second glance that pains, disclosing as it does the well-known picture of a colored gentleman in the lumber.

The colored gentleman is not black; he is red. His credentials are in full order from Moscow and he speaks the language of the proletariat. He knows (or thinks he knows) Marx and Engels and Bakunin and Lenin backward and forward. His ideal is the Soviet machine state and his religion the driving hatred of capitalism and its supposed ally, Christianity. The reality of his

presence, first disclosed in the extreme sections of the 1917 Constitution, has blossomed into full fruit. Mexican communism is a live, growing force that threatens all of the country's finer traditions and cultural ideals because of one single fact—it is supported, both tacitly and implicitly, by the Mexican government ruled by Lázaro Cárdenas!

**I**T is for this reason that I say the Calles-Cárdenas struggle was one of social and economic principles more than of personalities. Calles and his mouthpieces used to play at the game of radicalism, but everyone knew it was a farce and the leaders of the party filled their pockets, not only full, but to overflowing. Cárdenas came up from the lower classes. He took the Six Year Plan of the party seriously. He appealed to the workers and the peasants and when a showdown came in June, Cárdenas toppled Calles from power and demonstrated in December that he could keep the Sonoran down whenever he attempted to climb back. The workers and the peasants, at least those who direct them, are with Cárdenas—and nothing else counts. The important thing to discover is just how these things came to pass.

Communism and the peculiar jargon which is its own, have been known in Mexico since the early days of the 1910 Revolution. The country was too busy with bandits and fighting and plunder to bother much about it until the convention which met and formed the Constitution of 1917. In that document you will find evidence of I. W. W. and kindred thought which turned the government policies against foreign capital, private rights, and the Church. The rise of Obregón and Calles brought out into the open the people who looked to the day when Mexico would haul down the old tri-color and raise the red flag that swept Lenin and Trotsky into power in 1918. Although there was a break in relations with Russia when Mme. Kolontay was sent home in the heyday of the Calles régime, Rivera and Orozco kept the "ideals" of communism alive with their monstrous paintings of Mexican rural and urban life. In the

**PRESIDENT CARDENAS** *claims there is no Communism in Mexico. Is he sincere in this statement? Or is he rejecting the name and accepting the thing? Mr. Pond answers in this article.*

latter days of the Rodríguez administration, the word "socialization" began to filter into the speech of many Mexican politicians and was climaxed by the Six Year Plan of the National Revolutionary Party which was to transform Mexico.

The businessmen, Calles and Rodríguez, would have used this plan to enrich themselves still further, counting on another fellow plutocrat, Luis Morones, head of CROM, the powerful labor organization, to swing the workers and peasants into line with threats and promises. Cárdenas, coming into the presidency at the end of 1934, unexpectedly cut the puppet strings which held him to the Iron Man and has launched out into the fulfillment of a program which can be said to carry only one label—communism.

**T**HE facts to back this up may be assembled by simply viewing the speeches and acts of the president himself. Calles accused the administration of sponsoring "a marathon of radicalism." Cárdenas simply ignored the accusation, charged the older man of being a reactionary, and forced him out of the country to think things over. The president then placed in his Cabinet two known agitators, General Francisco Múgica and Señor Vázquez Vela. The first gentleman is in charge of Communications and the second is entrusted with Public Education. General Múgica likes to blarney of "the workers right to control the means of production." He likes to see the woebegone farmers and laborers marching and countermarching, carrying red banners which implore the president to hand-over to them the means of production.

Vázquez Vela is doing his bit by attempting the corruption, literally and figuratively, of the nation's schools, with his greatest attention being paid to the rural system. His subsecretary, Gabriel Lucio, has just completed four little books for the country children's education. They are gems of communistic assaults on capitalism, Christianity, representative government and everything else that has ever aroused the hatred of the most intolerant of all intolerant political creeds.



Señor Vela is to be congratulated on the type of person selected to teach in the rural schools. I had occasion to visit a school in Mexico City where a large group of rural teachers, both men and women, had been allowed to live during the vacation. The school, one of the most progressive and best managed of any in the country during the regular school year, reminded me of nothing else than a pigsty. The government furnished beds and mattresses—but the rural teachers reduced them to ruins, never thinking, evidently, of supplying bed linen. The corridors were cluttered with unmentionable filth and on the walls had been scrawled obscenities which fittingly described the actions of the "rural masters" while inhabiting the edifice, once, God save the mark, the home of the Jesuit college of Sts. Peter and Paul! One state governor replied to a petition presented by a group of rural parents: "I will not remove the teacher. I would rather have your village school run by prostitutes than by religious fanatics!" The governor, to judge by the vacation-time activities of the rural teachers, has his wish!

THESE two examples show the trend of Cabinet affairs; they demonstrate that President Cárdenas has countenanced the most extreme attitudes on the part of two colleagues who are close to him. Nor has he disavowed the declarations made by a certain Lombardo Toledano, one time aid of Morones in CROM circles, now a labor leader in his own right. Toledano is just back from Russia; he thinks it is a workers' paradise; and he will not rest

until Mexico has become "like unto her preceptress." Of all the dangerous men in Mexico today, I place Toledano at the head of the list. There is a rumor that on next May 1st, the dictatorship of the proletariat will be proclaimed in Mexico. The rumor may be false—as regards this May 1st. But there will come a day when the "workers and peasants," egged on by such men as Toledano, Múgica, and Vela, will make the attempt that is spoken of, perhaps jokingly, in these days. And Señor Toledano, at least, will not be far from the head of the mob.

TWO very personal indications of the president's attitude toward Mexico's problems and their solutions, may be found in his public addresses and in the selections he made for the newly-formed Council of Higher Education and Scientific Investigation. When addressing a message to the country, President Cárdenas confines himself to the words *obreros y campesinos* (workers and peasants.) Thus, he ignores the thousands upon thousands who earn their daily bread in other capacities and visits a sort of scorn on anyone who might possibly employ others to work for him! This is a dangerous procedure for the president of a supposedly democratic country to follow. It creates bitter class distinctions that are unworthy of a man who says he wishes to lead Mexico into the promised land of justice and equality, and Cárdenas cannot complain if he is one day faced with a Fascist or conservative revolution to which he is driving many who otherwise are friendly to him.

The Council selections are notable in that every one, practically without exception, is a radical. The newly-elected president of the group, Professor Isaac Ochotorena, is an avowed atheist. Picture, if you can, his ideas on the education of Mexican youth in the higher realms of education! Ramon Beteta gave two talks in the United States during the past year and can be counted on to contribute his befuddled bit to the degradation of Mexican research. Luis Sánchez Pontón, director of primary education, issued a flaming denial to *The Washington Post* last fall after that paper had published an article stating that the Mexican government had played politics with the University so that it would have to teach the narrow "socialism" the government wanted taught. He used no radical language in his letter; he knows well the sensitiveness of American capital where radicalism is concerned. At any rate, this closeup of three of the president's "experts" gives an idea of what Cárdenas thinks should be done with Mexican higher education.

THIS article is in no sense a warning to Americans. It is a statement of facts. American newspapers are publishing little or nothing concerning the radical trend of Mexican affairs. We'll help their silver and visit their country and ignore the true condition of the patient. Mexico has been attacked by the cancer of communism and the president, who should be the surgeon willing to cut it from the body politic, is betraying his trust. Remember on whom the blame should be placed if the patient dies.

## A Bill of Separation

By Raymond P. Lawrence

**MANY Catholics who accept the dogmas of the Church divorce their conduct from that Faith.**

IN his words to the Lenten preachers, the Holy Father called attention to a striking and dangerous weakness existing among the faithful in our time. With unerring vision he pointed out what is wrong with us. It seems to the present writer that the evil which the Holy Father mentions is one which especially afflicts us in America. He says that many Catholics, while holding loyally to the dogmas of faith, are nevertheless tainted with the prevailing paganism in their lives. In other words, while we are still loyally accepting our faith from the Church, in our thinking and in our living we are more and more taking up with the accepted opinions

and principles current in the world in which we live.

Of course, it might be said that every Catholic, in so far as his life is imperfect, is out of harmony with the teaching of the Church. This is only to repeat what has so often been said before, that the only "good" Catholics are the Saints. We all fall short of realizing the ideal which the Church sets before us.

But this charge of pagan thinking and pagan living means something much more positive than the failure to be perfect. It implies a satisfied acceptance of the pagan thoughts of the world around us as our thoughts, a more or less

willing surrender to a mode of life and thought which is in direct contradiction to Catholic thinking and living. It denotes an acquiescence in a complete divorce between our morals and our dogmatic beliefs. Or, if not a divorce, at least a "bill of separation."

Such a rending and division between our life and our faith is most disastrous in that it is impossible for the human mind to remain long in such a state of disharmony and so out of equilibrium. Sooner or later the violence which is done to reason will avenge itself, and then those who have surrendered, without perhaps intending to surrender, to the pagan world will find that they have given up the faith which they thought always to retain. The study of this truth as it is verified in history is most

interesting. It also accounts very largely for a mental attitude which is so common today.

One can well imagine the shock which the so-called Reformers of the sixteenth century would experience in observing what has happened to their followers of the present day, were they to return to earth. In their rejection of authority in religion and their hatred for everything connected with the idea of priesthood, they separated themselves as far as possible from what the world had hitherto known as Christianity; but they had no notion of rejecting many Christian beliefs which have long since been cast aside by the multitude of their followers of the present day. We who lived part of our lives in the nineteenth century, have been on the ground long enough to have observed to some extent this process of disintegration. We can look back and recall those old-fashioned Protestants with a good deal of admiration. We beheld the havoc wrought in matters of faith by the "higher criticism" in undermining belief in the Bible; and following that, the further devastating effect of those doctrines called "modernism." Then, to complete the work of disintegration, there came the resurgence of a paganism so powerful in its appeal that a weakened faith in the Christian dogmas could not withstand it. So it compromised and at length, forgetting the compromise, became one with it and ceased to be Christian altogether.

THE point is that even those who have been led on to this surrender never intended to be anything less than Christian. Indeed, they are scarcely aware, even now, that they have ceased to be Christian. But those old, fanatical Reformers would certainly never recognize them as their own. In their time there were many who were out and out unbelievers; there were thousands also who believed but did not bother much about practising what they believed; but there must have been comparatively few who thought themselves to be Christians while all their principles, all their moral concepts, were convincingly pagan. Most men must then have known upon which side they stood in a question of paganism and Christianity.

To see, further, how the present state has come about, it should be remembered that while the earlier Protestants rejected many points of dogmatic belief, they did not on the whole reject Catholic moral teaching. Their notions were often one-sided, exaggerated, puritanical, so that their view of life was "sicklied o'er" with an unnatural and unlovely coloring; but on the whole they were not opposed to the Christian tradition of morals. But just as a step away from the Christian tradition of faith meant—as it must always mean ultimately—the

complete loss of faith in Christian truth, so also following the decay of belief, there has come, naturally and inevitably, the gradual separation from the Christian traditional morals. It calls to mind those words of our Lord: "From him that hath not there shall be taken away even that which he hath." So delicately balanced is Christian truth that to upset that balance anywhere is to destroy everywhere. Those who reject a part will sooner or later find that they have lost all.

AND to return to ourselves and consider how it is that so many Catholics are undoubtedly tainted, as the Holy Father points out, with a paganism which has found its way surreptitiously into our ways of thinking and living, while our faith remains sound.

Those of us who are now in middle life grew up while all those around us who were not of our faith were at one with us, largely speaking, in moral questions. There was little difference between Catholics and their neighbors upon questions of morals, however much the two groups might differ about matters of faith. In morals we were all a part of the same tradition. We all condemned the same things; we all, again speaking largely, approved the same things. We held about the same views of marriage and of family life. But among our non-Catholic friends a work of disintegration was rapidly taking place. Faith had gone, while moral concepts remained unchanged. Now Christian morals began to go also.

And it was just at this point that the great danger arose. And it was so much the more dangerous because we were so unaware of it. We had been used to taking this agreement, this oneness as to moral questions, between ourselves and our non-Catholic neighbors so much for granted, that what every one "thought" we were ready to believe was quite right for us to "think." Thus, when the change in thinking began to make itself felt and those around us began to swing more rapidly in the direction of paganism, we merely felt that the times had changed, just as one on a train scarcely notices a change of direction, if the curve taken by the train is large enough. And so it came about that even Catholics were and are still heard to say in regard to some long accepted notions of Christian morality: "People do not think that way any longer." And so, with scarcely a thought, they cast doubt upon some old established principle of morality which one might have supposed would never be called in question by a Christian. Formerly, what people, all the people whom one knew, "thought" in questions of morals had been a fairly safe guide. With reasonable safety we could think and feel as our neighbors thought and felt. And now that our

neighbors were coming to think differently, how natural that we should move along with them, unless indeed the Catholic instinct within us were strong enough to detect the significance of the changes all about us.

What has complicated matters in this present danger not a little and made the danger more subtle is the fact that among non-Catholics this rapid change of moral front has been accompanied by the casting out of many notions which really deserved to be discarded. Much of the stuffiness, the puritanical prudishness and the old blue-law narrowness deserved to be gotten rid of. Such ideas were never a part of the Catholic tradition, and the rejection of all this among present-day Protestants represents the escape from what was always unnatural and unsound. Human nature has an innate tendency to right itself and to free itself from exaggerations which are unsound. In that sense, our neighbors for the first time in centuries are today breathing a freer and a healthier air. But this rejection of what it was laudable to cast out has obscured our vision and made us feel a sympathy with the whole movement of escape and rejection which was dangerous for us, making us incautious and not sufficiently shrewd as to where to draw the line. All around us we saw this wholesale casting out, and, to use a somewhat hackneyed phrase, we failed to see the danger of "throwing out the baby with the bath."

SO IT IS that multitudes have tended to drift with the prevailing opinions of the times. We have not been made sufficiently aware of whither we were tending. Our people have felt it easy to half-believe what was being said by every one about them and the economic difficulties have made it still easier to think with the world around them. The old tradition has been lost by those who were once as one with us. We cannot safely follow any longer and accept unthinkingly the standards of our neighbors. Long ago they lost Christian faith; now they have lost Christian morals, and the ruin is all but complete.

Until we realize the truth of this statement, we shall be in constant peril. We have arrived at a state of affairs where our Catholic people must learn to be content to be different from their neighbors, different from the world around them. We must be satisfied to be called again, as were the early Christians in their rejection of the paganism of their day, a *gens lucifuga*. We must be glad to be considered fools for Christ's sake. The danger for us is even greater than that which troubled the early Christians. They well knew what paganism meant, for they had but just escaped from it. We who have lived always in the Christian tradition are more easily deceived, more easily allured by its deceitful arguments, its siren call.

# Columkille, Irish Saint

*Columkille Was One of Ireland's Greatest Sons.  
Prince, Scholar, Bard and Saint, He Journeyed by  
Land and Sea to Spread the Light of the Faith.*

By Noel Macdonald Wilby

COLUMKILLE, the Dove of the Church, spent his youth studiously among the saints and monastic scholars of Ireland's Golden Age; and the first half of his life baptizing multitudes, establishing churches, propagating the religious life in his native land and founding famous monasteries like Swords and Kells as he "made the circuit of all Erin"! But even then his great soul longed to do more for God—far more. His burning zeal yearned to make the sublime sacrifice of the dedicated missionary, who goes out from his home and his own people and his native land to live unto God alone among the souls he spends himself to save. So Columkille determined to bid farewell to his beloved monastery at Derry, his first foundation, especially dear to him because he saw so many angels sitting among the leaves of its oak-grove, and cross the sea into exile in the domains of his Scottish cousins of British Dalriada, now Argyllshire.

The first king of that realm, Loarn (after whom the Firth of Lorne is named) was father of Columkille's grandmother Erca: his successors ruled the northern kingdom which he had established from the fortress of Dunadd, now but a steep green hillock not very far from the modern Oban. From them the sceptre descended to their posterity the powerful Clan Donald, Lords of the Isles, who exercised virtual sovereignty independent of the kings of Scotland down to the dawn of the sixteenth century. Through connection with the Stuarts their ancient title "Lord of the Isles" descended to the Prince of Wales, who bears it, among others, at the present day.

But Dalriada was only a small part of Scotland. To the south was the subsequent British kingdom of Strathclyde, whence the enemies of the Faith had driven St. Kentigern into exile in Wales for trying to renew the much earlier successes of St. Ninian. To the north, and far out to the Western Isles, stretched the heathen domains of Brude, King of the Picts. There was work enough there even for Columkille's missionary zeal.

He was then in the prime of life, forty-two years old, tall and strong and

splendid in body as in soul; a prince of the blood royal, eligible by birth for the High Kingship of Ireland, a brilliantly gifted scholar, an accomplished bard, and a saint of God—most charmingly human withal. There is a divine and beautiful fitness of things in the fact that St. Patrick is said to have baptized Columkille's great-grandfather Conall, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages.

The still quoted legend that Columkille was exiled because he caused the Battle of Cooldreveny finds no support from his earlier biographers, and the earlier annalist Tighearnach mentions as sole cause of that battle King Diarmaid's offence in killing Curnan, son of Aedh, while under Columkille's protection. The original records unite in attributing his departure for Scotland to missionary zeal; one even tells us that "he went in good spirits," all of which is far more characteristic of Columkille than the later tale of vengeful battle and violated copyright.

ON Whitsun-eve, May 12th, 563, the saint and twelve companions came sailing over the waves into the Sound of Iona under the cliffs of Mull, in the light coracle that was northern Scotland's barque of Peter. They landed on the little low isle that was to be henceforth the national shrine. To this day the spot is called St. Columba's Bay. There is a tradition that Columkille landed first on Oronsay, but finding the distant coast of Erin still visible, gave orders to continue the voyage. Having climbed the first hill in Iona he scanned the horizon intently; no coast line was now to be seen over towards his homeland. His sacrifice thus made perfect, the saint adopted Iona as his home for the rest of his life. To-day the Carn Cul ri Eirinn marks the summit of that hill, the Cairn of the Back to Ireland.

Conall, sixth King of British Dalriada, made his kinsman Columkille a gift of his chosen little island, and in that windswept solitude, three miles long and one wide, the saint set up his first Scottish monastery and church. He devoted two years to establishing the new foundation with prayer and manual labor, in which he always took his share with the

rest. Then he and his monks began a series of widespread missionary journeys by sea and land (carrying their light coracles overland when necessary), penetrating as far as the Orkneys in the extreme north, the Tay or Forth on the east (where his old schoolfellow St. Kenneth founded Kilrymont monastery afterwards the primatial see of Scotland, St. Andrews) and the outer Isles on the west, bringing the good tidings of the Gospel to the heathen people sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. Up the Great Glen that cleaves Scotland from sea to sea, now linked into the Caledonian Canal, Columkille set forth in a valiant venture of faith to convert the Druidic king Brude in his stronghold at Inverness, passing through the spot afterwards known as Kilcumin of the edge of Loch Ness, where now stands the Benedictine abbey of Fort Augustus, the modern Iona. The Pictish king barred his castle against the newcomer in defiance and superstitious fear; Columkille simply made the sign of the Cross over the doors and they flew open. Terror-struck, and overawed by this miracle, Brude gave the saint a hearing. He became a Christian and a firm friend of the Abbot of Iona, despite the jealous hatred of the eclipsed Druids of his court.

FOR thirty years Columba and his monks went about doing good among the mountains, glens and rocky coasts of the Highlands and Islands. Several times he returned to Ireland (further evidence discrediting the legend of enforced exile) on visits of joyful reunion; and on Iona he crowned Aiden King of Dalriada, chosen by himself in consequence of the visit of angels. It was the first time the ceremonial anointing of a king had been performed in Britain; Aidan was the ancestor of the early kings of Scotland, and through the Stuarts, of the later kings of England. Then in the summer of 597 the venerable saint's strength failed at last; he died at midnight on Sunday, June 9th, in the arms of his faithful attendant Diormit before the altar in the monastery church, his weeping monks gathered about him to



receive his last feeble blessing. Isolated during a three days' gale, the community buried their beloved father in the island that he loved.

Fortunately for posterity Columkille had a worthy biographer in the following century, his eighth successor St. Adamnan, who enshrined in his work the older monks' memories of the Founder in such a way that his book is treasured and popular after fifteen hundred years. At the close of the eleventh century St. Margaret, the great English Queen of Scotland, restored the monastery, which "had fallen into ruin in the storms of war and the lapse of ages." She rebuilt it and gave the monks an endowment "for the performance of the Lord's work." At the beginning of the thirteenth century Reginald, son of the famous Somersel, Lord of Argyll and the Isles, made over the monastery and possessions of Iona to the Benedictines, also establishing there a convent of nuns of the same order, in which his sister Beatrice became first Prioress. Pope Innocent III (patron of St. Francis and St. Dominic) wrote to Abbot Celestine and the Benedictine monastery of St. Columba on December 9th, 1203, taking the community under his protection, confirming them in possession of Iona, Mull, other isles and churches, and decreeing free right of burial in Iona to anyone desiring it, except when under excommunication or interdict. A copy of this document is still preserved at the Vatican.

IN 1226 the Abbot of Iona accompanied Simon, Bishop-elect of the Isles, to Trondhjem where the consecration was to be performed by the Archbishop, ecclesiastical chief of both Bishop and Abbot in those days of Norse dominion over western Scotland. King Hacon of Norway received the prelates and the Earl of Orkney at Bergen. In 1247 a letter of Pope Innocent IV from Lyons gave Iona the privilege of mitred abbacy. Subsequently the abbots were subject to the see of Dunkeld. The English conquest of the Isle of Man, where stood the cathedral of the Isles, St. German's, Peel, created difficulties which were at length solved at the end of the fifteenth century when Iona became the cathedral; the monastery church being the largest and finest in the Isles, on the holiest ground of all. In 1507 the bishopric and abbacy were united. Happily Donald Monro, Dean of the Isles, visited Iona in its sunset splendour, during 1549, and wrote an account of it which has survived. Twelve years later the tempest of the so-called Reformation swept over Scotland, involving Iona in its widespread ruin; though the convent survived until 1574, shortly before the death of the last member of the old Scottish hierarchy.

But so well had Columkille effected his lifework that the Reformation never

reached large tracts of the Western and Central Highlands and the Outer Isles. To this day numbers of magnificent Catholics, devoted to his memory, practise the Faith St. Columba taught their forefathers fifteen hundred years ago. In the Isles especially they live so close to eternity that it is not too much to call them a race of mystics and saints, ministered to by one of the finest types of clergy in the Church. The poverty and hardship of their lives insured to persecution those whom it did reach. But most of them can echo with truth the stupendous fact strikingly expressed to the present writer by one fine old man three years ago: "We aren't worrying about the Reformation. We are just the Catholic Church in Scotland continuing. For us, the Reformation has never happened."

THROUGH four centuries of penal laws they held to the old Faith. Sometimes it was almost forgotten for sheer lack of priests—at one time there were only two in the whole of the Highlands and Isles—but it was never renounced, save on occasion outwardly by certain chiefs anxious to retain their lands. At the first visit of the fugitive missionary it sprang to life ardently and crowds gathered about him eager for baptism and instruction. In the middle of the seventeenth century St. Vincent de Paul sent two priests, one of whom wrote that he was received in the Hebrides "as an angel from Heaven." Lairds and crofters, gentlemen and fishermen, women and children flocked to profit by the rare opportunity: "The chief desire of these people is to acquire the knowledge of the elements of our holy Faith, and that with so great ardour, that when I am teaching Christian doctrine the noblemen and married ladies often beg me that I would question them in public to the end that—as they said—their minds might be more impressed with what they heard. I found amongst them persons of 70, 80, 100 and even 120 years of age, who had never received Holy Baptism; these I instructed and baptized, and after a short time they passed to a better life." Another report states that when he "had taught a little boy the *Pater, Ave and Credo*, on returning to the same place two or three days later he found that all, both young and old, had learned the prayers." The other missionary worked on the mainland, from the Great Glen. While religious persecution raged through the British Isles he was so securely established at Invergarry Castle, seat of Lord Macdonnell, that Dom Odo Blundell O.S.B. justly writes in his "Catholic Highlands of Scotland"—"Where else indeed in Great Britain could there be found at this period a Catholic school, with a Catholic schoolmaster, presided over by a Catholic priest?"

The scanty supply of priests was maintained with continuous heroism in the face of superhuman difficulties by little secret seminaries such as those on the island in Loch Morar, at Scanlan, Lismore and Aquhorties. Their work still continues in the fine national seminary of Scotland at Blairs, near Aberdeen, built on ground that has always been Catholic and has always been dedicated to Our Lady. Those devoted and dauntless "heather priests" of penal days would marvel to see the splendid building above Deeside, with its great granite crown standing out against the sky, its stately marble-lined chapel, and above all its vigorous body of students preparing to carry on their work still, that work which has never finished since St. Columba began it fifteen centuries ago.

Following upon the tragedy of Culloiden came in consequence the scarcely less tragic depopulation of the Highlands by emigration; to Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, Canada and later to the United States. Thus fine and still flourishing settlements of Catholic Highlanders and Islanders were established, and carry on the splendid old traditions of their race, to the lasting gain of those hospitable lands but to the sad loss of their own. To-day there are too many desolate hillsides and glens there, sown with overgrown ruins of little cottages that were vigorous townships of sturdy Catholics.

THE heroic lives of "white martyrdom" led by the Highland clergy during four hundred years, and the "red martyrdom" of several, Blessed John Ogilvie S.J. being the best known, bore inevitable fruit. To-day the Second Spring is blossoming in St. Columba's adopted land. The Benedictines returned in 1876, to the new Iona on the shores of Loch Ness, Fort Augustus; the Scottish Hierarchy was restored two years later. Churches, monasteries, convents, colleges and schools bear witness all over Scotland to the eternal victory of that Faith St. Columba planted so well fifteen centuries ago. Much yet remains to be done, many souls are yet outside the Faith; but in many of those districts evangelized by the saint himself and his companions the true continuity of Faith remains unbroken, adorned with a wealth of venerable sacred poetry, lore and local custom reflecting filial devotion to its apostle, and lavishing exquisite Gaelic pet-names upon Our Lord, Our Lady and the saints. Hebridean folklore enshrines the tradition that "Thursday, the day of kind Columkille, is an auspicious day."

Two years ago it was my privilege to spend the Saint's feast on Iona, after hearing Mass in his temporary cathedral (of Argyll and the Isles) at Oban. In the sunny silence of a perfect June morning I knelt beneath the great sculptured Celtic cross that marks his

grave. No one knows where his relics actually lie, for they were moved to and fro between Scotland and Ireland for safety from the marauding Danes. But here is the tomb once hallowed by his relics and still venerated by pilgrims, both Catholic and non-Catholic. In the desolate sanctuary of the cathedral (at least the third on this site) is carefully preserved a massive triangular stone incised with a Celtic cross; it is traditionally known as "St. Columba's pillow." St. Adamnan tells us that his stone pillow was set up as a monument at his grave. Reverently I laid my rosary upon it between the thick bars of the padlocked brass cage that protects it. Some loving soul had sent a large wreath of rosemary to be laid there on this his feast, pathetically inscribed "For Remembrance": not even the Presbyterian modern owners of the national shrine could object to that! To a Catholic there

are few aspects of modern Scotland as a whole more touching than the blind but faithful devotion of all the people to the memory of their glorious apostle St. Columba, even though Presbyterian and Episcopalian hold astonishing theories about him as founder of a "Celtic church," and the up-to-date pagan of Big Business cities regards him as a national hero.

I WANDERED in the abbey ruins adjoining the restored cathedral, where a jutting fragment of the pre-Reformation Bishop's House is silhouetted against the sapphire sea and the red granite cliffs of Mull opposite. On the other side I entered venerable St. Oran's chapel, next to the most sacred and historic burial ground in all Scotland. Here the Ridge of the Kings and the Ridge of the Chiefs stood, and some of their richly sculptured tombstones still

remain. Columkille's first ancestors of British Dalriada lie here, by the dust of Macbeth, and many Lords of the Isles, my own forefathers. One of these being Reginald, son of Somerled, founder of the Benedictine convent where Beatrice his daughter was Prioress, I visited the exquisitely tended ruins, now a garden of flowers tended by the daughters of a non-Catholic lady who loved Iona.

But the Pearl above all price, driven from Iona, has a stately new home on the mainland. At last a permanent cathedral of the Isles has risen in Oban, largely through the generous donations of trans-Atlantic Catholics. The labors responsible for this long-desired permanent foundation are but one of the burdens which His Lordship Bishop Martin has to bear. The historic diocese is still faced with its immemorial double difficulties, widely scattered centres and persistent poverty.

## The Roots of Crime

By Lawrence Lucy

**MOST crime has its roots in irreligious influences and in the poverty resulting from a lack of opportunity to work and the denial of a living wage to the worker. To remove crime, remove its causes.**

ABOUT three weeks elapsed between the death of Dutch Schultz and that of Angelo Perretti. They were vicious, habitual criminals. They went to their journey's end by familiar routes. Dutch Schultz was shot by gangsters, while Angelo Perretti was riddled by police bullets. They were typical, headline criminals, but there was something reported about each of them which does not usually appear in the newspaper accounts of a criminal.

If one were to believe the usual stories of the gentlemen of the press, a criminal is a tough guy who was born without a conscience, became a criminal solely because he desired it, lived a life punctuated with murders, and died like a rat when a bullet pierced his heart. A criminal is often a bad enough character but the press generally paints him blacker than he actually is. Criminals are human. They have erred, some of them grievously, but to err is human.

When Dutch Schultz became a Catholic on his death bed America was startled. It learned that one of the most vicious criminals that ever lived had within him a soul which craved for the good life.

If Dutch Schultz had been a Catholic before he committed his first crime—a practicing Catholic, not an Easter Sunday one—would he have led the same life? There can be no doubt about the answer. A truly religious person very seldom commits a crime, and a life devoted to crime is impossible for such a person. One of the answers to America's crime problem is religion. To prevent a repetition of lives like that of Dutch Schultz it is absolutely necessary to instill a religious spirit in the youth of America before they commit their first crime and not on their death beds.

The newspaper biography of Angelo Perretti was an excellent piece of reporting, so much so that F.P.A., in his *Herald Tribune* column, nominated its author, Earl Sparling, for the Pulitzer Prize. There was no glamor in the life of Angelo Perretti. The reporter apparently avoided the fictional touches which usually embellish stories about criminals, and based his account solely on the facts which had been uncovered by the probation and parole officers in their investigations.

Angelo Perretti was twenty-six years

old when he was discovered by the police on a roof in New York City. He was caught while committing burglary. The police shot him, and he died three hours later in a hospital.

Angelo Perretti was born in poverty, lived a poverty stricken life, and died in poverty. Shortly before his birth his sister, aged 12, had been sent by her father and mother from door to door to sell shoelaces, and, as the records revealed, she was "coached and taught by her father" to steal anything she could lay her hands on after she had gained admittance to a house for the purpose of selling her laces. The day before Angelo was born his father, mother and sister were arrested for the girl's thefts.

There was only one period during Angelo's life in which he was certain that he would have enough food to eat and a place to lay his head at night. That was while he was in Sing Sing prison. He had been caught stealing some valuable oil paintings. While at Sing Sing he was a model prisoner without a demerit on his record. Would Angelo have led a different life if he had had the opportunity to earn a decent living? Again there can be little doubt about the answer, for there are few people who will lead a life of crime when they are earning a decent living at some honest work. Another answer to America's crime problem is the living wage for all workers, and the opportunity to work for all who desire it. To prevent the repetition of

lives like that of Angelo Perretti it is absolutely necessary to erect an economic structure in America which offers everyone a chance to live without being dragged into crime by poverty.

**S**ANE men are not born criminals. Something happens to a man between his birth and the time that he becomes a criminal which accounts for his being a criminal. In a great many instances a criminal is cradled and born by some defect in the society in which he lives. It is an historical fact that the lower a nation slips, from the viewpoint of morality and economics, the higher its crime rate rises. There is ample evidence for the statement: the higher the standard of civilization in a nation the lower is its crime rate.

America is an example. Back in the horse-and-buggy days the people of America, taken as a whole, were religious, God-fearing people. They had a code of morals which they lived up to most of the time. Everyone who wanted to work could find something to do. Poverty as it exists now was unknown. There were few policemen, no G-men, and few criminal courts or prisons, yet the crime rate was so low that we would consider it negligible. There was no crime problem then.

Today there are hosts of policemen in the United States, about 19,000 in New York City alone, G-men in every State of the union, State troopers, criminal courts, district attorneys, prisons, reformatories, penitentiaries, parole boards and parole officers; and to supplement the governmental agencies there are countless private policemen and detectives all assisting in the work of detecting, prosecuting and punishing the criminal.

One of the recent devices used to further the expensive war on crime is the prison on the island of Alcatraz in the San Francisco Bay. It is an American Devil's Island without the barbarism which characterizes the French prison. No criminal is sentenced to this prison by a court, it is a prison for convicts who have misbehaved in other Federal prisons. This prison, called the Rock, is described in the *Saturday Evening Post*:

"The Rock thrusts itself above the waters of the bay, twelve acres of bare stone, gray concrete and toolproof steel. It is a little more than seven-hundred yards from end to end; its highest point attains about one-hundred and eighty feet above the swirling tides. Its terraces and buildings make it look like an enormous battleship. To those who see it from the city's windy hilltops or from the decks of passing ferryboats, and to those who read of it in the nation's newspapers, it is a place of mystery.

"Secrecy enwraps it like the fogs which creep in from the gray Pacific. Only relatives of prisoners, a few Federal officials and occasional citizens of

high standing are allowed as visitors; and the most favored of these learn but little of what is going on. Unless it is a matter of business no convict is ever pointed out by name. The United States marshal at San Francisco does not know what prisoners arrive or when they come."

America spends more money to stamp out crime than any nation has ever spent, yet one glance at the crime rate should be sufficient to convince anyone that crime cannot be abolished or curtailed by the methods which America has used. J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has estimated that in seventy of the larger cities of America the total crime record for one day is 3.8 murders, 2.4 manslaughters, 4.3 rapes, 41.5 robberies, 27.8 aggravated assaults, 208.9 burglaries, 464.5 larceny cases, and 167.3 automobile thefts. And the crime record for the first six months of 1935 for the more serious crimes is:

Crime	January to June 1935
Murder .....	686
Manslaughter .....	440
Rape .....	787
Robbery .....	7,518
Assault .....	5,034
Burglary .....	37,813
Larceny .....	84,066
Auto theft .....	30,276

**T**HE defect in America's treatment of crime is that it expends all its energy in closing the barn doors after the horse has run away. Few attempts are made to close the barn doors while the horse is still in the barn. Most all the anti-crime forces in America are directed at the criminal after he has committed a crime, while very little energy is used to prevent an individual from committing a crime. Millions are spent to arrest, convict and imprison criminals with hardly a cent for the all important work of preventing crime which would make arrests, convictions, imprisonments, rearrests, etc., unnecessary.

Katherine Bemet Davis wrote a sharp paragraph in the form of an allegory which points the finger at the fallacy underlying America's treatment of crime. She wrote:

"I once read a poem which tells the story of a city built on the top of a high cliff. Inhabitants of the city sometimes walked too near the edge and fell over the cliff into the valley below, and were injured or killed by being dashed upon the rocks. The inhabitants of the city met together to decide what they had better do about it. It developed that there were two parties. One party said: 'Let us build a fence around the cliff, so that the inhabitants will not fall over.' The other party said: 'No, don't let us do that. Let us buy an ambulance and put the ambulance down in the valley to pick

up the people who fall off.' The latter party won, and a fine ambulance with all its appliances was purchased and it worked in the valley, picking up the people who fell off the cliff."

Crime is the result of many causes, but in America the greatest part of it is directly traceable to a want of a religious spirit and the absence of an economic system which offers all an opportunity to obtain a decent living. The roots of crime twine and twist their way into the immorality which is a consequence of the absence of a religious influence, and the poverty which is the offspring of our present economy. How abundantly these two sources have fed the roots of crime is reflected in the high crime rate.

While conducting the Probation Bureau in the New York Court of General Sessions, the Catholic Charities organization investigated the lives of 3,053 people who had been convicted of crime by this court. Out of this number 2,082 or 68.2 per cent, either did not attend any church or only attended irregularly.

Sheldon Glueck of the Harvard Law School examined the records of 500 youths who had been sentenced to the Massachusetts Reformatory. He was able to gather information as to the church attendance of 460 of them. And learned that 421 of these youths, 91.5 per cent, either did not attend church at all or attended infrequently.

But the most revealing statistics on the part church attendance plays in the prevention of crime are those compiled from the records of 500 women who had been confined to the Massachusetts Reformatory for women. In the tables which follow, the history of the church attendance of these women is shown, first in childhood, then in adolescence, and finally within a year prior to the time that they were committed to the reformatory.

#### CHURCH ATTENDANCE IN CHILDHOOD

Regular .....	233.....	55.4%
Irregular .....	163.....	38.7%
None .....	25.....	5.9%
Unknown .....	79.....	...

#### CHURCH ATTENDANCE IN ADOLESCENCE

Regular .....	101.....	24.1%
Irregular .....	264.....	62.8%
None .....	55.....	13.1%
Unknown .....	80.....	...

#### CHURCH ATTENDANCE WITHIN YEAR OF COMMITMENT

Regular .....	56.....	13.5%
Irregular .....	207.....	50.0%
None .....	151.....	36.5%
Unknown .....	86.....	...

**T**HESE statistics indicate the rôle which religion plays in the prevention of crime, and the rôle which the absence of religion plays in breeding crime.



As the 233 girls who attended church regularly in their childhood grew into adolescence, their characters weakened and only 101 of them went to church regularly. On maturing only 56 of them attended church regularly. Thus we see the influence of religion waning until these 500 girls, now grown to womanhood, found themselves behind the walls of a reformatory.

America is not a religious country. The Ten Commandments are not accepted as the law of God, and consequently the law has lost a most powerful ally. Of what practical benefit can the Ten Commandments be in curbing the crime rate of America? Why is it that a religious person is less likely to commit a crime than is an irreligious person? These are fair questions and can be fully answered by an examination of some of the Ten Commandments.

One of the Ten Commandments reads: "Thou shalt not kill." And this Commandment of four words is the source of volume upon volume of laws which are presently in force in the forty-nine major governments of these United States. It is the spring-board which gives momentum to all the case law and statutes which have murder in all its degrees, manslaughter, abortion, mercy-killing, the crime of attempting to commit suicide and all the other methods of killing as their subject-matter. There never has been, nor will there ever be, a law so tersely expressed, yet saying so much, as this Commandment of four words. It is the supreme masterpiece of the art of law making, and it cannot be recommended too highly to judges and legislators, especially those gentlemen who seem to believe that law necessitates polysyllables and prolixity.

The next Commandment is: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." And from this Commandment flows all the laws relating to bigamy, adultery, seduction, and the like.

THE next Commandment is: "Thou shalt not steal." From this Commandment stems the laws relating to the crimes of larceny, burglary, robbery, embezzlement, the various degrees of these crimes, and crimes of that ilk. Before leaving this Commandment its pithy statement should be noted. Like the Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill," it cannot be recommended too highly as a model for our modern law makers.

The last Commandment which has an immediate effect upon crime prevention is: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." From this Commandment comes the laws that make perjury and criminal libel unlawful.

Why is it that a religious person, one who believes that the Ten Commandments are the word of God and heeds His laws, is unlikely to commit crime? Why is religion such a strong factor in

crime prevention? Because the people who live up to the Ten Commandments cannot commit a major crime, for the Ten Commandments include within their scope all the major crimes and prohibit them.

Everyone seems to realize that poverty has something to do with crime, but the proximity of the one to the other is seldom realized by a person who has not come in close contact with criminals. Father John P. McCaffrey, chaplain at Sing Sing prison, writes: "Seventy per cent of the men in prison are there for stealing in one form or another. No matter how we try to explain theft the economic background of the offender is the big thing." In the Magistrate's Courts of New York City, except in the branches which handle traffic violations, one sees a continuous parade of poverty stricken people. And when an occasional prosperous looking person takes the witness stand for a trial or arraignment, the interest of the judge and court attendants is immediately aroused at such a phenomenon.

BESIDES examining the church attendance of the 500 youths who had been committed to the Massachusetts Reformatory, Sheldon Glueck also investigated the economic background from which these youths came. To understand the table which follows, showing the economic condition of these 500 young criminals, and for the other tables that will follow it, it is necessary to define the words "comfortable," "marginal," and "dependent."

For the purposes of these tables a person or a family is *comfortable* when he or they could live for four months or more in the event that the salary of the breadwinner suddenly stopped. *Marginal* indicates a person or family which lives from hand to mouth, are ever on the brink of dependency, and have little or no savings. *Dependent* means a person or family that is almost continuously supported by public or private charity.

The economic condition of the families of the 500 youths who were sentenced to the Massachusetts Reformatory was:

Dependent .....	66.....	14.8%
Marginal .....	252.....	56.4%
Comfortable .....	129.....	28.8%
Unknown .....	53.....	

Even by defining *comfortable* as savings sufficient to maintain a family for four months, which, it must be admitted, is the barest minimum of comfort, we can see that the grim figure of poverty—its hunger, undernourishment, squalor, slums, fear, and despair—walked with giant steps through the lives of 71.2 per cent of these youths. Nor can it be said by way of mitigation that this condition is temporary and due to the depression. All of these youths were investigated prior to the present depression.

But the 500 women who were committed to the Massachusetts Reformatory for women present even a sadder picture. What kind of a home were they born and raised in?

#### ECONOMIC CONDITION OF PARENTS IN OFFENDER'S CHILDHOOD AND ADOLESCENCE

Dependent .....	64.....	13.3%
Marginal .....	376.....	78.0%
Comfortable .....	42.....	8.7%
Unknown .....	18.....	

There is little need to comment on the influence of poverty when 91.3 per cent of these women came from homes which never felt the warm, caressing touch of prosperity.

What happened to these 500 women after they grew up? What was their economic condition within the year they entered the reformatory? Was it better? It was worse.

#### ECONOMIC CONDITION OF OFFENDERS WITHIN A YEAR PRIOR TO COMMITMENT

Dependent .....	73.....	14.9%
Marginal .....	384.....	78.4%
Comfortable .....	33.....	6.7%
Unknown .....	10.....	

ALL that needs to be said is 93.3 per cent of these had no economic moorings in the world which they left behind them when they entered the reformatory. Money, property, wealth are not the whole of life but a reasonable amount of the world's goods is necessary to sustain life. Certainly these 500 women had a right to live.

The traditional American method of combating crime is to appoint a crime commission which passes resolutions, sometimes good, but more often inefficacious. A district attorney may be removed from office for failing to convict a sufficient number of criminals. Someone will say that parole is a bad system and should be abolished. Another will uphold the system and say that it is not properly used. But it is quite evident this does not go to the heart of the question.

All of these matters have to do with either the arrest, conviction or imprisonment of the criminal. None of them gets at the roots of crime. They are all attempts to fill a tooth by merely covering the cavity without drilling away the decayed portion of the tooth. Certainly it is necessary to fill the tooth but the decayed matter should be removed first and if it isn't the tooth will continue to rot. No matter how perfect the system for arresting, convicting and imprisoning criminals becomes there will still be a crime problem as long as a large percentage of the people are irreligious and poverty stricken.



# Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON



## Back to Fundamentals

THE economic situation may yet be far from having regained enough sanity to give us an ordered life again, but there are hopeful signs that the theories on the education of children are getting saner. Nor does the home seem quite so doomed as it was thought to be. The supermodern educators had lots of the citizenry believing that it was practically gone and they were sending two year olds and even younger to nursery schools. Mothers were meeting in clubs to listen solemnly to psychiatrists about letting children express themselves so they would not be all warped emotionally when they grew up. And they were being told that children must know the facts of life and no fooling. Biology was a favorite subject in the schools and pretty advanced it was, concerning itself with amoeba and man and trying to show that the two are really millionth cousins after all. And the good old verbs and nouns and the silly Latin and stupid classics were relegated to memory's shelf along with the other trash. In other words, structure didn't matter, said these modern sages—only function counts. The house had atmosphere all right, only the trouble was that in all this excitement about how to live in the house no one had remembered to build it. Some of all this is still going on of course, but not so staccato as it was. And now one reads with joy the words of Bernard Sachs, of the Academy of Medicine, speaking to a Regional Conference on Social Hygiene, which is a very very up to date crowd, and he was pleading, right under the noses of many a Freudian, for less sex teaching for the young. "Too much attention has been paid," said he, "to this question to the neglect of far more important factors. Many groups, instead of spending hours on sex education, could spend the time more profitably if they would consider how to develop in children absolute honesty, truthfulness, respect for authority, patriotism, and love of one's neighbor."

How is that for a pleasant modern Daniel come to judgment? It reminds me of a school I know where the superintendent, finding excuses for the continuous pilfering in the school, said it was because the children's pocket money had been reduced due to the depression. Perhaps a course in absolute honesty might help there.

## Dr. Carrel, Scientist

DR. ALEX CARREL, Nobel Prize winner, biologist of renown, wrote a book a short time ago which contains interesting humility for a scientist. He says the time has come to study the mind as well as the gutlet, and adds, "The science of metaphysical phenomena is not accepted by most biologists. It is nevertheless a fact that they are a normal although rare activity of the human being." Dr. Carrel is applying his mind now as well as the tubes in his laboratories. He is the same man who some years ago, according to an account of the miracles at Lourdes in the magazine *Fortune*, told some of his associates and friends that sometimes organic lesions have been almost instantaneously cured there. He is among the modern scientists who admit miracles can happen and who also admit they don't know how or why.

In this new book Dr. Carrel says, "love stimulates mind when it does not attain its object." This is a discovery which of course Christians made long ago; if you can't have what you want, don't moan and weep-trust in God and get busy at something else. The Freudians took up a part of the truth and called it substitution. But it is a very old-fashioned idea really. It is sometimes called renunciation or also a dying

to self. Now Dr. Carrel is going to put it into the laboratory. It will survive there too, only it does not need laboratories to be proven, as he will find out if he keeps on studying. He does not use the word soul—all scientists scurry from it like bunnies frightened at a shadow. Why they are so frightened when they are so sure it is a shadow is beyond me. In New York an odd organization called the Body and Soul Clinic had to have its name changed to Body and Mind Clinic so some of the more sensitive would not have their feelings harried.

But at any rate Dr. Carrel is in earnest. What annoyed me about the article in which I read this about him was the attitude of the reporter who wrote it up as a feature. He said airily that the doctor was admitting there are ghosts and maybe little people in the trees in the full of the moon. He had to be funny about it just to show his readers he wasn't afraid of that strange shadow which some wilful people still call the soul and insist has reality.

"Love stimulates mind when it does not attain its object." That is a pretty good sentence for a scientist to evolve in these realistic days.

## The Opposite Sex

IN CASE one of my readers has been feeling a bit gloomy about what men think of us, I offer them two quotations from male students of our sex.

By Christopher Morley, in his *Inward Ho!* "Students have looked everywhere for some one factor that might come to the rescue of a troubled earth. They have suggested Free Trade, Steam, Irrigation, Electricity, Radio, White Coal, Liquid Fuel, Vaccination, the Atom, Passive Resistance, Glands, Competition, and Vitamins. I am tempted to pin my faith on something more handy—woman. For if it is true, as it seems to be, that Woman will develop a mind commensurate with the clear validity of her instinct, humanity's problems may yet be solved. And yet Woman is much the same as ourselves, only more so: viz., more determined."

And the other is by Daniel Defoe, who wrote a book on *Education of Woman*, at a time when some people were pretty sure she had not even a soul, to say nothing of a real brain; "I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world considering us as a civilized and a Christian country that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence which I am confident had they the advantages equal to us they would be guilty of less than ourselves."

## Women and Peace

LORD ROBERT CECIL pleads with women—the women of the whole world—to bring about peace for the world. "She is the creator and not the destroyer," he says. "Her duty is to the coming generation and in the next war everybody will be killed alike—children, too."

Yes, my Lord, that is all true. But before woman can do anything like that she must have in her hands the spending power. She has a good bit now: the spending power of things used in the home is largely hers. But it would be interesting to see what she would spend on arms or armaments were that hers, too. So long as that is tied up by selfish and greedy men there will be no peace and the rumors of wars will be louder every year—yes, every day. The blinders of self keep these men from seeing anything but the profits directly in front of them.



# THE FACE OF GOD

By Marie O'Dea

**T**HEN did a servant with unseemly haste run past the guards into the druid grove and interrupt the council. He was palsied with fright and from his lips trembled a terrible message. 'Masters, masters, a fire burns at Slane beyond the water.' The druid priest and princes sprang up in consternation, terrified but unbelieving. There, directly across the Boyne from Tara a flame seared the eerie darkness."

Leoghaire's listening court gasped, their hearts icy. The Ard-Righ sprang up in excitement as he recalled that awful spectacle of a few weeks ago.

On the rug at his feet the frail little Ethne clung to her rosy-cheeked sister, Fedelm, both wide-eyed at their father's tale of the sacrilege. Their thoughts flew back to that same night when even this great fire burning in the castle of the lord of all Ireland was reverently extinguished awaiting word of the lighting of the signal fire at Tara. Not one of the neighboring princes of Roscommon nor indeed of all Ireland would have dared light a fire that night.

Their father was speaking again, "The priests besought me, 'O King this fire which hath been lighted in defiance of the royal edict, will blaze forever in the land unless it be this very night extinguished' "

Ethne and Fedelm were afraid of the druid priests. They seemed so cruel,

always sacrificing the lovely wild creatures or calling upon evil spirits to punish their enemies. There was a frightened exultation in their hearts at news of a power that could alarm the priests. They would love to see a God so mighty as that.

Leoghaire was seated again and continued, "Whether that fire was made by man or God I know not. I bade a servant summon the culprit. Soon we beheld a procession crossing the Boyne toward us. A strange and majestic figure stepped from the first boat. His garments were silken and embroidered with gold. He wore his mitre as though it were a crown and he bore a shepherd's staff. Our servants dropped to their knees as he passed.

"The druid priests feared that he would cast an evil spell over the assembly and I forbade all marks of respect for the stranger.

"The curiously garbed procession advanced up the slope with slow and stately tread. We who awaited them felt a great inner urge to fall to our knees even as the servants had done. Verily this man was a messenger from the gods. With restraint we remained seated but young Erc, son of Prince Ego, leaped forward and offered his place to the stranger. I had sent for him to mete out a drastic punishment but somehow in his presence I felt that

I was the guilty one. On he came straight up to me.

"I am Patrick, sent by the Holy Father to tell thee of the one true God who is worshipped above all other gods."

"The trial began. The druids, resenting the challenge to their gods, called upon the spirits to darken the earth in atonement for the stranger's fire. Gradually the clouds cloaked the sun. Suddenly Patrick rose and defied them to restore light. For one startled moment the druids faced him menacingly then began their prayers to the spirits. But the darkness persisted. Wilder and wilder grew the futile cries and wails of the druids. At length Patrick rose again and cried out, 'Cease! Let us now pray to One True God!'

"Then did he kneel in impressive humility and lift his arms to heaven. Instantly the sun appeared and the darkness was gone."

**L**EOGHAIRE'S hearers shifted uneasily but their master went on.

"Then did a frightful thing occur. The Arch-Druid Lochru, in a frenzy of fury, caused himself to be raised high into the air. Patrick knelt again and lifted up his arms to heaven. Lochru fell to the rocks and was killed."

Another gasp and one of the ladies cried out in terror. Ethne was sobbing with Fedelm's arms close around her.



The tense minutes passed, then Leoghaire began again to tell of the stranger, Patrick; of his soul-stirring voice; of his story of a loving God whose Son died like humans die to bring peace and virtue to His children; of the Holy Trinity which was like their own shamrock's three petals on one stem; of how young Erc was the first to accept the new God, then the poet, Dubtach, then Leoghaire's own queen and other queens and nobles until finally the whole assembly bowed in acknowledgment to Christ.

"I live only to the day when the holy man, Patrick, will be here among my own people," concluded Leoghaire.

Ethne and Fedelm stole away to troubled dreams of cruel priests falling from heaven and a lone fire burning forever in Ireland. They almost saw the all-powerful God who brought about such a miracle.

One morning months later, Ethne and Fedelm stepped out of the castle gates on their way to the fountain of Clebach for their bath. Suddenly they heard a strangely beautiful chorus of voices. When they reached the fountain they were astonished to see tents beside it.

A stately but humble old man came forward and greeted them kindly.

Out tumbled the question: "Who are ye, whence do ye come, are ye phantoms, or fairies or friendly mortals?"

THE old man answered them, "It were better you would adore and worship the one true God whom we announce to you, than that you satisfy your curiosity by such vain questions."

Then Ethne and Fedelm remembered their father's story of the great miracle-worker at Tara. Could it be possible that this gentle old man had the power to frighten the fearsome druids? Was there really a God who was capable of terrible miracles and yet was kind and gentle even as this old man? Could they see him?

"Teach us most carefully," they said.

Thus it came to pass that Ethne and Fedelm with all their people went daily to the fountain of Clebach to hear the story of redemption, of heaven after death and of the beautiful sight of God. Their longing to see their sweet and loving Maker became almost an obsession.

Soon came their day of baptism. Ethne and Fedelm unknown to their father and mother, had spent the whole night on their knees in rapt ecstasy anticipating the happiness of the morrow.

At dawn their attendants were surprised to find them awake and already robed in white. But it was the rapt expression on their faces that awed the servants. "They seemed not to see us at all," one whispered as she watched the ceremony.

Patrick had just finished the words of the sacrament when the timid Ethne said to him, "Good father, may we now see our God?" Patrick answered, "You cannot see the face of Christ unless you taste death and unless you receive the sacrifice." Fedelm said, "Then, good father, give us the sacrifice that we may be able to behold our Spouse."

Patrick proceeded with the Mass and gave Communion to the two little supplicants who still knelt beside their benches. When the Eucharist passed their lips they bowed low until their foreheads touched the floor. Patrick felt that here indeed was holy innocence as he had never before seen it and remained long on his knees in thanksgiving.

When he rose the two little forms were still prostrate and he went over and touched them.

But this time they did not rise at his bidding. They were gazing in rapture upon the face of their God.

# FROM CATACOMBS TO CUBISM

By Victor Luhrs

*THE English Cathedrals show a definite local influence. Unlike those of France, they are usually set off by a close so that nature's beauty adds to that of man's handicraft and provides its setting.*

## VI: SAINT MARYS

THE pointed arches at Saint Denis were barely under construction, when that architecture crossed the channel to England. Only one important English Gothic church however, Westminster Abbey, shows any strong French influence. The rest have definite English described in the comparison.

Not only the architecture but the surroundings of a cathedral in England differ considerably from those in France. The English cathedral, reserved like the English temperament, is set off by a beautiful close. Its beauty is supported by nature's beauty, grass, trees, bushes

and sometimes a brook. The exquisite surroundings of Durham, Salisbury and Wells make excellent settings for these beautiful cathedrals. A minor cathedral, such as Saint David's, is glorified by the natural beauty about it. The charm of the English cathedral town is justly famous.

Majestically set off, the English cathedral usually offers a beautiful historical study of medieval architecture. York Minster, a typical cathedral, passes from east to west through the Romanesque, lancet Gothic, decorated, late or flowing decorated, and lastly the perpendicular period, the architecture used on the façade. Similarly, Canterbury, Winchester and others display their peri-

odical styles, while Lincoln reverses the procedure by offering its earliest architecture on the west front and perpendicular on the east end.

Perpendicular lines were the most commonly employed on the west façades of English cathedrals. The rose window was used only in the transepts. This partly accounts for the fact that the façades of these cathedrals are inferior to those of France. York with its majestic square towers, Lichfield with its spires and sculpture and Wells, exquisitely proportioned and enlivened with sculpture, offer the best church fronts in England. Exeter with its odd screen, Peterboro with its tri-arched divisions and Lincoln with towers rising above a false screen are the most original. Yet all of these façades are overwhelmed when compared to Reims, Amiens or Bourges.

The composition of the whole exterior of English cathedrals is the triumph of English Gothic. Long, low, finely pro-

portioned and exquisitely situated, they reached their climax in their central towers. The square towers of Canterbury and Lincoln, the octagon of Ely and the spires of Salisbury and Norwich leave little to be desired by the imagination.

TO one who loves beauty without tinsel, the exterior of Salisbury Cathedral approaches perfection. It accepts the simplest of Gothic periodical style—lancet—and displays it with a dignity that rests the eye. Its central spire is perhaps the only rival of the south spire at Chartres for Madonna-like beauty, simple yet majestic. If ever a cathedral invites one to visit the interior it is Salisbury.

Upon entering the cathedral, however, the visitor led by the exterior to expect a near Paradise within is rudely disappointed. Instead of seeing beauty that suggests the Eternal, he is shown a cathedral broken and faded, haunted by the monstrosity known as Henry VIII; a gentleman whose name is intimately connected with the cathedrals of England, Ireland and Scotland. Intimately connected as the chief reason for the demoralized appearance of many.

Not all English cathedral interiors are as disappointing as Salisbury, but nevertheless being low, narrow and lacking the exquisite ambulatories of the French, they compare unfavorably to French cathedrals. Impressive choir screens and intricate vaulting are the most noteworthy features of English church interiors. A few like Canterbury and Westminster Abbey use the French apse and ambulatory. The Abbey is proportionately taller than most English churches and due to its resemblance to a French church many credit it with being England's most beautiful Gothic undertaking. Its poor façade, however, detracts greatly from the beauty of its exterior.

Of the cathedrals with east end chantries, Lincoln with its exquisite angel choir, York, Ely, Exeter and Winchester, elongated to over 500 feet, offer about the best interiors. The most profuse interior in English cathedrals belongs to perpendicular Gloucester, displaying an intricate style of vaulting—called fan vaulting because of its similarity of appearance to a Japanese fan. Perpendicular chapels at Cambridge, Windsor Castle and Westminster Abbey (Henry VII's chapel) are likewise miracles of splendor.

One of Britannia's fairest cathedrals, that of Wells, found its way into (of all things!) Ripley's "Believe It or Not." It appears that this cathedral is "shaved" from time to time—the reason for Ripley's interest. Dirt and grit settle on certain parts of the windows which it is necessary to remove by using a razor with exquisite care.

The barbering given Wells by Henry VIII and his redheaded daughter is typical of what happened to practically all medieval cathedrals of the British Isles. Throughout England, Ireland and Scotland there are monuments to "Bluff Prince Hal" in the form of broken stained glass, ruined abbeys and defaced sculpture. Hollywood may be indebted to Henry VIII for creating a matrimonial mode, art owes him nothing.

The drama so impressive in French cathedrals is conspicuously absent here. The cathedrals of England have been shorn of their religion. The Anglican Church may be close to the Catholic in ritual, but one need only visit a fine Episcopalian church here in New York (Intercession, St. Thomas or St. Bartholomew) and then go to a Catholic Church by the same architects (St. Vincent Ferrer) to appreciate the greater artistic outlet allowed by the Catholic religion. The former churches despite fine altars are mostly stone walls. The latter is a veritable art museum, lit by votive candles.

The writer does not intend employing these fine old cathedrals for sentimental anti-Anglican propaganda. I have no missionary inclinations and would prefer to keep out of a religious argument. But the fact is that the Reformation robbed the English cathedrals of their living drama. Today they are fundamentally monuments of the past. Dean Gates of New York, if he wishes, may say that the words "Ecclesia Anglicana" on the Magna Carta meant the Anglican Church in its present form. Canterbury, Lincoln, York, Wells and the rest were never intended by their builders for "services." They were intended for what every Catholic Church is built for, the Mass; and without it they are not unlike beautiful Rhine wine glasses filled with water.

IN Scotland and Ireland there are cathedrals and abbeys having beauty comparable to those of England. Melrose Abbey, a magnificent church and Scotland's foremost Gothic monument, lies in ruins, a sacrifice before the lustful altar of Henry VIII. Ireland's most important cathedrals, St. Patrick's and Christchurch, Dublin, and St. Mary's, Limerick, belong to the lancet period. In simple beauty and sincerity they may be likened to the Romanesque churches along the Rhine. They follow English Gothic lines to a certain extent but possess a quiet ruggedness that is distinctly Irish. Again like the Rhenish cathedrals they often possess haunting legends. Limerick's legend of "The Bells of Saint Mary's" is the most famous.

The chimes of Limerick are exceptionally mellow and according to legend they were stolen from an old Italian bellcaster. The thief succeeded in sell-

ing them to the authorities of Limerick, (who had no idea they were stolen) while the old Italian searched far and wide for his bells, the tone of which he knew he could never produce again. The thief, however, knew that the far off Emerald Isle would be the last place the Italian would ever expect to find them and that is the reason he sold them there. He was right because it was not until the old bellcaster was stricken by his last illness that he was informed that some unusually beautiful chimes could be heard from Limerick's belfry. After a difficult journey he was brought to Limerick on his deathbed. Here he lived just long enough to hear his chimes calling the faithful to Mass. Seeing through the window what a delightful spot had been found for his bells, he died happily.

IRISH cathedrals like those in England and Scotland have been turned over to the Anglican Church. Ireland is the one Catholic country whose fairest houses of worship have been turned over to a Protestant Church. Here too the Reformation did great damage to the churches. The thought that a cathedral called St. Patrick's, Dublin, belongs to the Church of England is almost comical.

Great abbeys, mostly Benedictine, were built during the Gothic period in the British Isles. For the most part they now lie in ruins, Westminster, Bath and Saint Albans being among the few intact. The picturesque ruins of St. Mary's of York, Glastenbury, Fountains, Tintern, Whitby and a host of others grace English landscapes. At Melrose, Hawthornden, Holyrood and Jedburgh, Scotland offers her monastic splendor shattered by the Reformation. The rich abbeys suffered most from the wrath of "Burley King Harry."

For all that they suffered, however, these cathedrals and abbeys are far too pleasant for one to keep Henry VIII in mind. They are more suggestive of happier days in England. Days when Lincoln Cathedral heard the townfolk sing; "An' all the bells o' merrie Lincoln without men's hands were rung."

Happy thoughts these, reminding of "merrie England." Impossible though it might seem at first the "merrie England" was the England of great cathedrals used daily for the Mass, and much of her "merriment" gathered around her cathedrals and abbeys. The England of Robin Hood and Richard the Lion Hearted, of the Yule log and the skin of nut brown ale, was the England of Roman Catholic Cathedrals at Canterbury, Lincoln, Winchester and York. All talk of medieval gloom to the contrary, medieval England makes a happy picture—and so does the spire of Salisbury, and the swan pond in the shadow of the Cathedral of Wells.



—By Joachim Beckes, C.P., Luki, Hunan.

# REDS RAVAGE HUNAN

On the following pages we publish in full a letter of Father Anthony Maloney, C.P., written to Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., now in the United States, in which he gives a graphic sketch of the escape of Father James Lambert, C.P. and himself from the city of Chenki, and of their subsequent perilous adventures. It is typical of many letters now arriving from the Mission field in Western Hunan. As we read these letters we live again the days of the Church's early persecutions, or the penal days of our forefathers.

The make-up of these pages is an exact reproduction of the Chinese letter-paper upon which this letter was received.

It will help to a fuller understanding of these pages if it is borne in mind throughout that three Chinese li equal one English mile.

The following letter from Father Raphael, C.P., was received at the moment of going to press.

Hankow, Hupeh, China.  
January 12th, 1936.

**D**EAR BISHOP:

In Supu we lost everything—even what we had hidden. The furniture was either destroyed or burned. Each of the out-stations suffered the same. Your Excellency can well imagine the confusion on the day we left Supu. We had eighty studying Doctrine.—Each one had to flee carrying his own belongings—no porters could be had. Father Dominic had been in bed sick for ten days. Again we could get no sedan-chair or carriers. We used a chair from our porch. Our friends, the carpenters and masons, acted as porters. We can never forget what the boss-carpenter (a pagan) did to help us.

For five days we traveled through Red-infested territory. The three men catechists, Augustine Li, Paul Hu and Thad-

deus Chang, left their families and took care of us along the way. They could not have done more for us if they had been our own children. For five nights they did not sleep, but kept watch. During the day one would travel about five li ahead of our party, in order to make sure we fell into no trap; and one day when a carrier broke down, Paul Hu carried the heavy baskets. The catechists lost everything they had—except the clothes on their backs. God will certainly bless them for their heroic efforts to help the Church and save the priests from harm.

With all best wishes from myself and all in Hankow.

Always devotedly in Christ,

Raphael, C. P.



# 辰谿天主堂用牋

Catholic Mission,  
Chenki, Hunan.  
Dec. 27, 1935.

## DEAR BISHOP:

Please pardon this paper and the envelope for I have nothing else at hand. Ho Lung, the Communist Chief, once more got on my trail. Father James and I were indeed fortunate to escape; for a while our chances looked mighty slim. On the morning of November 25th, rumors spread on the Chenki street that Reds had crossed the Yuan River near Peh-yung. I went immediately to the Magistrate's office to inquire. Here I learned that the report was indeed true, that the Reds had actually reached T'ai-pingpu on the night of November 24th, that there was no clear idea of the destination of the invaders, and also that if the city of Chenki were to fall into their hands, it would be that very night or the next morning.

Immediately we put the sacred vessels, mission registers and our typewriters in the house attic, consumed the Blessed Sacrament and made hasty arrangements to spend the night on a boat. We didn't dare set out for Yuanling or any other down river point, as there was every probability that the Reds were already arrived there. As nothing happened during the night we returned to the mission in the morning. I again visited the Magistrate and also called up Yuanling by long distance phone. Reports were all encouraging—Chenki was not to be molested as Reds were headed for Supu—so we were told.

### The Reds Head for Chenki

ON the afternoon of the 26th, the report reached town that the Reds were at Shiao-chiwan, only 60 li down the newly-constructed motor road, and at this news the townspeople went into a frenzied panic. I thought at the time that this could be nothing more than a group of bandits and the authorities took the same view. As previously planned, Father James and myself again spent the night on a river boat. About 9 P.M. the Magistrate sent his card, advising us to get under way without loss of time, as the Reds were definitely known to be headed for Chenki and were then less than 30 li away. Spies sent out by the authorities had been captured by the Communists. One of the spies later escaped and made his way to Pushih whence he telephoned word to Chenki, thus giving the first authentic warning. As everyone was convinced that the Reds were stretched along the river in the Pushih sector, flight to the country was our only alternative. Therefore we crossed the Yuan River, intending to spend that night at Wangnganping but after walking only a few li we realized it would be quite impossible to make further progress in the dark with the road as muddy and slippery as it then was, so we turned aside to the home of a pagan couple, the parents of Liu Pius, my former cook. It was about midnight when we reached there. We succeeded, despite recurring alarms, in getting a few hours' sleep. As morning broke the boys went back towards Chenki to scout. We were then only two or three li from the town. A report was circulating that the Magistrate had returned to the city, so Li James also recrossed the river to investigate conditions within the town.

We still treasured the hope that the Red advance was nothing more than a rumor. However, shortly after

8 A.M., Tien Aloysius came running back with word that fighting had broken out. Indeed, just as soon as we stepped out of the house we could hear the firing, for Chenki was in plain view from where we stood. The road from the city to Tanwan (you know how it mounts the river bank, winds through the little hamlet and picks its way through the rice fields) was choked with breathless, excited refugees, carrying with them whatever had been closest at hand. For our part, we had to abandon our bedding and the two small bags we had been carrying, which we had packed with such care. We were dressed in the oldest clothes available for we hoped in this guise to be less conspicuous. We had gone but a short distance when Li James overtook us. He had succeeded in escaping on the very last boat crossing from the panic-stricken city, after firing had begun. In fact, he had to wade out into the river to climb into the boat.

### Our Flight Through Mud and Rain

OUR little party hurried to Tanwan with all speed for we feared that the Communists might be making an encircling movement by way of the Pushih-Tanwan road. Arrived at Tanwan we straightaway crossed the Mayang River to the Wangnganping side. Thus we hoped to avoid the Reds who might be in pursuit of the retreating troops. Just as we crossed the river we had to hastily take refuge behind an embankment as soldiers had opened fire on some boats that had refused to stop and bullets were hissing rather close overhead. Wind and rain did not make our progress any easier on the small by-paths through the rice fields.

About noon we were invited to stop and rest in a wayside hut where we spent an hour or so. At first these good people were going to furnish us with a hiding place but afterwards thought better of it so there was nothing left for us to do but to start hiking again through the clinging mud of the rice-paddy paths. We were in constant danger of bandits all the way but in the circumstances the bandits were the lesser of two evils.

About 4 P.M. we came to the home of an acquaintance of Li James. Supper had just been cooked and these good people shared rice, peppers and dried fish with us, our first food of the day. We ate it out in the open, chilled and dank as we were, but the food went a long way towards warming us up and reviving our spirits. We then continued on our way to Wangnganping, reaching there at nightfall. The entire garrison from the city, about 200 strong, had retreated to this place. We put up at the home of Pan Leo. Here we were given a good meal and bedding for the night. At this stage of our travels, besides the clothes on our back our total luggage consisted of two drenched blankets.

Next morning we heard that at least 100 Reds were in Tanwan, less than 20 li away, so the Pan home was clearly an unwholesome spot. Again we plodded through the mud and rain to the home of Li James, where we concealed ourselves in the loft. Supper was brought to us there. Under shelter of darkness we started out in the direction of Wangnganping not daring to use a light. This was a trip not likely to be soon forgotten, a horror compounded of driving rain, oozing mud and aching limbs, as we slopped, slipped and slithered through the darkness. The night was spent in a temple a few li out

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of Wangnganping, a shelter considered fairly safe from bandits. There was likewise quite a large number of refugees from the city who had found shelter here.

At dawn the next morning we made our way to the home of Wang Peter, situated a few li from Wangnganping. We accomplished this stretch unobserved and hid ourselves for the time being in a back room. We had left P'an Leo in Wangnganping and he was to bring us word just as soon as the soldiers there began to retreat. We knew that a withdrawal had been decided upon. Not long afterwards Leo came rushing in breathless with the word that the Communists were within a few li of his home and that the military were scrambling. As the main road lay behind Wangnganping our only course was up a sizeable mountain, taking the cow paths, slipping and sliding.

## We Head for the Bandit Stronghold

WE were now headed for Lungchuengai—the bandit stronghold! In all truth, Scylla and Charybdis. In this predicament, Providence did not forsake us. A li or two from Lungchuengai we ran into the bandit outpost and who should be in charge of it but the brother of the Chenki catechist! He sent a runner on ahead, assuring us at the same time that all would be well. I had previously heard that negotiations were under way for the enrollment of this group of bandits into the regular army. This thought helped to allay our fears.

On arrival at headquarters I sent my card to the Chief, a certain Chang Huan Nan, a near relative of that Chang whom the Catholic Mission so singularly befriended some years ago. The Chief sent back his own card inviting me to meet him. Leaving Father James at the inn with the Chinese boys I reported at headquarters, situated further up the street. Chang Huan Nan was quite friendly, protesting that there was no cause for uneasiness as he would protect us both. Of course I rose to the occasion and assured him that now for us there could be no further fear of Reds. Only an hour or so later, however, General Yang Yün Ch'ing, with his men arrived in town whereupon Chang Huan Nan and his crowd withdrew. This was Friday evening, November 29th. The same evening several officers called on us and they brought the news that 400 men had been posted on the hills near Wangnganping to withstand the advance of the Reds and that these soldiers were returning to Wangnganping the next morning as the Communists had retreated to Taiwan. General Yang himself was going down to Miaotowan to see about taking into his ranks another group of bandits. These officers strongly urged us to accompany them or General Yang, since Chang Huan Nan and his crowd had not yet been entirely straightened out and there might be some danger for us from that quarter.

I talked the matter over with Father James and the Chinese helped and we were one in the opinion that the greater danger lay in the direction of the Reds, hence it would be better for us to remain just where we were. The soldiers left the following morning and within an hour Chang and his men were back again in town. He visited us and once more renewed his assurances. All through that day men from headquarters kept dropping in to look us over. There was nothing for us to do but to assume an air of complete nonchalance. The Chief sent us a smoked ham that someone had presented to him, a most appreciable

gift under the circumstances. Then that evening Chang himself came to pay his respects, bringing a gift of tea and assorted cakes. There followed a regular love-fest, everyone proclaiming the qualities—physical, intellectual, spiritual and what have you—of everyone else. Our distinguished guest improved the occasion by intimating with native deftness and suavity that he was stretching forth the helping hand against the day when he might need our assistance. I assured him that it would always be a pleasure and an honor for the Missionaries to requite his kindness.

## The Bandit Chief Comes to Our Aid

AS our clothes were of the shabbiest, bespattered with mud, and as we had almost no baggage, my assurances thrown out from time to time that we had no money were easily believed. The Chief begged me not to worry about the low ebb of our finances, that he would care for that and reaching into his pocket—and this is one for Ripley—he brought out eight silver dollars, saying "this is all I have and I want you to take it." There was nothing to be done but to accept it, and this we did with true gratitude and perhaps I should add with no little confusion, and I assured him that on my return to Chenki I would not fail to make known his kindness to Father James and myself in our great need. This pledge has already been fully redeemed.

Sunday, December 1st, was also spent at Lungchuengai. Vegetables were not to be had. Several days on a meat and rice diet created a craving for the vitamins which greens alone can furnish. The dreary hours were spent huddled over a charcoal brazier with nothing to break the livelong day but idle chatter. About 8 P.M. Chang again dropped in, bringing word that his sentries had just reported the approach of a body of armed men, some in uniform, some not. They were at Minho, just ten li away. As it was not known whether this band were soldiers or Communists, we were advised to drop back further into the country. The bulk of Chang's men remained in Lungchuengai.

## We Take to the Road Again

WHILST preparations for departure were under way, a number of Chang's officers dropped in and one let fall the remark quite unconcerned, "We are not like Tsen Tzi Mia (the leader of the crowd that murdered our three Fathers) Sen Fu!" As you can imagine, my heart did a bit of a flip-flop at that; we were just 20 li from the place where the Fathers had met their death. All preparations made, we again took to the road. By this time we had grown somewhat accustomed to night marches, and as we were this time permitted a light, travel was not too painful. We went less than 4 li, reaching our destination, which was a large farm house in a pocket of the hills, about midnight. In Wangnganping, Li James had previously borrowed a cotton quilt. This, with some straw strewn on the rough floor, made our bed. Comfort and cleanliness were conspicuous by their absence. In our extreme fatigue and weariness we welcomed any place to rest our limbs. We slept a fitful sleep. In the morning we learned that the source of the previous day's alarm was the military, so we immediately headed back to Lungchuengai.

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In the afternoon orders came from General Yang Yui Ch'ing for everyone to move down to Wangnganping as the troops there were to march on to Tanwan. The Communists had once more withdrawn to the Chenki street. Time remained to make our objective, a distance of 20 li, before darkness would overtake us but our friend Chang, was in no hurry. As it was, Father James and myself started out ahead of the bandits, managing to make our way over a big mountain in the twilight. From the speed the bandits made one could readily see that they were accustomed to night travel and inured to it. All during these days there had been an intermittent rain. The paths were long stretches of splashing water and clinging mud. To keep erect was no small feat. Indeed, I slipped once and gave my ankle a severe wrench. Thank God it was not a serious sprain. Waiting for the ferry I had a most unexpected and dramatic encounter. I met a captain of Chang's brigade, a certain Ten Yu Ling. This distinguished knight-of-the-road was none other than the leader of the gang who back in the summer of 1928 had captured Father Ernest and myself. A strange, strange turn in the wheel of fate—the foreigner and his erstwhile captor made friends before the common menace of the devastating Reds. Adversity makes strange bedfellows. How little I thought on that scorching September day in 1928, as Father Ernest and myself, bound with ropes, were being led up the mountain path to the bandits' lair, that a day would come when we would be together facing a common foe.

## Night at the Home of P'an Leo

WE finally reached Wangnganping and passed the night at the home of P'an Leo. Quarters were cramped, to say the least. The Federal Housing Administration doesn't know anything about crowding! On a bed in one corner of the room were Father James and myself. Alongside were six Chinese, stretched out on some dry straw; not more than a foot beyond them was a pig comfortably curled up on a pile of the same crisp stubble while near the door were our four faithful boys lying full length on a few armfuls of equally brittle, fragrant bedding—no Simmons Beauty Rest mattress ever begat heavier or more blissful slumber.

At Wangnganping we were told that the Reds left Chenki so we decided to make for the city first thing next morning. Day broke, windy and rainy. We intended to get our breakfast at Tanwan. We walked about 10 li and then got a boat for another 10 li, but alas! as we stepped ashore at Tanwan we were met with the news that Chenki was once more thrown into a terrible panic by the report that the Communists were on their way back. What were we to do? It was surely a dilemma. Father James, myself and the boys went into a huddle. Hearing that there were still a few soldiers on guard in the city, we calculated that there was a chance of our getting into Chenki, there hiring a boat and making a quick getaway down river for Yüanling. It wasn't a pleasant sensation traveling against a stream of refugees from the city, everyone looking askance at us, deeming us fools who were rushing into danger. We did not dare delay in Tanwan for food as the time necessary for this might well be our margin of safety.

## Havoc in the Mission at Chenki

WE reached the river bank opposite Chenki. We were wet, muddy and hungry. There we met some officers who were able to furnish fairly reliable information. The city, so they said, was still safe. We got a boat, crossed and made a dash for the Mission. The place was desolation itself. What havoc wrought by the Communists during their short stay! The buildings were standing, for that we can be grateful, but all furnishings and equipment had been either carted away or wantonly wrecked. I took a hasty glance in the Church. Pews were smashed and broken, Communist slogans scrawled on the walls, and, can you believe it, pictures of Marx and Lenin posted against the once lovely high altar. Worse still, the corpus of the large crucifix, sole ornament of the altar, had been hacked away. The Christians, who still remained, gathered about, urging us to lose no time in making good our escape, for the danger was so imminent and grave.

It was touching to witness their deep concern. Nothing was left for us to do but to make for the river and head for Yüanling. But there was considerable delay in bartering for a boat. We did not know at what moment the Reds might make their appearance. Our thoughts and apprehensions at this juncture can be better imagined than described. We dropped down river in the direction of Pushih where we arrived late in the afternoon. Here we ran into another snag. All boats were being held against further orders. I used all possible influence to secure clearance papers but to no avail. There was nothing to do but to remain the night concealed aboard our sampan beneath the walls of Pushih.

## We Find Relief at Luki

HERE we were visited by the Pushih catechist. He narrated a graphic story of the capture of the town by the Communists and the looting of the Catholic Mission. It was not until noon, the following day, that we finally succeeded in getting off. We had in our company the Magistrate of Luki. In the late afternoon we came in sight of the city. With what sentiments of joy did we set foot on the Luki strand. This town at least had escaped the ravages of the Reds, though it had suffered keenly from successive panics. Father Denis had remained throughout all this time at the Mission and was there to welcome us. The warm hospitality extended by Father Denis to Father James and myself is something which can never be forgotten. What genuine relief to wash in hot water with real soap and to get a shave, with the crowning luxury of a clean shirt. Old Epicurus himself never tasted viands so delicious as the bread, butter and coffee with which Father Denis spread the festal board. The next morning we had the great consolation of offering the Holy Sacrifice for the first time since November 26th. After breakfast we continued on our way to Yüanling.

It was an immense relief to reach headquarters. The city was still in a highly nervous state for the Reds were known to be fighting on the main road to Changteh, about 40 li away. The Fathers at Yüanling gave us a royal welcome, made us as comfortable as could be by sharing their meagre belongings with us.



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After our hectic experience of the past ten days the comparative security of Yüanling was restful in the extreme, and we made the most of it. I spent about two weeks at the central mission and then, as the military in large numbers were pressing the Communists who had evacuated Chenki and Supu, I started back for my Mission.

I arrived here the night of December 22nd. The Christians, I need not say, were delighted to have their Missionary back with them once more. I had to listen to many a sad tale but, thank God, all the Christians were reported safe. The mother of Liu Plus, my former cook, in whose house we had spent the first memorable night of our flight, was tortured the next morning almost to death by the Reds in their efforts to discover the whereabouts of Father James and myself. It was an unfortunate porter who had helped carry our baggage that night who informed on us, and of course the bags and bedding that we had abandoned at the Liu home fell into the greedy hands of the Communists. Ho Lung, the notorious leader, was here in person; made his headquarters in the Catholic Mission. All the harrowing happenings of the past weeks would require a book for the telling. The Reds were very eager to lay hands on us. One escaped captive narrates that when enroute to this city the Reds urged haste as there were two foreigners in the town whom they wanted to get. The very first place they asked for when they entered the city was the Catholic Mission. A couple of the old women, with remarkable pluck, had remained in the women's catechumenate. The Communists asked them where the priests and the Sisters were. The old women answered that there were no Sisters in Chenki and that the priests had fled. These same women, by clinging to their quarters, managed to beg from the Communists quite a few of the altar cloths and other articles from the loot of the Mission. The Reds said to the old women: "God is God; there is no need of a crucifix. You should honor Lenin and Marx."

## The Reds Resort to Torture

**T**HE precincts of the Catholic Mission witnessed some strange scenes. The wife of a rich oil merchant was taken by the Reds. She was brought to headquarters here in the Mission and tortured. Blunt bamboo splinters were pushed up under her fingernails and her abdomen burnt with hot pokers. The poor creature finally succeeded in getting some raw opium from a friend and swallowed it, thus ending her life in the Catholic Mission. The man who gave her the opium was in turn strung up by the thumbs and left suspended an entire night. But enough of such gruesome details.

On December 24th, I blessed the Church and offered the first Mass since November 26th. You will be consoled to know that there was a good turnout of the faithful for the Feast of Christmas. The surroundings were poor and primitive. The Communists had done their work well, but the Infant Saviour Who came into the world in a poor stable could dispense with superfluous ornaments. What mattered was the magnificent spirit of the Christians, their piety and devotion. They had been tried as by fire and their earnest prayers must have been pleasing in the sight of heaven, as they gathered together in our battered church on Christmas morn.

The future, of course, is obscure. We can only hope and pray that there will be no repetition of the terrible havoc of the past month. However, God has been most good to us. We have much, very much, to be grateful for. Without doubt it was the prayers of the priests, the Sisters and our many friends at home that pulled us through all the perilous hazards of this time.

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
Anthony Maoney, C.P.

## News From Father Ernest

Hankow, Hupeh, China.

Dear Bishop Cuthbert:

I suppose you have been kept informed about the trouble in Hunan, but it will do no harm to repeat. On November 28 the Reds descended on Supu suddenly. Fathers Raphael and Dominic had to flee to the country and make their way through bandit territory to Paoking.

When I received the news of the fall of Supu, I prepared for flight. When the Reds were reported to be coming towards Lungtan, the soldiers, only about a hundred at the most, made preparations to take the rich people to the country. They refused to give me an escort and urged me to go with them to the country. This I did not wish to do for several reasons.

On December 2nd I left Lungtan. The Reds were then at Hsiao Huang Lung, sixty miles away. We arrived at the river bank at Paoking late in the night of December 3rd. There we were not allowed to cross because the Communists were only thirty miles away, and Paoking was prepared for a siege that night. The night passed without the Communists making their appearance. To tell the truth, I was so tired, hungry and uncomfortable that I did not worry much about the Reds.

In the morning we crossed the river and made our way to the Mission. Father Bernard, the Hungarian priest in charge of Paoking, received me with open arms and treated me like a brother.

Before I left Lungtan I was talking to a letter carrier who was in Supu when the Communists arrived. He said that the Reds had a foreign captive with them. That captive must be the missionary who was captured by the Reds over a year ago in Kweichow. Two were captured but one was released a month ago on payment of ten thousand dollars. Imagine what that poor man has gone through during his long captivity, forced marches, poor food and no winter clothing. That is worse than a quick death.

With best wishes to yourself.

Devotedly in Christ,  
Ernest, C.P.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Father Anthony further writes: "Would appreciate it very much if you could insert a brief notice in THE SIGN to the effect that the Reds got my address book, hence I am unable to write to many benefactors, not to mention a number of unanswered letters that were lost, and a parcel or two that came in the morning of our flight. I fear that some good friends might be offended at not hearing from me."

And we would request our readers to extend a similar indulgence to our many other Missionaries in China who have recently been through similar thrilling adventures.

## Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion

**T**HE Passion of Christ was written before He was born. "We have seen Him," said the Prophet Isaias, "despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows . . . and we thought Him as it were a leper, and one struck by God and afflicted." (Isa. 53).

What Isaias saw so vividly was fulfilled perfectly in the Passion of Christ. "Behold," said Jesus to the twelve, "we go up to Jerusalem, and all things shall be accomplished which were written by the Prophets concerning the Son of Man . . . He shall be mocked and scourged and spit upon, and after they have scourged Him they will put Him to death . . . and they understood none of these things." (Luke 18).

There is one phase of human life which is the hardest of all to understand. And that is suffering. But once we understand the reason of the Sacred Passion, we shall readily understand the reason of suffering. Although Christ repaired the injury done to God by sin, and brought us back into God's favor, this does not dispense us from making reparation for our own personal sins; it only emphasizes the fact more forcibly, for St. Peter expressly says: "Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps." And our Saviour Himself warned: "unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish."

Lent is the season of self-denial. The Church in God's name prescribes penance for all the faithful. We ought to enter into the spirit of this time, for we are all sinners and need to make reparation. For many the patient endurance of the effects of unemployment will be a considerable penance, provided it is done in union with Christ. Others who have been spared these hardships should be more than usually prayerful and penitential.

With the example of our Lord before our eyes, we should not complain, for who can complain when he thinks of his sins and how worthy he is of punishment, especially when he remembers that the Innocent lamb of God was despised, mocked, scourged, spit upon, and nailed to the cross? "If we suffer with Christ we shall also reign together with him."

REV. RAYMUND KOHL, C.P., GENERAL DIRECTOR.

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY, UNION CITY, N. J.

## Gemma's League of Prayer

**B**LESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them are left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

Masses Said	8
Masses Heard	35,420
Holy Communions	34,605
Visits to B. Sacrament	168,987
Spiritual Communions	184,290
Benediction Services	30,410
Sacrifices, Sufferings	149,984
Stations of the Cross	26,348
Visits to the Crucifix	158,408
Beads of the Five Wounds	19,464
Offerings of PP. Blood	198,208
Visits to Our Lady	160,488
Rosaries	64,760
Beads of the Seven Dolors	9,491
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,984,570
Hours of Study, Reading	65,143
Hours of Labor	90,721
Acts of Kindness, Charity	95,810
Acts of Zeal	54,160
Prayers, Devotions	486,527
Hours of Silence	75,530
Various Works	249,394
Holy Hours	728

### ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecclus. 7: 37.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

**KINDLY** remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. H. F. CLARK  
REV. JEREMIAH KENT  
REV. MATTHEW BOLAND  
REV. M. DUNOHUE  
REV. FRANCIS X. LANGAN  
SR. ISABELLA OF THE SACRED HEART  
SR. M. SILVERIUS (FINNERTY)  
SR. M. BALDINA (BENDER)  
SR. FRANCIS JEROME  
SR. MARY FRANCIS  
ELIZABETH E. SCHMIDT MURPHY  
MRS. M. COTTER  
JAMES MCSTAY  
FRANK BARR  
JOHN A. DEVEREAUX  
CATHERINE MODERMOTT  
ELIZABETH WILKINSON  
ANNIE M. DUNN  
MARION MURPHY  
JOHN L. HENNELLY  
CATHERINE KEENAN  
JOHN J. MCKEON  
STEPHEN MORRISON  
HELEN GUEL  
CATHERINE MCQUEENEY  
MARY JORDAN  
MARY KENNEDY  
CATHERINE MCDEVITT  
WILLIAM HARRINGTON  
EDWARD JOS. RILEY  
JOHN O'BRIEN  
BELLE MACDONALD  
MRS. WM. F. WATERS

NELLIE QUINN  
PHILIP REBERICH  
CATHERINE POWERS  
MARTIN DAILEY  
JOHN J. YOUNG  
MARY SPRINGSTEEN  
MRS. F. E. CLERGET  
MRS. E. KRAMER  
CHARLES A. DUNN  
WILLIAM MEAD  
CATHERINE MAHONEY  
TIMOTHY HAYES  
HARRY MCBRIDE  
IDA D. DOERENDORF  
PATRICK F. SHINE  
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MARGARET MCKEON  
ADELE MARIE DUNEY  
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RITA DAUB  
ROSINA FLECK  
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THOMAS MILES  
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JAMES KEegan  
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C. W. CARROLL  
WILLIAM DONAHUE  
H. L. NICHOLSON  
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MARY LOUGHRAN  
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JOHN I. BRENNAN  
AGNES WILSON  
SARAH BROPHY  
ADELAIDE DAMES  
MATTHEW MOYLE

JOHN RIDGE  
THOMAS HESSION  
VICTORIA GEISER  
JAMES FINEGAN  
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THOMAS MORRISSEY  
ALICE V. CONNELLY  
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MARGARET BECK  
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EDWARD D. FITZGIBBON  
ANNIE T. FLAHERTY  
JOHN KANE  
MARY E. KEELY  
MARTIN TROY  
ERNEST MARTIN  
JOSEPH A. SCHWEIKERT  
DELIA WELLING  
MRS. JAMES NORTON  
JOHANNA BARRY  
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AGNES M. WARD  
JOHN J. KENNELLY  
ANNA HEPP  
MRS. WILLIAM DONOVAN  
JOSEPH RICCARDO

**MAY** their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

# THE RINGING *of* a BELL

By Auleen Bordeaux Eberhardt

**S**TUMPY, vigorously swinging up the wooded path from the railroad tracks to the "jungles," saw, at a glance, that the favorite haunt of the "boes" on the outskirts of Tobique, was deserted.

However, there might be some food around, so he looked in the cache where the habitués of the "jungles" were accustomed to store their surplus supplies, but found it empty. Next, he hopefully scratched in a pile of ashes, thinking that a potato might have been overlooked, but without results.

He eyed Minnow Creek in disgust. It had never been known to give up a fish willingly. However, if he wanted to eat, he'd have to try his luck.

He walked to a pile of brush, kicked it aside, and found the rude fishing equipment which the tramps always left concealed for one of their number who had need of it.

Poking around the bank with a stick, he located a good sized rock, lifted it

and helped himself to a fat worm. After baiting the hook, he walked along the bank until he reached the strip of beach where the land narrowed and met the rocky base of the hill. Climbing out along the ledge for a few feet, with an agility that belied his years, he reached a rock hovering over the deepest part of the stream. Then he settled back against the ledge and threw in the line.

"I'm a fool," he said aloud, and with conviction.

The fish evidently agreed with him, for nearly an hour went by without so much as a nibble. Stumpy sighed and persevered. The sun came up and with its rising, Stumpy's hopes sank. Fish in Minnow Creek reserved exclusive biting rights for early morn and after sundown.

"I sure am a fool," he repeated, gloom settling down on his brow.

And then the cork bobbed! Away it went, downstream, under water. Stumpy skillfully maneuvered the pole and lifted his catch out of the water. It wiggled on the end of the hook, but, with a splash, fell back into the creek.

"Crawfish," howled Stumpy, and then the storm burst.

When his vocabulary was exhausted, and his injured feelings slightly relieved, Stumpy clambered down from the ledge and made his way back to the camp, where he returned the fishing equipment to its hiding place.

There was nothing to do but go on into Tobique and beg some food. Good pickings were usually to be had from the housewives, especially during these last years of depression when people no longer growled when they gave tramps a "handout," but smiled instead, and inwardly congratulated themselves on their kindness to their less fortunate brethren. Stumpy had thoroughly enjoyed the depression. In the summer, everyone was willing to give food, and the free flop houses afforded excellent shelter during the winter. He was keenly aware that with the return of better conditions a change of heart would inevitably come to many people towards the knights of the road.

"It'll be queer to leave Tobique without seeing the bishop," he thought despondently as he plodded up the tracks. "Maybe I'll sneak around to the house and take a peek at him when he comes out on the porch. Won't seem right not even to see him."

**H**IS dark, expressive eyes, which redeemed his worn, weather-beaten face from being common, lit up as he recalled their first meeting, over twenty years past, in the little western town of Coldhill. It was on a miserable night, wet and chill, when Stumpy, an undersized, though broad-shouldered young tramp, had timidly pushed open the door of the mean little railroad station waiting room. It was deserted, except for a man who sat over near the stove, reading. The stranger looked up as Stumpy entered. He smiled. Slowly the tramp approached the stove, with hesitating, shuffling footsteps.

"Good evening," said the stranger, and Stumpy saw that he was garbed as a clergyman; that he appeared to be about fifty years old, and had a thin, pale face and the most remarkable steel blue eyes into which Stumpy had ever gazed. They were understanding eyes and kindly, too. The tramp, meeting their gaze, felt curiously at ease.

Presently, Stumpy found himself pouring out his story to the stranger, and experiencing the unusual pleasure of having someone understand that craving for adventure, that longing to be free of all responsibility, that wild desire for the open road that was like a consuming fire in his heart. He was young, then, and the world was his to conquer, if he willed to do so. But that insatiable restlessness would not let him work. He could stick to nothing. Always, he felt



STUMPY SETTLED BACK AND THREW IN THE LINE



the urge to move on, living from day to day, from hand to mouth, unfettered, but never wholly content.

After Stumpy had finished, the clergyman had smiled and said, with conviction: "Sometimes I envy the men who are free." He paused, listening to the sound of the approaching train rumbling through the night. "When you come west again, stop and see me."

He took from his wallet a card and a bill, handing them to the tramp. Then he picked up his bag and boarded the train which had pulled into the station.

The strange friendship between the tramp and the clergyman endured through the strenuous years when the priest was a western pastor; through the busy years when he was a nationally known preacher; through the honored years when he was head of the powerful See of Tobique. Stumpy was always a welcome visitor at the place where his friend was making his home.

The sun beat down on the track and Stumpy's feet began to burn. He was hungry, not a new sensation, to be certain, but one not calculated to add to his comfort. To increase his woes came the gnawing conviction that had he not played the part of a fool, his condition today would have been vastly different.

**T**RY as he would, he could not tear his thoughts from that last visit he had enjoyed with the bishop, barely six weeks previously. He had arrived in Tobique, via box car accommodations, and after cleaning up in Minnow Creek, had started up these same tracks for Tobique. His goal was the bishop's house.

Arriving there, he had viewed with satisfaction the familiar figure of the bishop, reading the morning paper on the verandah, though the day was somewhat chill. Stumpy had watched him for about half an hour. He wasn't the one to interrupt another person's enjoyment. Finishing with the paper, the bishop had taken up a book from the reading table close to his chair. Then Stumpy had arisen from the steps of the Memorial Building where he had been sitting, crossed the street and ambled on to the porch of the episcopal residence.

The bishop had looked up, smiled and extended his hand.

"Good morning, Stumpy," he had said cordially. "Come, sit down and tell me how things are with you. Have you had breakfast?"

"No," Stumpy had said tersely, and with anticipation in his tone.

The bishop had gone into the house and had given instructions about Stumpy's breakfast. And then the tramp had enjoyed a delicious and filling meal, with the bishop drinking a cup of coffee to keep him company.

Afterwards they had talked, and the bishop had listened attentively to



Stumpy's recitation of the year's adventures.

When the tramp had finished, the bishop had looked at him searchingly and said: "Stumpy, we're getting old. I'm past seventy and you must be nearly fifty. Don't you want to settle down?"

Stumpy had not answered for a moment. Then, suddenly, he had poured out the innermost secrets of his heart to his friend, who always understood. The golden road was losing its lure. His years were beginning to weigh on him, and often, at night, sleeping in the hobo camps, or in a flop house, would come a craving for a place where he could stay, on and on. He was beginning to dread the endless wandering that had held him enthralled so many years. Yes, Stumpy wanted to settle down. But—he could only work with his hands. He didn't know a trade. He wasn't educated. And so on.

Then the bishop had made plans for Stumpy. Out west he had a friend who would be glad to have a man about the place. There was a big estate and plenty of outside work to be done by a handy man. A good home would be provided for the man who got the job. There

would be a chance to save a little money.

"Will you try it?" the bishop had asked.

"Yes," Stumpy had gratefully replied.

The bishop had given Stumpy a letter of reference and two hundred dollars. He was to buy new clothes and take the train to the west. Whatever money remained was to serve as a nest egg—for his old age, the bishop had said.

Liberal and kind as the bishop had been to Stumpy on previous occasions, he had never exacted a promise of any kind from the tramp. However, as Stumpy was leaving, the bishop had said: "Promise me you will settle down. You have had more freedom and more adventures than twenty ordinary men. But you've never worked. Don't become a poor, friendless old man who is a burden to society. Promise me you'll take this chance and make the most of it."

Stumpy had unhesitatingly given the bishop his promise.

The tramp had been, as well he knew, a fool for the greater part of his life, so it was hard to change. Instead of immediately buying the clothes and

starting for the west, he had lingered on in Tobique. The possession of two hundred dollars had been too much for him. He loafed around the parks all day. He made inroads into the money for meals. Then he took lodgings at a cheap rooming house. That night he got into a poker game. He won a few dollars and his luck went to his head. He played on and lost more money than he had won.

**I**F he had possessed enough sense to quit then, groaned Stumpy, as he continued his journey into Tobique. Even with his losses, he would have had enough money to get clothes and a ticket for the west. But he had stayed on, playing night after night. And when his money was almost gone, the proprietor of the lodging house had threatened if he didn't pay his back rent to put him out.

Ashamed to return to the bishop and tell him what had occurred, Stumpy had left Tobique. For a while the open road, the sunshine and the freedom from responsibility had been very pleasant. But an indefinable urge kept calling him back to Tobique.

Stumpy turned off the tracks as he neared Tobique and took a route around the bottom of the hills into the southern part of the city. He was ravenous as he stopped at the home of one of his "customers," a poor enough place, but a house where he was always certain of getting food.

He knocked at the door and the lady of the house opened. She was dressed for going out.

Stumpy swept off his battered head-gear and began his salestalk.

"That's all right" interrupted his "customer." "Wait a minute."

She went into the kitchen and came back with some coffee, and bread and jam.

"There you are," she said, not unkindly, handing him the food, and then locking the kitchen door. "You can eat and leave the dishes on the cistern box. I'm in a hurry."

Stumpy contentedly ate his breakfast, took the dishes to the pump, rinsed them and set them on the cistern box to dry. He washed his hands and dried them on his trousers. Then he continued his walk up the street. The sun was shining, the day was ideal for mid-autumn, but there was a strange, oppressive silence about Tobique. He noticed, with some surprise, that many people were coming out of the houses along the street and hurrying north.

A peculiar sounding bell rang out in the distance, then again and again. The people ahead of him quickened their footsteps and unconsciously Stumpy kept pace with them. The lack of traffic on the streets, and the almost somber silence puzzled him.

The bell rang again, this time close at hand. Crowds of people from the side streets were now turning up an avenue that led to a secluded residential district. Stumpy followed them and found that at the end of the street, back against the sheer gray bluffs, was a massive stone church which he recognized as the Cathedral that could be seen from the lower downtown thoroughfares. Crowds of people were going into the edifice; others were standing outside. "Automobiles lined the street as far as he could see.

And now the bell again began its peculiar ringing. Panic gripped Stumpy. Something terrible seemed to be happening, something that intimately concerned him. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"What is it? What's happened?" he demanded roughly of a group of people, standing across the street from the church.

They stared at the tramp for a moment, and then a man replied: "The bishop is being buried."

"The bishop? Not the bishop?" Stumpy uttered the words incredulously, thickly. He grasped the arm of the man who had spoken to him. "No; no; it's not true," he muttered. "I saw him just a little while ago."

"Our bishop died very suddenly," said the man, simply.

Stumpy's hand fell away from the speaker's coat. He turned aside blindly, and the tears, unheeded, fell from his hardened eyes. "Bishop, bishop," he mumbled over and over. And no one thought it strange that the tramp should weep as he pushed his way through the crowd until he was directly opposite the massive church.

It seemed, during those first long moments of standing before the church, that his heart would break. For twenty years the bishop had been the symbol of all that was good and kind and true in humanity.

**N**OW he was gone; Stumpy had broken faith with him. He had failed to keep the only promise the bishop had ever asked.

On all sides he heard the comments of those who lined the streets, waiting for the funeral to be over, paying tribute to the kindly prelate whom they had loved. But their words brought no comfort to Stumpy. He was a quitter. He had failed his only friend.

An hour passed—an hour that seemed like a year to the tramp. Then the bell rang out again. From the doors of the old Cathedral streamed hundreds of people. Next came clergymen, and prelates in purple and black. They took their places in the funeral cars.

And now, with slow and measured step, came the guard of honor. They ranged themselves on the steps of the

Cathedral and saluted, as the plain oak coffin, borne by sorrowing men, was carried down the steps.

"Bishop!" cried Stumpy aloud, in an agony of remorse. But no one heeded the grief-stricken tramp.

He stood on the curb long after the last car had rolled away and the crowd dispersed. Then he stumbled down the street. He inquired the way to the cemetery.

It led down by the river, then over a hill, far into the country where the first bishop of Tobique had laid out a beautiful plot of ground as a last resting place for his people. Stumpy tramped along the river, up the long hill, towards the cemetery, heedless of the dust, and the swish of cars returning from the funeral.

**H**IS thoughts were on his last visit with the bishop. He felt again the spell of the man who had cheered and comforted him through the years. He seemed to hear his understanding voice, asking for a promise—that had been given, but carelessly broken.

Stumpy passed a gang of men at work on a side road. They were toiling over great blocks of stone which would serve as water-breaks for the new pavement. The foreman eyed Stumpy approvingly, for the tramp, though nearly fifty, was still strong and vigorous from his years on the road.

Continuing his journey, Stumpy finally came to the cemetery passing in through the heavy iron gates, now standing ajar; and walked down the path.

Back from the walk, some distance from the gates, was a group of tall pines. Beside them was a freshly covered grave.

The grass on all sides was tramped, for there had been many people at the cemetery. But for the moment, the grave was deserted, except for the caretakers and a little group of people.

Stumpy ventured over to the grave. For a long time he gazed upon the spot, then turned back to the path. For the second time the blinding tears rushed to his eyes as he stumbled down the road.

"I'll make it up to you, bishop," he sobbed. "I'll find a way."

Along toward four o'clock that afternoon, the foreman of the road gang noted the tramp he had seen earlier in the day, coming down the highway. The tramp stopped, eyed the work the men were doing, then turned to the foreman.

"Need any help?" he asked shortly.

"Yes," said the foreman. "But I need workers, not loafers. I want a full day's work for a full day's pay and no growling. The work's hard but the pay's good."

"Is there two hundred dollars in it?" Stumpy did not hide his eagerness as he asked his question.

"Sure, if you stick at it long enough."

"Gimme a pick," said Stumpy.

# The Strength of Islam

## *Why Islam Grew From Strength to Strength Until Finally It Had Established Itself As a Separate and Enduring Civilization*

By Hilaire Belloc

NOW that we have understood why Islam, the most formidable of the heresies, achieved its strength and astounding success we must try to understand why, alone of all the heresies, it has survived in full strength and even continues (after a fashion) to expand.

This is a point of decisive importance to the understanding not only of our subject but of the history of the world in general. Yet it is one which is, unfortunately, left almost entirely undiscussed in the modern world.

Millions of modern people of the white civilization—that is, the civilization of Europe and America—have forgotten all about Islam. They have never come in contact with it. They take for granted that it is decaying, and that, anyway, it is just a foreign religion which will not concern them. It is, as a fact, the most formidable and persistent enemy which our civilization has had and may at any moment become as large a menace in the future as it has been in the past.

To that point of its future menace I shall return in the last of these articles on Mohammedanism.

All the great heresies—save this one of Mohammedanism—seem to go through the same phases.

First they rise with great violence and become fashionable; they do so by insisting on some one of the great Catholic doctrines in an exaggerated fashion and because the great Catholic doctrines combined form the only full and satisfactory philosophy known to mankind, each doctrine is bound to have its special appeal.

Thus Arianism insisted on the unity of God, combined with the majesty and creative power of Our Lord. At the same time it appealed to simple minds because it tried to rationalize a mystery. Calvinism again had a great success because it insisted on another main doctrine, the Omnipotence and Omniscience of God. It got the rest out of proportion and went violently wrong on Predestination; but it had its moment of triumph when it looked as though it were going to conquer all our civilization—which it would have done if the French had not fought it in their great religious war and conquered its adherents on that soil which has always been the battle ground of European ideas.

After this first phase of great heresies,

**DURING** the modern era the military power of Mohammedanism has declined. Not so, however, the number or conviction of its followers. While it has lost certain territories where it ruled over Christian majorities, nevertheless it has been compensated for these losses by the gains it has made in Asia and to some extent in Africa.

Mr. Belloc here explains why Mohammedanism, of all the heresies, not only has survived but continues to live a vigorous life and may again some day assume the important place it once held.

when they are in their initial vigor and spread like a flame from man to man, there comes a second phase of decline, lasting, apparently, (according to some obscure law) through about 5 or 6 generations: say a couple of hundred years or a little more. The adherents of the heresy grow less numerous and less convinced until at last only quite a small number can be called full and faithful followers of the original movement.

Then comes the third phase, when each heresy wholly disappears as a bit of doctrine: no one believes the doctrine any more or only such a tiny fraction believe that they no longer count. But the social and moral factors of the heresy remain and may be of powerful effect for generations more. We see that in the case of Calvinism today. Calvinism produced the Puritan movement and from that there proceeded as a necessary consequence the isolation of the soul, the break up of corporate social action, unbridled competition and greed, and at last the full establishment of what we call "Industrial Capitalism" today, whereby civilization is now imperilled through the discontent of the vast destitute majority with their few plutocratic masters. There is no one left except perhaps a handful of people in Scotland who really believe the doctrines Calvin taught, but the spirit of Calvinism is still very strong in countries which it originally infected, and its social fruits remain.

Now in the case of Islam none of all

this happened except the first phase. There was no second phase of gradual decline in the numbers and conviction of its followers. On the contrary Islam grew from strength to strength acquiring more and more territory, converting more and more followers, until it had established itself as a quite separate civilization and seemed so like a new religion that most people came to forget its origin as a heresy.

Islam not only increased in numbers and in the conviction of its followers but in territory and in actual political and armed power until close on the 18th century; less than 100 years before the American War of Independence the Mohammedan army was threatening to overrun and destroy Christian civilization, and would have done so if the Catholic King of Poland had not destroyed the Mohammedan army outside Vienna.

Since then the armed power of Mohammedanism has declined; but neither its numbers nor the conviction of its followers have appreciably declined; and as to the territory annexed by it, though it has lost places in which it ruled over subject Christian majorities, it has gained new adherents; to some extent in Asia, and largely in Africa. Indeed in Africa it is still expanding among the negroid populations, and that expansion provides an important future problem for the European Governments who have divided Africa among them.

**AND** there is another point in connection with this power of Islam. Islam is apparently *unconvertible*. The missionary efforts made by great Catholic orders which have been occupied in trying to turn Mohammedans into Christians for nearly 400 years have everywhere wholly failed. We have in some places driven the Mohammedan master out and freed his Christian subjects from Mohammedan control, but we have had hardly any effect in converting individual Mohammedans save perhaps in some small amount in Southern Spain 500 years ago; and even so that was rather an example of political than of religious change.

Now what is the explanation of all this? Why should Islam alone of all the great heresies show such continued vitality?

Those who are sympathetic with



Mohammedanism and still more those who are actually Mohammedans explain it by proclaiming it the best and most human of religions, the best suited to mankind, and the most attractive.

Strange as it may seem, there are a certain number of highly educated men, European gentlemen, who have actually joined Islam, that is, who are personal converts to Mohammedanism. I myself have known and talked to some half dozen of them in various parts of the world, and there are a very much larger number of similar men, well instructed Europeans, who having lost their faith in Catholicism or in some form of Protestantism in which they were brought up, feel sympathy with the Mohammedan social scheme although they do not actually join it or profess belief in its religion. We constantly meet men of this kind today among those who have traveled in the East.

These men always give the same answer—Islam is indestructible because it is founded on simplicity and justice. It has kept those Christian doctrines which are evidently true and which appeal to the common sense of millions of mankind, while getting rid of priestcraft, mysteries, sacraments, and all the rest of it. It proclaims and practises human equality. It loves justice and forbids usury. It produces a society in which men are happier and feel their own dignity more than in any other. That is its strength and that is why it still converts people and endures and will perhaps return to power in the near future.

Now I do not think that explanation to be the true one for heresy talks in those terms. Every heresy will tell you that it has purified the corruptions of Christian doctrines and in general done nothing but good to mankind, satisfied the human soul, and so on. Yet every one of them *except* Mohammedanism has faded out. Why?

**I**N order to get the answer to the problem we must remark in what the fortunes of Islam have differed from those of all the other great heresies, and when we remark that I think we shall have the clue to the truth. Islam has differed from all the other heresies in two main points which must be carefully noticed:

(I) It did not rise within the Church, that is, within the frontiers of our civilization. Its heresiarch was not a man originally Catholic who led away Catholic followers by his novel doctrine as did Arius or Calvin. He was an outsider, born a pagan, living among pagans, and never baptized. He adopted Christian doctrines and selected among them in the true heresiarch fashion. He dropped those that did not suit him and insisted on those that did—which is the mark of the heresiarch—but he did not do this as from within; his action was external.

Those first small but fierce armies of nomad Arabs who won their astounding victories in Syria and Egypt against the Catholic world of the early 7th century were made of men who had all been pagans before they became Mohammedan. There was among them no previous Catholicism to which they might return.

(II) This body of Islam attacking Christendom from beyond its frontiers and not breaking it up from within, happened to be continually recruited with fighting material of the strongest kind and drafted in from the pagan outer darkness.

**T**HIS recruitment went on in waves, incessantly, through the centuries until the end of the Middle Ages. It was mainly Mongol coming from Asia (though some of it was Berber coming from North Africa) and it was this ceaseless, recurrent impact of new adherents, conquerors and fighters as the original Arabs had been, which gave Islam its formidable resistance and continuance of power.

Not long after the first conquest of Syria and Egypt it looked as though the enthusiastic new heresy, in spite of its dazzling sudden triumph, would fail. The continuity in leadership broke down. So did the political unity of the whole scheme. The original capital of the movement was Damascus and at first Mohammedanism was a Syrian thing (and, by extension, an Egyptian thing); but after quite a short time a break-up was apparent. A new dynasty began ruling from Mesopotamia and no longer from Syria. The Western Districts, that is North Africa and Spain (after the conquest of Spain), formed a separate political government under a separate obedience. *But the caliphs at Bagdad began to support themselves by a body-guard of hired fighters who were Mongols from the steppes of Asia.*

The characteristic of these nomadic Mongols, (who come after the 5th century over and over again in waves to the assault against our civilization) is that they are indomitable fighters and at the same time almost purely destructive. They massacre by the million; they burn and destroy; they turn fertile districts into desert. They seem incapable of creative effort.

Twice we in the Christian European West have barely escaped final destruction at their hands; once when we defeated the vast Asiatic army of Attila near Chalons in France, in the middle of the 5th century (not before he had committed horrible outrage and left ruin behind him everywhere), and again in the 13th century, 800 years later. Then the advancing Asiatic Mongol power was checked in North Italy, not by our armies but by the death of the man who had united it in his one hand.

It was this recruitment of Mongol bodyguards in successive installments which kept Islam going and prevented its suffering the fate that all other heresies had suffered. It kept Islam thundering like a battering ram from *outside the frontiers* of Europe, making breaches in our defence and penetrating further and further into what had been Christian lands; but none more alien: incapable of amalgamating with us or dissolving into this Christian body.

The Mongol invaders readily accepted Islam; the men who served as mercenary soldiers and formed the real power of the Caliphs were quite ready to conform to the simple requirements of Mohammedanism. They had no regular religion strong enough to counteract the effects of those doctrines which, mutilated as they were, were in the main Christian doctrines—the unity and majesty of God, the immortality of the soul and all the rest of it. The Mongol mercenaries supporting the political power of the Caliphs were attracted to these main doctrines and easily adopted them. They became good Moslems and, as soldiers supporting the Caliphs, were thus propagators and maintainers of Islam.

When in the heart of the Middle Ages it looked as though again Islam had failed, a new batch of Mongol soldiers, "Turks" by name, came in and saved the fortunes of Mohammedanism although they began by the most abominable destruction of such civilization as Mohammedanism had preserved. That is why in the struggles of the Crusades Christians regarded the enemy as "The Turk"; a general name common to many of these nomad tribes. The Christian preachers of the Crusades and captains of the soldiers and the Crusaders in their songs speak of "The Turk" as the enemy, much more than they do in general of Mohammedanism.

**I**N spite of the advantage of being fed by continual recruitment, the pressure of Mohammedanism upon Christendom might have failed after all, had one supreme attempt to relieve that pressure upon the Christian West succeeded. That supreme attempt was made in the middle of the whole business (1095-1200 A.D.) and is called in history "The Crusades." Catholic Christendom succeeded in recapturing Spain; it nearly succeeded in pushing back Mohammedanism from Syria, in saving the Christian civilization of Asia, and in cutting off the Asiatic Mohammedan from the African. Had it done so perhaps Mohammedanism would have died.

But the Crusades failed. Their failure is the major tragedy in the history of our struggle against Islam Asia—against the East.

What the Crusades were, and why and how they failed, I shall describe in my next article.

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# THE SIGN-POST

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## STATES OF THE CHURCH: PROTESTANTS IN ITALY: MUSSOLINI

(1) How large were the States of the Church before the Vatican State was established? (2) Are Protestants tolerated in Italy? (3) Is Mussolini a practical Catholic?—J. Z., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

(1) The Papal Dominions, called the States of the Church, consisted of about 17,000 square miles, which extended across the center of Italy, prior to the loss of the Temporal Power in September, 1870. The present State of Vatican City comprises about 160 acres, with 300 or so inhabitants.

(2) According to Article I of the Constitution of the Kingdom of Italy, the Catholic religion is the "sole religion of the State," but religious freedom is guaranteed to non-Catholics. The Treaty between the Kingdom of Italy and Vatican State recognizes this article of the Constitution.

(3) We have no definite information regarding Mussolini's qualities as a Catholic, but judging from common report he can hardly be called a practical one, in the sense in which that term is currently used.

## DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE "HEALINGS" AND CURES AT LOURDES

Please explain the difference between the "healings" of Christian Science and the cures at Lourdes.—W. A. S., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Whatever "healings" can be verified as facts in Christian Science are all related to mental and nervous disorders. They can all be explained by natural causes, such as suggestion, wishful thinking, etc. The cures obtained at Lourdes, however, are not confined to such cases, but include organic diseases, bone diseases, hideous sores like lupus, etc., which do not depend for their existence on mental states. While persons suffering from nervous disorders and morbid mental states may obtain relief at Lourdes, their cases are not even considered by the medical bureau at Lourdes. Only when the cure of some major organic or bone disease, and the like, are judged by competent scientific authority as beyond the limits of the powers of nature are they ascribed to supernatural causes and qualified to be judged as miraculous.

## JAMES THE "BROTHER OF THE LORD": BAPTISM OF ST. AUGUSTINE: LES MISERABLES: EX-PRIEST KING: FAST MASSES

(1) What relation was the Apostle James to Christ? He is referred to as our Lord's "brother." (2) Was St. Augustine baptized by immersion instead of pouring? Why? (3) Why is the novel "Les Miserables" prohibited to Catholics to read? (4) Who is ex-priest King? (5) I sometimes go to Mass (I am a non-Catholic), and I noticed some priests use auto speed, as if they did not realize the solemn dignity of the Mass. Why is this?—W. H., BOSTON, MASS.

(1) This Apostle was son of Alpheus (Matt. 10:3) and was called James the Less, in order to distinguish him from James the Greater, who was son of Zebedee and brother of St. John. He was related in some way to Jesus, but how close it is not quite clear. But that he was not a brother in the strict sense is certain, because Jesus was the only child

of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In Hebrew usage cousins and even more remote relatives were often called "brothers."

(2) We have no explicit information regarding the manner of St. Augustine's baptism, but since immersion was in general use in the Church until about the twelfth century, it is probable that he was immersed.

(3) Because of the author's calumnies against the Church and her clergy. It is a piece of special pleading in favor of socialism.

(4) According to the latest edition of *Defamers of the Church* (Our Sunday Visitor Press), L. J. King, otherwise known as "ex-Romanist King," was never a Catholic priest. He has a very evil record.

(5) Unseemly haste in celebrating Mass is condemned, but there is often confusion in some observers' minds as to what constitutes "unseemly" haste. To compare the celerity of a priest saying Mass with the speed of an auto is an example of this.

## PRAYERS TO SACRED HEART AND FOR DECEASED

Where may I obtain a novena book containing impressive prayers of petition to the Sacred Heart of Jesus? Are there any special prayers one may say daily for the Holy Souls in Purgatory, besides the Stations of the Cross?—C. F. O., BOSTON, MASS.

Novena booklets may be obtained from Catholic book stores. The best of all prayers for the Souls in Purgatory, as the Church teaches, is the Sacrifice of the Mass. All manner of prayers and devotions may be offered to God for the benefit of these souls, and nearly all the indulgences granted by the Church to prayers and pious acts may be applied to them.

## LIST OF PLAYS, MOVIES, BOOKS

How may one keep informed regarding acceptable books, moving pictures and plays?—CLOSTER, N. J.

One obvious way is to be an interested and habitual reader of the Catholic Press. Diocesan newspapers carry lists of moving pictures which are not disapproved, and reviews of current worthwhile books appear in nearly all Catholic magazines. This service is rendered for the purpose of informing Catholics about these things, so that they may be guided in their reading and amusements. A quarterly survey of new books is published by The Cardinal's Literature Committee, 23 East 51st Street, New York City, and a White List of current plays in New York City is provided by The Catholic Theatre Movement, 460 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## ATTITUDE OF CATHOLIC CHURCH TOWARDS COLORED RACE

Please let me know the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the colored race.—J. C., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

The attitude of the Catholic Church towards the colored race is essentially that of St. Paul, who declared: "there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. But Christ is all and in all"; for "He is lord over all, rich unto all those who call upon him." The principle which he enunciated is ap-

plicable to all men, for God is not "a respecter of persons." The Church holds that the Negro, like the red man, the yellow man, and the white man, is a creature of God, endowed with the dignity of rational nature, and destined for eternal life with God. All men are children of one Father and brothers to one another. The Church makes no distinction in regard to color. She will baptize and ordain and canonize the black man, as well as any other. It must be admitted, however, that these lofty principles are not always reduced to practice by Catholics, to the detriment of Church's prestige and to the harm of the Negro in his search for the true religion.

#### LAYMAN ADMINISTERING BAPTISM

*(1) What conditions warrant a lay person to administer Baptism? (2) If a layman were in the home of a person whose baby was dying, would it be a Catholic layman's duty to administer this sacrament, if its parents objected? (3) If an adult was dying and he was not sure that he had been baptized, might a layman give conditional Baptism? (4) If a baby were Jewish would it be allowed a layman to baptize it?—EVERETT, MASS.*

(1) The ordinary minister of solemn Baptism, that is Baptism administered with all the solemn rites of the Church, is a bishop or priest. The administration of solemn Baptism is reserved in Canon Law to the pastor of the parents. The extraordinary minister of solemn Baptism is a deacon. In case of necessity, however, any person having the use of reason can validly baptize, provided he pours water over the head of the person to be baptized and says while pouring: "I baptize thee in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." It is sufficient that he have the intention of doing what the Church does, which would be included in the will to perform a holy action in conformity with the practice of Christians. The baptized person should, if it is possible, receive the additional ceremonies of Baptism from his pastor later on.

(2) The sacrament ought to be administered but if the parents objected and the person desiring to baptize the infant could not do so without grave inconvenience, e. g., because of arguments, quarrels, threatenings, etc., he should omit the attempt.

(3) If there is time the party interested in helping to solve the dying man's doubt should communicate with the pastor or a priest, but if time does not permit a layman could administer the Sacrament conditionally, if in his judgment the doubt of the dying man is a reasonable one.

(4) All children who are likely to die before reaching the age of discretion or reason should be baptized, secretly if necessary, and without notifying the parents; but, as said above, if this cannot be done, then the dying infant must be left to the Providence of God.

#### THE HOLY TRINITY: THE HOLY GHOST NOT THE FATHER OF CHRIST

*A non-Catholic challenged me to deny an inconsistency that appears to be in the teaching of the Holy Trinity. How, he asks, can there be three Persons in the Trinity, when the Creed and the Gospels seem to indicate that the first Person and the third Person are the same? The Creed says that Christ "was conceived by the Holy Ghost." Does not this indicate that the Holy Spirit was the Father of Christ? In the Gospel the Holy Ghost declared of Christ: "This is my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Here again it would seem to indicate that the Holy Ghost was the Father. Will you kindly explain just wherein lies the distinction between God the Father and God the Holy Ghost?—S. I., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

The Catholic faith in the Holy Trinity is expressed in this doctrine of the Fourth Council of the Lateran: "We firmly believe and simply confess that there is only one true

God, Father and Son and Holy Ghost; there are three Persons, but one essence, substance and nature, which is entirely simple: the Father is from no one, the Son from the Father alone, and the Holy Spirit is from both [Father and Son]; they are consubstantial, co-equal, co-omnipotent and co-eternal." This teaching implies four things: (a) there is a real distinction between the three divine Persons; (b) there is perfect unity of nature, not only of a generic kind, but specific and even numerical, or what is called consubstantial; (c) the second Person is from the first through a true generation; (d) the procession of the third Person is from the first Person and the second Person as from one principle, by what is called spiration. In other words, the mystery of the Holy Trinity means that in one God there are three distinct and co-equal Persons—the Father and Son and Holy Ghost.

This doctrine of unity of essence and trinity of Persons is taught in the Creeds of the Church and in the Gospels, though not always with the same precision and clarity. In the account of the baptism of Christ (Matt. 3:13-17; Luke 4:13; Mark 1:12, 12) however, there is a distinction of Persons implied in the very texts of the Gospels, not only because they are called by different names, but also because each Person is described as acting in a distinct manner. Thus, the Father speaks from Heaven: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The Son is baptized by St. John: "Jesus being baptized forthwith came out of the water." The Holy Ghost descends upon Christ in the form of a dove: "He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him." It is not the Holy Ghost who declares that Christ is his Son, but the "voice from Heaven," or the Father, the first Person of the Blessed Trinity.

In the Incarnation of Christ the Holy Ghost is described as forming the human body and soul of Jesus in the womb of the Blessed Virgin: "the Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee." (Luke 1:35.) This operation was a divine and not a natural one. Christ had no human father; he was conceived and born of a virgin. His heavenly and only Father, from whom he proceeds by an eternal and spiritual generation, is the First Person of the Trinity: "Hence he that shall be born of thee will be called (that is, will be) the Son of God." (Luke 1:35.) Since Christ proceeds only from the Father by way of an eternal and spiritual generation, and since He had no human father in His human conception, having been born of a virgin, it is false and absurd to call the Holy Ghost his father in any sense.

#### PROMISES BY NON-CATHOLIC BEFORE MIXED MARRIAGE

*What promises must a non-Catholic make before a dispensation will be granted to allow him to marry a Catholic? Are all non-Catholics obliged to take instructions on Catholic doctrine before obtaining a dispensation?—F. H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.*

There must be grave and just reasons for granting a dispensation from the law forbidding mixed marriages. Moreover, the Church will not grant the dispensation until both parties promise on their word of honor that all the children which may be born to the marriage will be baptized and educated in the Catholic religion only; and the non-Catholic party must promise that he or she will not interfere in any way with the religion of the Catholic party and the children. In some dioceses they must also promise solemnly that they will not go through another ceremony of marriage. Instructions on Catholic doctrine are required to be taken by non-Catholics before a dispensation will be granted in some dioceses, in order that there may be no misunderstanding of the Catholic attitude towards marriage. A booklet of such instructions was reviewed favorably in THE SIGN for September, 1935, p. 127, and may be obtained for 65 cents, postpaid.



## FROGS' LEGS

In *The Sign-Post* for October, 1935, I read that "meat" embraces all parts of warm-blooded animals and birds, and that "fish" includes all animals which are cold-blooded. Now, what about frogs' legs? Are they meat or fish? The dictionary says that a frog is an amphibian, one that lives in water and on land.—M. T., OZONE PARK, N. Y.

Frogs are commonly regarded as cold-blooded, and therefore may be eaten on abstinence days. The term "fish" is not restricted to fish, strictly so-called, by it embraces all animals which have cold-blood, or are commonly so regarded. Thus, frogs and turtles, though amphibians, are really cold-blooded and may be eaten on abstinence days.

## ANGELUS BELL

A non-Catholic friend asked what is the significance of the number of times the bell is rung at each invocation in the Angelus, that is, why is it rung three times at each invocation, and why at the prayer is it rung nine times?—E. H., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The beautiful custom of reciting three Hail Marys at morning, noon and evening, is to render honor to the Incarnation of our Lord. To the Hail Marys are added a versicle, response, and prayer which recall this wonderful mystery and beseech God to grant the grace of salvation to all those who honor it. The ringing of the bell thrice daily is to recall this mystery to the faithful. (During Paschaltide the *Regina Coeli* is substituted for the Angelus). There is no regulation about the number of strokes or taps given to the bell. This may depend on the energy of the one who rings the bell, or to some local custom.

## THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

R.C., New Rochelle, N. Y.; A.C.C., Malden, Mass.; M.A.D., Jersey City, N. J.; M.D., Donaldsonville, La.; M.J.J.W., St. Louis, Mo.; R.W.R., Yonkers, N. Y.; L.J.B., Latrobe, Pa.; H.E.C., Miami Beach, Fla.; R.C., Miami Beach, Fla.; A.V.P., New York, N. Y.; M.A.J.C., Providence, R. I.; M.F., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.M., Bridgeport, Ohio; A.McL., Queens Village, L. I.; R.A.D., Stoneham, Mass.; M.E.C., Malden, Mass.; M.R.K., Louisville, Ky.; N.A.L., Cleveland, O.; M.F.C., New York, N. Y.; E.M.W., New Haven, Conn.; J.A.B., Brooklyn, N.Y.; C.A.K., Newark, N. J.; M.J.B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. McN., Boston, Mass.; K.C.V., Union City, Ind.; M.C., Mattapan, Mass.; M.J.S., E. McKeesport, Pa.; A.M.H., Ossining, N. Y.; M.F.McF., Newark, N. J.; M.C., Pittsburgh, Pa.; F.M.C., New York, N. Y.; M.E.O'D., Portland, Me.; A.W., Lawrence, Mass.; F.M.C., New York, N. Y.; G. McC., Edgewater, N. J.; A.F., Albany, N.Y.; H.McC., Union City, N. J.; M.A.C.W., Somerville, Mass.; A.F., Cincinnati, O.; L.A.McL., Medford, Mass.; A.V.P., New York, N. Y.; J.P.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; R.M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E.W., Pittsburgh, Pa.; K.C.V., Union City, Ind.

## GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Gabriel, M.A.D., Jersey City, N. J.; Little Flower, L.J.B., Latrobe, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M.E.W., Stoneham, Mass.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, Little Flower, St. Rita, C.F.W., Phila., Pa.; Sacred Heart, E.F., New York, N. Y.; Guy de Fontgalland, A.S.F., Boston, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M.H.W., Kearny, N. Y.; St. Anthony, M.A.J.G., Ashtabula, O.; Mother of Perpetual Help, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.J., Wyncote, Pa.; Blessed Mother, Sacred Heart, E.K., Des Moines, Iowa; Souls in Purgatory, M.E.C., Elizabethport, N. J.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M.J.J.K., Pgh., Pa.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Blessed Virgin Mary, E.G., Pgh., Pa.; Infant Jesus, C.A.S., Somerville, Mass.; Poor Souls, M.J.P., Pgh., Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother,

G.McC., Edgewater, N.J.; Poor Souls, W.C., W. Roxbury, Mass.; Holy Rosary, G.W., Cincinnati, O.; Blessed Virgin Mary, M.C.L., Sheridan, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, N.O'K., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.J.S., New York, N. Y.; A.G.H., Yonkers, N. Y.; L.J.H., Erie, Pa.; M.M.M., Evanston, Ill.; R.McG., Brentwood, N. Y.; L.J.H., E. St. Louis, Ill.; J.K., Worcester, Mass.; E.T., Chicago, Ill.; M.A.B., St. Louis, Mo.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has prepared a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlets are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

## Number of Franciscans

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As an ardent and enthusiastic reader of *THE SIGN* I was attracted by your item in the *Sign-Post* of October, 1935, entitled "Relative Number of Jesuits and Friars Minor." Father Amy's note in the *Sign-Post* of December, 1935, under the caption: "Jesuit Statistics," proved interesting, and by comparison with the 1929 figures, enlightening.

The arrival of the *Acta Ordinis Minorum*, the official organ of the Friars Minor, brought the latest statistics of that Order. These I thought might be of interest to the readers of *THE SIGN*. The figures are as of October 4, 1935, and may be found on pages 8-9 of the January, 1936, issue of the above named periodical. According to this official source there are throughout the world: 11,060 Priests, 4,875 Clerics, 7,251 Lay Brothers, 1,023 Cleric Novices, 433 Lay Brother Novices, making a total of 24,642 Friars Minor throughout the world.

I might add here that there are also 13,589 Poor Clares, members of the Second Order, 1,112 religious men belonging to the Third Order Regular, 81,767 Sisters belonging to the Third Order Regular, and there are 1,904,306 members of the Third Order Secular. This would bring the grand total of 2,025,416 members belonging to the three Orders of the Friars Minor. That does not include those who are members of the other two branches of the Franciscan Family, viz., the Friars Minor Conventuals and Capuchins. Quite a few Franciscans in the world.

(REV.) IRENAEUS J. HERSCHER, O.F.M.  
ST. BONAVENTURE, N. Y.

## The Title Co-Redemptrix

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the *Sign-Post* for February a correspondent who designates himself as "Theologus" objects to the title "Co-Redemptrix" being given to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Such a protest from a Catholic theologian is somewhat surprising in view of the weighty arguments that can be adduced in favor of this title, especially from official pronouncements of the Holy See.

In 1908, when the Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows was raised to the rank of a double of the second class, the decree of the Congregation of Rites gave, as the reason for this liturgical modification "that the cult of the sorrowing Virgin may be augmented, and the piety and gratitude of the faithful toward the merciful *Co-Redemptrix* of the human race may be fostered" (*Acta Sanctae Sedis*, Vol. 41, p. 409). In 1913, a decree of the Holy Office, granting an indulgence to the salutation "Praised be Jesus and Mary. . . Now and forever," speaks of Mary as "our *Co-Redemptrix*" (*Acta*

*Apostolicae Sedis*, Vol. 5, p. 364). And in 1914 Pope Pius X attached an indulgence of 100 days to a prayer to the Blessed Virgin (in Italian) in which, among others of her prerogatives, is mentioned that of being the Co-Redemptrix of the human race.

In a letter written in 1918 by Pope Benedict XV to the Sodality of a Good Death under the patronage of Our Blessed Lady the Sovereign Pontiff equivalently calls Mary the Co-Redemptrix when he states that "it can truly be said that she with Christ redeemed the human race" (*Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, Vol. X, p. 182).

With such authoritative precedents, many modern theologians of high standing do not hesitate to call Mary the Co-Redemptrix. Among others can be named Cardinal Lepicier, in his treatise *L'Immacolata Corredentrice*; Godts, C.S.S.R., in *La Corredemptrice*; Hugon, O.P., in his treatise on the Blessed Virgin, Art. 3; and Hervé in his theological works, Vol. II, p. 519.

The theological basis of the title in question is the undeniable fact that Our Lady concurred positively in the work of the Redemption. God awaited her consent before working the miracle of the Incarnation, so that it can truly be asserted that the very coming of the Redeemer depended on her free will. Moreover, she joined her sufferings to those of her Divine Son, offering them for those for whom He was dying. In a word, she took an active and vital part in the work of human redemption, and is therefore rightly called the Co-Redemptrix.

The objection of "Theologus"—that by styling Mary, Co-Redemptrix, we place her on a level with Christ—is based on the false supposition that the prefix "co" necessarily implies equality. Do we not call priests *co-operators* with their bishop? And does not St. Paul say that all Christians in the state of grace are *co-heirs* (*cohaeredes*, in Latin—"joint-heirs" in our English version) with Christ? (Romans, VIII, 17). The prefix "co" indicates association, abstracting from the question whether those who are associated are equal or not. Mary's part in the Redemption was indeed entirely inferior and subordinate to that of Christ; yet, because she participated really and actively with Him in this work, she can be correctly called the Co-Redemptrix.

It is well to note that the title *Co-Redemptrix* is not synonymous with *Mediatrix*, as the terms are used by Catholic theologians. The former designates only the part Mary took in the actual Redemption; but the latter is more generic, and embraces also the function, generally ascribed to her, of participating in the distribution of all the graces merited by the Redemption.

ESOPUS, N. Y.

FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.S.S.R.

### Catholics at Secular Universities

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just read John Wyngaard's interesting notes on *Wisconsin's Student Chapel* in your January issue. To me, as a student in one of the country's leading secular universities, the problem of how the spiritual requirements of Catholic youth are to be met is a very vital and personal one. Would that Father Hengell's solution were better known and understood!

The St. Paul Chapel at the University of Wisconsin, according to Mr. Wyngaard, was founded as "a parish *ad instar*, that is, a parish organized to meet the transient need of a group rather than a parish . . . with territorial limits." Mr. Wyngaard goes on to deplore the opposition of "clergy . . . often hostile or indifferent because from a theoretical standpoint they conceived the chapel to be a move in competition with Catholic colleges, instead of a practical effort to meet actual conditions at the university, *where many students were starved out of their religious faith by the lack of food to feed it.*"

It is true that Newman Clubs, study groups, etc., have been formed in many colleges. They have undoubtedly been helpful. But, in other institutions (and I sincerely hope they are not many) the aid has been pitifully inadequate, perhaps because the sole source has been the nearby parish church where the pastor's hands are already full with his regular duties. Is it not too much to expect such a shepherd to give of his valuable time to problems of this specialized nature? Catholic young men and women in secular colleges meet situations and problems, often very unlike those of the man-in-the-street. These call for experienced guidance and sympathetic understanding.

Let us not answer that Catholics should go only to Catholic colleges. There will always be Catholics in secular institutions. We may regret their presence there, but shall we deny them guidance? Wake up, Catholics, to this urgent need!

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

HENRY PORTER TUNMORE.

### Child's Book Club

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A child's book club, called the Pro Parvulis Club, has been started at 207 Atlantic Street in Stamford, Conn. Through this club children between the ages of six and fourteen will be provided six new books in the course of a year at a reasonable rate of membership. This is not only an ideal way to help children to start a personal library but one to induce them to read the right kind of books. I hope that the readers of *THE SIGN* will appreciate this great work and take advantage of all that it offers.

STAMFORD, CONN.

LILLIAN NUGENT.

### Best Catholic Short Story

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Along with numerous other readers of your splendid magazine—the finest Catholic magazine in America—I have been interested in the hot controversy carried on by Katherine Burton anent the *Catholic* qualities of the stories of Kathleen Norris. Give this girl a great big hand. She has just published—in the February *Cosmopolitan*—the best *Catholic* short story of the year. Credit where credit is due. Kathleen Norris finally came through—and how! Why not give her a "Toast"?

This is the third time within a year that secular magazines have hit the gong with genuine *Catholic* short stories. Ursula Parrot did it in *Woman's Home Companion*; Fredrick Scribner did it in *Esquire* and now Mrs. Norris in *Cosmopolitan*. Each of these stories was *Catholic* from beginning to end.

It all proves several things, among which is the fact that *Catholic* short stories have a definite interest. Let our young authors take heart.

BOSTON, MASS.

JOSEPH PINCUS.

### Criticism of Our Cover

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Will you pardon a criticism of your very interesting and up-to-date magazine? I have thought about doing this for two months but it was only while reading *Catholics Won't Buy*, in the January issue, that I finally decided to offer my bit. (By the way, this is the first time I've been able to buy the magazine at Kaufer's Book Store. It seemed to be the only copy.)

I am an art major attending the University of Washington at present, so perhaps I'll be pardoned for making a criticism of your recent cover. People outside the Church, especially Americans, do not like to be reminded of medieval

Europe. As much as I love the Cathedrals and would like to collect your covers and the descriptions of them for reference, I don't think they advertise your magazine. Your magazine is very modern. It publishes the best articles on current problems and by the best writers of the day, lay and cleric. I used it constantly last quarter for public speaking references. The Cathedrals do refer to the continued article, *From Catacombs to Cubism*, but that is not obvious to the casual reader. It is also not good design to have a corner, or the center, of a page cut off from the rest without some unity with the rest of the layout, such as pulling in some of the letters into the picture or such like. I liked your former cover, with the principal topics in big bold type. It would fit better on a newsstand.

Please pardon my boldness but I have Catholic art very much at heart. You realize, I know, as every Catholic editor does—judging by your articles on art and those in the *Catholic World* on the same subject—that the Catholic Church must push forward an art that represents her *now*. We must stop living in the glorious Renaissance of the past.

SEATTLE, WASH.

S. B. J.

### Half Truths

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Why must you serve such hackneyed commonplaces as that published in your September 1935 issue in the article on "Italy and Ethiopia" by Dennis Gwynn?

Chief of these is the old chestnut stressing the overwhelming of the Italian forces at Adowa and calling it the worst defeat ever inflicted on white troops by the blacks. Like all half-truths and less than half-truths, this has a basis in fact in that 14,000 Italian troops, mostly natives, were overwhelmed by more than 100,000 Abyssinians armed with the most up-to-date rifles and trained and officered by European experts, mostly British and French.

Here are the untruths: first, Adowa was not the most severe defeat by natives of Europeans. Lord Napier's defeat at Magdala in 1868, and Gordon's defeat at Khartoum equal, if not surpass, the Italian disaster of Adowa. The Spanish and French can boast similar disasters, but authors like Mr. Gwynn evidently have not learned of them. They busy themselves with harping on Adowa.

Equally important, Abyssinians, or as they have made fashionable the term—Ethiopians, are not Negroes, but Semitic Caucasians. Whatever they may be in fact, all authorities agree they are not of colored races. Moreover, the superior forces that ambushed and routed the comparatively small Italian expedition, besides *not* being of the black race, were European, or white, as to fighting units. They were trained over a period of years by white military experts and were officered by whites and equipped by Europeans. So how can Mr. Gwynn or anyone else, without insulting the intelligence of even the most backward of these European Africans, consider them as savage black men, least of all their fighting men? They were savage, but they are not of the black race. They are also Christians (Copts) and were admitted to the League as such.

Why all the bother about Mussolini's campaign? Who is making it? Mr. Gwynn *et al.*, did not take the trouble to learn the history of Africa's partition by the "Christian" and "civilized" powers of Europe, or he might have learned that at the congress of these very same powers in 1885 Ethiopia was awarded to Italy. Britain seized Egypt, Transvaal and every other land she could grab, not to mention India and other regions. France grabbed Algeria, Tunis, and other regions in Africa, besides Indo-China and colonies elsewhere. Belgium "acquired" the Congo "Free" State and its copper, rubber and other resources, and brutally exploited, as all the world knows, under the leadership of that "Christian" ruler, Leopold II and his pals. Germany had three colonies in the

dark continent, but those paragons of ethics, Britain and France, took them from her. Yet these two foremost international highwaymen and "fences" have the gall to, howl about Italy. Their "holding company," the League of Nations, is ordered to do their dirty work.

What about Manchuria and the Gran Chaco *et al.*? Mr. Gwynn has nothing to say about these phases of the mess. It is the old story of Anglo-Saxon and Gallic perfidy, as the people of Italy have long termed the behavior of these two chief bullies among nations. They behaved in the same way after the World War, after Italy had saved their necks on two different occasions, not to mention others. This is the chief reason why the people of Italy are behind Mussolini. The dishonesty of Britain and France and their League of Nations is clearly shown throughout the whole business.

When I read the article I began to wonder if Mr. Gwynn and THE SIGN had been drawn into the League's propaganda. Since then a number of friends have expressed the same to me, and that prompts me to let you know how such things look to readers. It is deplorable that a publication so fine in spiritual content as THE SIGN should be marred by such faulty expositions of so important a question as the Ethiopian situation and what it is the spear-head of.

KINGS PARK, N. Y.

JOHN B. ERIT.

### Women of Today

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May a new and enthusiastic reader add her word of congratulation for that wonderful Catholic magazine, THE SIGN? Frankly, I must confess that I am astonished at the wealth of information contained in each edition of it. Like many other Catholics, no doubt, I did not realize that we could boast of such an understanding publication: understanding in its treatment of the problems confronting the world today.

The letter, in your December issue, from the troubled young man who wrote the author of *Death at Twenty*, interested me greatly.

He speaks of "Catholic girls he knows who should read this article." They are, apparently, Catholic in name only, and not in practice, or they would feel it an honor to help keep that beautiful title of "Catholic Womanhood"—and all that it implies—ever unsullied, rather than help cloud it over with disrespect.

In his bitterness and disappointment he is letting the murky side of the situation get the better of him—and is forgetting that there are still hundreds of Catholic girls who have not been swayed by the general trend of immorality today. Keep watching for your ideal; "She" and many others like her are still around you. Girls, whose lives are beautiful examples to those around them.

One believes the saying that: "Women are the Leaders of the World in morals," but very often, I am afraid, men believe in this so implicitly, that they think nothing is expected of themselves. Just as a man respects, honors, and loves a girl who is "Like the One Who Married Dear Old Dad," so, women, in their turn, love to be respected and honored. There is nothing quite so complimentary to a girl as the fact that she has been the guardian angel—the good influence—in some man's life.

God has made such a wonderful world for us to live in, that He must necessarily have put some very wonderful people in it—both men and women. We must not merely stand back and criticize those poor unfortunates who have not yet realized the true beauty and significance of our religion—rather the situation lies in our hands—not in the hands of the Priests, or Nuns, or Parents—but in our very own—the young Catholic generation of today!

What will we make of the opportunity?

MONTREAL.

AN INTERESTED YOUNG GIRL.



# ECONOMIC PROGRESS AND DISTRIBUTION

*An Increase in Production Will Promote the General Welfare.  
Without That No Rearrangement of Distribution Will Be Effective*

By Msgr. John A. Ryan

THE volume, *Income and Economic Progress*, by Dr. Harold G. Moulton, is the fourth and last in the series prepared and published by the Brookings Institution of Washington, D. C., on the relations between economic progress and the distribution of national wealth and income. The other three are entitled: *America's Capacity to Produce*, *America's Capacity to Consume*, and *The Formation of Capital*. The four volumes are exceptionally informative and useful. Almost one-third of the fourth is taken up with a very helpful summary of the other three. The remaining chapters deal with methods of bringing about a better distribution of income, enlarged production and greater business stability. Dr. Moulton emphasizes consumption and maladjustment in the distribution of income. He accepts the theory of underconsumption. Perhaps the most striking expression of his adherence to this theory is found in the concluding paragraph of his volume, *The Formation of Capital*.

"At the present stage in the economic evolution of the United States, the problem of balance between consumption and saving is thus essentially different from what it was in earlier times. Instead of a scarcity of funds for the needs of business enterprise, there tends to be an excessive supply of available investment money, which is productive not of new capital goods but of financial maladjustments. The primary need at this stage in our economic history is a larger flow of funds through consumptive channels rather than more abundant savings."

The principal conclusions of its three predecessors which this volume repeats may be thus summarized. In 1929 only 80 per cent of our productive plant was utilized; in the period of 1922-1934 it was operated at only two-thirds of capacity, while in the worst year of the depression its utilization was only a little more than 50 per cent. In the first three decades of the present century, the higher and highest incomes in-

creased more than the lower incomes, with a resulting expansion in the rate and the aggregate volume of savings. "The result is a chronic inability . . . to find market outlets adequate to absorb our full productive capacity." Fluctuations in the construction of capital goods have usually followed rather than preceded fluctuations in the output of consumption goods. Moreover, the growth of capital is closely adjusted to and dependent upon an expanding demand for consumption goods, rather than upon the volume of savings available for investment. Fifteen billion dollars were saved in 1929, but only one-third of this amount was converted into capital construction or mortgages.

SO much for the résumé of the conclusions in the first three volumes. Dr. Moulton properly maintains that no rearrangement of distribution will be satisfactory, nor will the welfare of the masses be improved, without an increase in the total production. How can this be brought about?

He rejects the thirty-hour week on the ground that it would lead to a smaller production and a reduced standard of living. While these results are by no means certain, they may be conceded as not improbable if the thirty-hour week were adopted as a permanent measure. However, many if not most of the advocates of the thirty-hour week desire it only temporarily, as a means of abolishing unemployment and increasing labor's share of the product. When these objects are attained, the working week can be increased to whatever extent seems necessary for higher standards of living and compatible with full employment.

As a matter of fact, the majority of attacks upon the thirty-hour week ignore or minimize three important considerations. The first is that the increased labor costs need not all be converted into higher prices; in part they could be absorbed by the employers, particularly through the elimination of

high-cost concerns. The second consideration is that a large part of the higher prices would be borne by other groups than labor. Finally, the increased demand for goods provided by new employees would more than offset the decreased volume of demand caused by the higher prices. Obviously the thirty-hour week should not be put into operation all at once, nor uniformly in all industries.

Dr. Moulton rejects the wealth equalization method and the income equalization method, holding that neither of these can secure reasonable standards of living for the masses. At the most, he says, "a few hundred dollars might thus be added to the incomes of the families constituting the great mass of the population." Nevertheless, "a few hundred dollars" added to the annual receipts of a low-income family is by no means a negligible consideration! From his own classification and figures in the tables, it appears that if the fourteen and one-half billion dollars which in 1929 took the form of interest, dividends, rents, royalties and corporate savings, had been distributed equally among the thirty-four million wage earners and clerical employees, it would have provided each of them with \$425. This does not, indeed, represent an equal distribution of the total income among all the inhabitants, nor does it prove that an equal distribution is practicable or desirable, but it gives some idea of the gains that might come to the workers through a diversion of some of the income of capital.

DR. MOULTON holds that the purchasing power plan of promoting recovery was thwarted in the NRA because it was not empowered to keep down prices. As a matter of fact, the purchasing power of employees was increased in some industries with beneficial effects upon business. Nevertheless, the NRA did permit some prices to rise unnecessarily. They could have been kept down through the elimination of minimum price-fixing, machine-hour

restrictions and the artificial support given to high-cost concerns. Dr. Moulton thinks that generally higher wages cannot be brought about through voluntary action by employers nor through the efforts of labor unions. Undoubtedly both these statements are correct, but they do not disprove the proposition that the wage rates of underpaid workers could be increased by legislation. In view of his belief in the underconsumption theory and the purchasing power theory, he might reasonably have been expected adequately to explore the legislative method. He fails to do so.

**I**NSTEAD, he turns to the indirect method of increasing incomes by reducing prices. Lower prices, he declares, would benefit all. So they would, but would they bring as much gain to the low income classes as a rise in the wage level? Undoubtedly they would not, for a considerable part of the benefit of lower prices would be reaped by the high income groups, who thus would increase their savings and intensify the existing disproportion between saving and spending.

Moreover, his proposed remedy is futile in the light of his own description of the various and persistent forces which have interfered with competition and kept prices unnecessarily high, and his own estimate of the extent to which they would have fallen but for this interference. "Interferences with the competitive price system," he says, "have occurred as a result of the development of at least three major types of business organization. The first is the unified

monopoly or industrial combination, by means of which the prices of particular commodities are controlled by a single management. The second is the cartel, or 'collective monopoly,' under which there is a group control of production with a view to stabilizing prices in a given industry. The third is the trade association, which seeks, usually through informal coöperation, to stabilize certain conditions within particular industries, without interfering with the control of production. Such associations are of various types and the degree to which they may influence prices varies widely."

He notes that the efficiency of our industries increased 18 per cent between 1922 and 1929, but that retail prices remained practically stationary. It is clear, he says, "that the method of disseminating the benefits of technological progress through persistent reductions in prices was largely in suspense during the post-war expansion period. So far as the ultimate consumer was concerned, it can be said that no gains accrued as a result of lower prices—the slight reduction in wholesale prices being absorbed in marketing channels.

**I**N his production *Industrial Prices and Their Relative Inflexibility*, Gardiner C. Means endeavors to show why prices did not fall, and cannot fall, in that very large area of industry which is dominated by the very large corporations. The products of these industries exemplify not market prices but "administered prices." From the nature of the situation this administrative control of prices cannot be prevented either by

business men themselves or by anti-trust laws: not by the former, because the individual is helpless; not by the latter, because the makers of administered prices do not ordinarily constitute a monopoly.

Whether this thesis is correct over as large a part of the market as Dr. Means assumes, is a question that need not be discussed here. For our purpose it is sufficient to observe that the forces which have prevented and which will continue to prevent the reduction in prices advocated by Dr. Moulton, seem to be well-nigh insuperable. They present obstacles which seem to be even greater than those facing the legislative lifting of wages. Dr. Moulton abandons wage raising because of its difficulties, but he advocates a method that seems to be impossible. He makes no attempt to show how a general reduction in prices can be brought about or how it can be maintained.

**T**HIS defect is deplorable. To assert, as he does in the concluding chapter, that "the time is not yet ripe for the presentation of anything more than general principles," and that his theoretical and hypothetical remedy "presents an open challenge to the businessmen of America," is to offer what is at once a counsel of despair and an anti-climax to the argument of the other three volumes.

The concluding volume of the Brookings' series illustrates the fact that a realistic analysis of industrial conditions and evils does not always lead to a convincing defense of proposed remedies.

## The Two Sentries

By John Gibbons

**I**N fourteen States of the Union—or maybe it was fifteen; I know I did America thoroughly, spending indeed a whole three weeks in inspecting the country—there was nothing that shocked me quite so profoundly as the sentry over the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery. It was not that he wasn't a fine man and marching his beat magnificently; but here he was on the most honored guard of all his country, and it was his boots that I was looking at. They were good boots and polished to the zenith of shining perfection; but they were light boots and indeed looked to me almost like civilian boots. It was practically as though the United States Army positively wished its men to be comfortable. Real sentries should sleep in four-

*IN which Mr. Gibbons describes his work as brancardier, or perhaps more exactly, sentry at Lourdes. His companion proves interesting.*

hour stretches on plank bedsteads so as to make them mere stupefied automatons when it comes to their turn of beat, and boots, of course, should be heavily clamped with iron to make the proper military noise when the heels are clanked together with that click that makes armies what they are.

There is quite a treatise some day to be written on the sentries of different countries. Take for instance France, and its absurd idea of a guard as merely a man with a bayonet and rifle to keep the enemy

out; when not busy with his bayonet he is actually allowed to keep his overcoat buttoned or unbuttoned exactly at his convenience and pleasure. It is small wonder that every foreign visitor to London should find himself lost in admiration at the glittering magnificence of, say, our Life Guards in Whitehall. Now that is indeed a guard of perfection; it takes a fortnight to prepare for the duty and the man will give up every spare moment of the fourteen days to the mirrored polish of his silvered cuirass and the proper

pipe-claying of his splendid gauntlets. You can't go on Whitehall Palace Guard for nothing, even if you are guarding a palace that isn't there and even if you do have to have a common policeman to keep Americans and small boys from breathing too near your statuesque horse and very likely waking the thing.

I haven't been that, of course; for one thing I am about half a foot short of the minimum height for a Guardsman. But I have many times gone sentry in the ordinary War-time British Infantry, pacing my measured beat to the second and—at least while I judged my sergeant still awake—reversing to the very inch in the precise three clatterings of my metalled heels. I know the job. I have even been on sentry with a Frenchman, that is, if you can properly use the term at all in connection with a nation so unmilitary.

THAT was at Lourdes, by the way, and I was a *brancardier*. Not the real thing, of course; you have to do it for years before you can hope to earn the medalled straps of the genuine article. I was only of the rank and file of those who volunteer to put on the common straps just for the few days of a Pilgrimage and to lift or wheel or carry the sick and in fact to do just what they are told. Then as we came on duty one boiling afternoon, the gold-medalled French *brancardier* was demanding if in our crowd there was anyone who spoke any French, and in a moment he had looked at me and *Un Petit Pen*, I said, and then to add weight to my talents, *Um Pocito*, which is partly Spanish and partly Portuguese and must be a very rare accomplishment indeed. And before I knew what was happening, there I was On The Gate.

It's the *Asyle*, you know, the Hospital, and you've got perhaps five hundred sick inside and naturally about five thousand friends with their various Pilgrimages all anxious to get in and visit them; and obviously they can't all be admitted just when and as they wish. Hence the gate-keeper job; you stand at a rather heavy grilled-iron gate pushed at by a crowd that seems about eighteen deep, and every half-minute you have got to keep opening that gate for some special person and at the same time keep all the other hundreds out. It is quite a business, and I was rather thankful that I had Theophilus to help me with it.

That was a Frenchie, and while I never got his surname we did later work it out in a spare moment that I was Jean and he was Théophile; and I gathered that he had got his part of the job on the grounds of knowing *Um Pocito* of the *langue anglaise* (or possibly *anglais*; there isn't time at that gate to worry too much about the irreg-

ularities). The probable real idea was for me to deal with the English-speaking visitors and for him to answer the polite enquiries of the French; only then with all the heat and glare and with the excited crowds pressing round every minute we got hopelessly mixed up, and half the time I was bleating to the French with my *Impossible, Madame*, while once I caught Theophilus, the Beloved of God, saying "Bloody, No," to a real English Bishop. It was then that I gathered that my Comrade of the Gate owed his scrap of our language to the War and to having served somewhere near British Troops and probably quite close to their canteen. But I do not think that His Lordship caught the shocking word. It is quite a press, you know, round that gate.

What, for instance, do you do with Hungarians presumably jabbering Magyar? And then we had some Catholic Spanish Gypsies in wonderful shawls and

## Words for a Rose

By LeGarde S. Doughty

WHAT secret has the bright wild  
rose

That leans upon the river?  
Nor scientist nor poet knows;  
But sure its skyey folds enclose  
Some whisper from The Giver.

He must have spoken to the rose,  
As father speaks to daughter,  
Some secret whisper whence it chose  
To lean and lilt and juxtapose  
Its shadow in the water.

all bedecked with huge earrings and great silver crucifixes. *On Ne Passe Pas*, said Theophilus, pushing at the gate with vigor, and "Verdun," I replied; at least I knew that phrase. And I went on pushing and jabbering scraps of bad French till the sweat was simply rolling down my face.

We hadn't any real instructions, either. So there are the *Chefs* of the *Hospitalité*, the senior *brancardiers* who have been going there for years and who almost run Lourdes, virtually directing visiting Bishops as to their correct places in processions and the like. And there will be Madame of the Nursing Service, some French Great Lady who takes her turn of duty in the bathing the sick and their sores in the *piscines*. Of course all those people have the right to walk into the *asyle*; only how are you to know them and to pick out in that crowd some tiny special medal or brooch! But when it came to French dignitaries, Theophilus seemed to recog-

nize them by instinct and to do the right thing every time.

As that afternoon wore on, I was arriving at a real admiration of my mate. He lacked, it is true, our British dignity of standing straight and totally expressionless, but he could talk to about fifty people at once and keep his temper and get his way. Never did we open that gate when it shouldn't be opened, and never once, I fancy, did we give real offence to the disappointed hundreds that we had to turn away; there seemed points after all in the French way of going sentry. You are not allowed, for instance, to smoke with the straps on; they are your uniform and you are supposed to be the Servant of Mary and of Mary's Poor Sick, and you must, so to speak, go out of uniform before you light a cigarette. But by four o'clock and when the crowd had slacked off the gate and gone to the Procession, my fine French sentry was smoking; he just dropped his straps on the ground and was standing as a Gentleman of France admiring the view over a cigarette. But the moment he finished the thing he had those straps on again, and there was a Maryland Jaune for me and it was my turn. He was quite a Comrade, the old Theophilus.

WE were both *grand blessés*, and he had a limp from one of his wounds but when I tried to say that it must be hard work for him being *brancardier* it seemed that he came every year with his *pèlerinage* and always insisted on the job; it was something about a favor from Notre Dame de Lourdes, but though he tried to explain it I couldn't make out what it was. After all, we hadn't too much of each other's languages. In fact now that the crowd had gone we were actually helping out with an odd word or two of Latin; he'd been educated French middle-class just about as I am English middle-class. I know I said that in a way we were *Ostarii*,—that would be the Door Keepers of the very lowest of the Minor Orders,—and when he had at last got my pronunciation I tried him with the "Ordo Minor" and in the end he got that too. *Très Minor*, I said, and he laughed in a way more becoming a soldier than a Reverend Minister. After all, if we Door Keepers were ever in even the most Minor of Orders, I do not see why we should not be at any rate a Little Reverend. It would make a change at least for myself.

Perhaps seven o'clock it may have been when the *Chef Brancardier* remembered us and said that we could go now. A *bière* perhaps, hospitably hazarded my fellow acolyte. To the health of *Monsieur l'Abbé Jean*, the Reverend John Gibbons, and to our next meeting at the Gate and anyway in Lourdes.



# The Romantic Hellenist

*It is to the Synthesis of Classical and Christian Hellenism  
That We Owe the Supreme Achievements of the Greek Genius*

By Arnold Lunn

THE golden rule "Nothing in Excess," inscribed over the portals at Delphi, was often disregarded by the Greeks and is never observed by the more romantic Hellenists. "The Greeks," writes a famous Hellenist, "are the authors of the most beautiful statues, the most beautiful poems, the most beautiful buildings in the world." So much for Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, and Chartres. It would be easy to multiply similar quotations in which Greece is praised without the least hint of that Greek restraint which our Hellenists profess to admire. Nor is this surprising, for the romantic Hellenist is in love with Pallas Athene, and we do not ask a lover to be restrained in praise of his mistress.

"Why can't these Hellenists be content," we are asked, "to find beauty in Aeschylus and the Parthenon without for ever seeking to rank Greek things first and the rest nowhere?" All of which sounds very reasonable. . . . But you will learn many things about the Middle Ages from a fanatic like Ruskin who was grossly unfair to the Renaissance, and many things about Greece from some passionate enthusiast who shares the eighteenth-century distaste for the Gothic, which you would never learn from balanced folk who are equally moved (or unmoved) by the Aegina pediments and the statuary of the Porte Royale of Chartres Cathedral. We must be grateful to our enthusiasts even when, as in the case of the more romantic Hellenists, they are unfair to the very culture which produced them. *Produced* them . . . that is the point, for romantic Hellenism is a synthetic product of Hellenic and Christian culture, and those who are in unconscious revolt against this tradition are unconsciously affected by it and inevitably see Greece through Christian spectacles.

The tendency to read back the romanticism of the West into the matter-of-fact directness of classical Greek is not altogether absent from one of the most fascinating modern studies of Hellenism, Sir Richard Livingstone's *The Greek Genius and its Meaning to Us*. Sir Richard is not the victim of a complex which warps the judgment of so many Hellenists, the unconscious desire to belittle the contribution of Palestine

to our Western culture. He does not forget Jerusalem, and is fully alive to the defects of Hellenistic humanism. The subject of Greek religion is complex and difficult, but broadly speaking it is surely true, as Sir Richard Livingstone remarks, that "whereas God is a conclusion to the Greek, to the Hebrew he is the main premise." Man is the hero of Greek literature. "There are many wonderful things," writes Sophocles, "and the most wonderful is man." But God is the hero of the Bible. "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

The humanist keeps his eyes on solid earth, and is in touch with concrete reality, but he misses many things which are revealed to those to whom the heavens declare the glory of God. Indeed, I think Sir Richard Livingstone might have carried his comparison still further. He might have compared not only the religions of Greece and Palestine but the literatures which those religions produced. Even the most ardent worshipper of Pallas Athene would perhaps admit under pressure of cross-examination that Hellas has given us no poetry to compare with the best things in Job, in Isaiah, and in the Song of Solomon, and no stories to match the great stories in the Old Testament and in the New. There is nothing in Homer to rival the humanity, insight, realism, and dramatic power with which the life story of David is unfolded; and it is to David's lament over Jonathan that those who admire the more idealistic forms of Greek friendship turn for the supreme expression of this friendship in literature. The superiority of the Bible, judged solely as literature, is a superiority of spiritual insight. The vision of the Hebrew was more penetrating than the vision of the Greek.

THE contrast between Aeschylus and Shakespeare is largely due to the contrast between their respective philosophies. Shakespeare's work is permeated by the Christian belief in the supreme importance of the individual soul, whereas Aeschylus is more interested in situations than in personalities. Man, as Mr. Lowes Dickinson remarks, is the true hero of Greek tragedy: Tom, Dick, or Harry of the modern novel.

The mask which the Greek player used to conceal personality is a profoundly significant symbol.

THE implicit conclusions of Shakespearean drama are expressible in terms of Christian philosophy. Lear—as my brother, Hugh Kingsmill, remarks—symbolizes the tragedy of trying to find love in the creature rather than in the creator; Macbeth symbolizes the attempt to find satisfaction in the assertion rather than in the conquest of the will to power.

One can believe—as I certainly do believe—that the corpus of Western literature, both prose and poetry, has nothing to fear from comparison with Greek literature; and yet concede that Greek literature has been one of the major influences in the formation of Western culture. We owe an immense debt to the Greeks for the standards which they set.

The outstanding virtue of Greek literature is, perhaps, the note of directness—and nowhere is the contrast between the classical Greeks and the modern Hellenists more apparent than in this matter of directness. It is beyond dispute that Greek literature is delightfully free from humbug, insincerity, false sentiment, and false heroics. The Greeks—to take one instance—fought bravely, but seldom pretended to enjoy fighting. The Greek soldier in one of Plato's Dialogues remarks that brave men and cowards are equally depressed at the approach of the enemy and equally elated at his departure. Sir Richard Livingstone quotes as an example of Greek directness the lament of the Argive mother who has lost her son, and who expresses her regret that the agony of travail has proved to be unprofitable since "I have none to feed my old age." The Greek mother goes straight to the point, the seriousness of losing the family bread-winner.

Death is the supreme touchstone of sincerity, and on this theme Greek directness is most effective, particularly in contrast with Roman literature. Seneca prosed on interminably in the hope of allaying his own fears, and only once does he face up to the reality with one sudden outburst of sincerity with which he reacts from his own special pleadings. Lucretius, noblest of all the poets of skepticism, spoils the austere beauty of

the concluding lines of his third book by a false analogy intended to be consoling. Horace takes refuge in wistful sentiment. But Aristotle goes to the point with Greek directness. "For death it is a dreadful thing. It is the end." "The life to which I belong uses me," writes Mr. H. G. Wells, "and will pass on beyond me, and I am content." Mr. Wells escapes from reality into the mists of sentimental metaphor, but the old Greek faces the fact like a man.

Nothing, again, could have been less sentimental than the Greek attitude to nature. Nature seems romantic to the modern because the modern is in revolt against the artificialities of industrial civilization, but to the man who can only wring a bare livelihood from the grudging soil there is nothing so romantic as the artificial security of town life. Homer, as Ruskin pointed out, appreciated nature in so far—and only in so far—as nature was subservient to human ends. What he really liked was a well-ploughed field, a shady grove, a fountain or a stream running through arid country. The one natural force which provoked his enthusiasm was rain. Those who know Greece in summer will understand why.

Pindar is a slightly more hopeful quarry for the nature-lover, but there is a world of difference between the neutral and colorless references to mountains, valleys, and the sea which you find in Pindar and the passionate nature love which inspires Western nature lyrics. The attribution of personality to natural objects, an attitude which is born of nature worship, is almost unknown in Greek poetry. The Greek may have peopled his woods with dryads, but this was only—as Mr. Ridley shrewdly remarks—because the Greek mind saw the fountain and the hill as one thing and the naiad or oread as quite another thing. "If one imagines," says Mr. Ridley, "a being dwelling in a fountain, it is because one does not think of the fountain as a being at all." "The Greek," as Mr. Chesterton somewhere remarks, "could not see the wood for the dryads."

THE Hellenist, when he has scraped together a collection of impersonal references to "shadowy mountain," "meadows by the gray sea," and the like, is uneasily conscious of the contrast between these bleak phrases and the authentic note of nature love. He accordingly plays the trump card of Greek restraint. Pallas Athene, we are given to understand, was a regular Wordsworthian; but the lady was too well bred to rhapsodize in the Wordsworthian style. The Hellenist, however, forgets that the Greeks did rhapsodize about things which provoked their admiration—such as physical bravery and masculine beauty. The coldness with which they referred to the beauty of

nature should be compared with the enthusiasm of their references to the beauty of the human body.

Neo-Hellenism is the product of the Romantic Revival. The nature-loving, romantic, mystical Greek was born within the sound of Bow Bells. It is we who read romance into the simplest statement of unadorned fact. Pater, for instance, assures us that the Greek touched even the familiar incidents of life with beauty, and he quotes in support of this thesis these lines from a Greek poet:

"When they came within the deep harbor they furled their sails and laid them in the dark ship, and themselves disembarked on the beach of the sea."

BUT these lines are not, as Pater implies, a beautiful description of a familiar incident, but a commonplace description of a beautiful incident. Pater read these lines and saw the Greek ship sailing into some blue harbor of the Aegean when the world was young, and because sails filled with wind are lovelier than funnels filled with smoke, and because a natural harbor is more beautiful than the docks of Liverpool, Pater—who was in unconscious revolt against Victorian industrialism—read into these lines a romance which the Greek poet never felt and a beauty which the Greek poet never saw. The poet, indeed, had added little to the curt catalogue of obvious facts which a child might have noted and which a child might have reported. Translate what he saw into modern terms and we have a cross-Channel steamer entering Folkestone harbor.

The sailors put down the gangway, and the landing-officer said, "Have your passports ready, please." And the seasick passengers passed into the Customs shed.

Similarly, Tennyson reads back into *Ulysses* the wanderlust of the domesticated Victoria. Tennyson's *Ulysses* soon grows weary of family life, and longs to start again on his adventures.

For my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us  
down:

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we  
knew.

Homer's *Ulysses* would never have left his beloved Ithaca. The romance of the *Odyssey* is the romance of comfort won at the price of peril and hardship, not the romance of perilous wandering. Swinburne, who posed as a great Hellenist, would have been very ill at ease had he been transported to Periclean Athens. His own *Atalanta* would have been far more at home in Putney than in Calydon.

Me the snows  
That face the first o' the morning, and  
cold hills  
Full of the land-wind and sea-traveling  
storms  
And many a wandering wing of noisy  
nights,  
That know the thunder and hear the  
thickening wolves . . .  
Me these allure.

"Allure"? Snow, cold hills, storm, thunder, wolves? These things may have seemed alluring in the security of "The Pines," but the Greek reader would have been repelled by this catalogue of romantic discomforts.

English translations from Greek originals provide many interesting contrasts between the true Hellenic and the romantic Hellenic attitude. Andromache's lament over Hector is characteristic in its directness and freedom from humbug. "In you I had a husband sufficient for me in wisdom and in birth, and great in riches and in courage." Wise, well born, rich, and brave—clearly the ideal husband. This is what Professor Gilbert Murray makes of the Greek catalogue of marital perfections:

O my Hector! best beloved,  
That being mine wast all in all to me.  
My prince, my wise one, O my majesty  
Of valiance . . .

ANDROMACHE mourning Hector has become Queen Victoria sighing over Albert the Good.

Those of us who do not believe that human genius flowered once and for all in Periclean Athens are often accused of being biased against the Greeks. Such charges are not surprising, for those who are in love with Pallas Athene are irritated by the respectful admirer who stops short this side of idolatry. But surely we may glory in the splendor of the Greek mind and yet believe that Hellas only found its soul in Christianity. The romantic Hellenists have been guilty of disservice to Hellas by restricting the term Hellenism to the Hellenism of classical Greece, for Santa Sophia is as much a product of the Greek genius as the Parthenon, and it is to this noble synthesis, the synthesis of classical and Christian Hellenism, that we owe the supreme achievements of the Greek genius: the Fourth Gospel, Santa Sophia, and the mosaics at Ravenna.

It is impossible to exaggerate the debt which the world owes to the Hellenism which includes within its range not only Aristotle but St. John, for the words which were spoken at a Greek funeral many years ago are true not only of the soldiers who died for Athens but of all those who have labored to extend the empire of Hellas over the minds of men:

Their story is not graven on stone but  
lives on without visible symbol, woven  
into the very fabric of other men's lives.

# Catholic Laymen of Action

## General Charles Ewing

By Peter Guilday

HAD it not been for the family's wish to avoid publicity, the recent reinterment of General Ewing's body from Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Washington, D. C., to the national God's Acre in Arlington, would have centered again after half-a-century, Catholic American attention upon one of our foremost laymen of action—Charles Ewing. General Ewing's colonial ancestry goes back to the beginning of the eighteenth century. His father, Thomas Ewing, was United States Senator from Ohio, and a Cabinet officer under Presidents Harrison, Tyler and Taylor. Thomas Ewing became a Catholic before his death, being baptized by his life-long friend, Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati. Charles' mother, Maria Wills Boyle Ewing, came of Irish Catholic stock, and it was her tender heart which gave a home to a little orphaned boy of nine, later to become the famous General William Tecumseh Sherman, whose marriage to Charles Ewing's sister Ellen in Washington, D. C., 1850, was one of the great social events of that year.

Charles Ewing was educated at Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C., and at St. Joseph's College, conducted by the Dominicans near Somerset, Ohio. Following his graduation in 1855, he entered the University of Virginia and two years later began the study of law at the Law School of Cincinnati College. The Shermans were then stationed at St. Louis and Charles decided upon that city to begin his legal practice. On April 15, 1861, after the fall of Fort Sumter, young Ewing volunteered and on May 14, was appointed captain of the 13th U. S. Infantry. His war record was remarkable for bravery, and in June, 1863, he was made lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. Later, he became inspector-general of the 15th army corps and of the military division of the Mississippi. Gallant and meritorious service at the siege of Vicksburg and during the Atlanta campaign won for him the rank of brevet colonel of the United States Army. Upon the termination of the war, he retired as brigadier-general of volunteers. His brother Hugh, who was also brevet major-general for services during the war, became Minister to Holland.

After his retirement Charles Ewing established his residence in Washing-



GENERAL CHARLES EWING

*Under the title Catholic Laymen of Action, Monsignor Peter Guilday has contributed to THE SIGN sketches of prominent American Catholic laymen. These sketches have included such men as William Gaston of North Carolina, James Campbell of Pennsylvania, Daniel Carroll of Maryland and Cornelius Heeney of Brooklyn—names too little known among Catholics today. The present article portrays the career of General Charles Ewing.*

ton, D. C., and resumed the practice of law. It was here about ten years later that the appeal came to him from Archbishop James Roosevelt Bayley of Baltimore, Maryland, to accept the post of Commissioner for the Catholic Indian Missions. This was on January 2, 1874, and for the next nine years General Ewing had a battle on his hands against bitter and hostile officials of the United States government and against ministers of several non-Catholic denominations. That story has not yet been written in all its naked brutality, but its main outlines should be told.

After almost a century of failure—it has been called by one writer a century of dishonor—in its treatment of the Indians, President Grant announced in a message to Congress, December 5, 1870, that he had planned a new method of

handling the Indian problem. This became known as "Grant's Peace Policy," and it consisted of apportioning the various Indian agencies to those religious denominations which had already established missions among the tribes and to other denominations that would undertake the work. At its face value, this division seemed fair and equitable, but in carrying it out, both governmental officials and powerful representatives of non-Catholic religious groups used the Peace Policy to undermine the work of the Catholic Church among the tribes. In 1870, there were 72 Indian agencies, and in 38 of these, Catholic missionaries had been the first to establish churches and schools. When the reapportionment was made the Catholic missionaries were robbed of 30 of these agencies and so by governmental action 80,000 Catholic Indians were placed under the control of Protestant ministers.

For four years our bishops endeavored to obtain justice, but Indian Commissioner Hoyt told Bishop O'Connor of Nebraska at an interview in Washington, D. C., in June, 1878, that the government would pay no more attention to the religious preferences of the Indians "than it would to a wish they might express for a feather of a particular color, or for a rifle of a new pattern." It was this un-American spirit which General Ewing had to face from 1874 until his death in 1883. As Catholic Commissioner for the Indians until 1879, and then as Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions which our bishops created for the protection of the faith of these wards of the nation, Charles Ewing succeeded by his fearless courage and honesty in overcoming much of the hostility against the Church and in regaining some of the lost rights of the Indians. It is interesting to note that he was aided by his sister, Mrs. General Sherman, who founded the Catholic Indian Missionary Association.

General Charles Ewing was by his own strength of character and by his fidelity to the doctrines of his Church one of the foremost Catholic laymen of his day. Young in years when he passed away in 1883—he was then but 48—Charles Ewing has left a name that must give courage to American Catholic manhood of our day.



# Saint Joseph Prefigured

*The Types That Prefigured St. Joseph in the Old Testament Help Us to Understand the Character of This Great Saint*

By Joseph I. Schade, S.T.L.

WHEN the Old Testament was drawing to a close there was born, probably at Bethlehem, a certain Joseph, who, in the inscrutable designs of God, was to play an important part in the Incarnation and hidden life of our Saviour. Though a descendant of the Royal House of David, St. Joseph's early life was one of hidden preparation for the exalted destiny to which God had elected him, and though what the Evangelists have written of him is meager indeed, still these facts are illumined by the glory of the Sacred Childhood and, according to St. Bonaventure, the dignity with which the Son of God clothed his putative father needs no new and additional honors.

What facts the Sacred Scriptures, however, do relate of St. Joseph give us a deep insight into many mysteries, and when considered in the light of complete Revelation, they show in a special manner the hidden perfections of this great Patriarch. Much has been written of St. Joseph's powerful protection and patronage, but little of his predestination by God as foreshadowed on the pages of the Old Testament. When the prefigures of this great Saint, evidenced by personages and things of the Old Law, are considered in the light of the facts and Revelations of the New Testament, the prophesies and the foreshadows of the former become verified and fulfilled in the latter. Just as the Immaculate Mother of God was foreshadowed from the very beginning of Revelation, so her Holy Spouse too, was prefigured and becomes another bond that links the Old with the New Dispensation.

The first prototype of St. Joseph, whom we meet in Sacred Scripture, is Jacob. This Patriarch, having received from his father Isaac the blessing reserved for the firstborn, fled, upon the advice of his mother, into Mesopotamia in order to escape the deadly hatred and envy of his brother Esau. Similarly St. Joseph, like another Jacob, received in Christ the promise of the Kingdom of God, and, admonished by an angel, fled into Egypt in order to escape the hatred and persecution of Herod. Whilst Jacob was on this journey, he heard in sleep the promise of God: "In thee and in thy

seed all the tribes of the earth shall be blessed. And I will be thy keeper, whithersoever thou goest, and will bring thee back into this land." Thus St. Joseph, entrusted with the care and protection of the Divine Child and His holy Mother was brought back to the land of his birth: "Behold an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph in Egypt saying: Arise, and take the child and his mother and go into the land of Israel. . . . Who arose, and took the child and his mother and came into the land of Israel. . . . And coming he dwelt in a city called Nazareth." And lastly Jacob, returning to his father, on the way wrestled with an angel, who said to him: "If thou hast been strong against God, how much more shalt thou prevail against men?" Do we not find a similar strength of character and constancy of purpose in St. Joseph, who labored and suffered for Christ's sake and who prevailed against those who sought after the life of the Holy Child.

Another outstanding figure of the Old Testament is Joseph, the son of Jacob, who saved the Egyptians from famine and who is a figure of a later Joseph not only by the consent of the Doctors of the Church, but also by the universal acceptance of the faithful. Hence, Pope Leo XIII wrote: "By not a few of the Fathers of the Church and with the assent of Sacred Liturgy, the opinion is established that the ancient Joseph, born of the Patriarch Jacob, foreshadowed the person and labors of our own Joseph, and with clearness showed the greatness of the future custodian of the Holy Family."

FIRST of all we have that predilection which Jacob showed for his favorite son, and which God himself has shown for the Joseph of the New Law. Both appear in the Sacred Scriptures as specially loved and therefore doubly blessed. Of the former Genesis says: "Now Israel loved Joseph above all his sons," while in the latter the predilection of God is shown by his selection from among all men to fill the exalted office and shine with the corresponding dignity of the Spouse of the Mother of God and the foster-father of the Saviour of the world.

The similarity between that ancient Joseph and our own appears more striking when one considers that envy drove both into Egypt. The envy of his brothers sold Joseph into Egyptian slavery, so that in the designs of God he later might save his people; while the envy of Herod drove our Joseph into Egypt so that he might protect the life of his foster-child and preserve him for the salvation of the world. In both charity and love of enemies shine forth: in the former, who forgave his brothers, saying: "Fear not: I will feed you and your children" and in the latter, who saved from his persecutors the Child Jesus so that He might become the "Corn of the elect" (Zach. IX, 17) and the Saviour of mankind.

AGAIN the virtue of chastity draws attention. On this subject St. Ambrose writes: "Since in him (the Egyptian Joseph) there were many kinds of virtues, still that of chastity shines out preeminently . . . so St. Joseph is held up to us as a mirror of chastity; in all his thoughts and acts appears modesty, and he is resplendent with the companion of chastity, the brightness of divine grace." From the fact that the Egyptian Joseph denounced fearlessly the crime of his brothers and resisted bravely the immoral suggestions of the wife of Potiphar, we must conclude that he was chaste and pure. So too this other Joseph, selected by God to be the Spouse of the most pure Virgin, was himself an example of perfect virginity and purity of heart.

We must recognize too, their wisdom and prudence. The Egyptian Joseph so wisely and prudently interpreted the dreams of Pharaoh, that the latter declared of him: "Can I find one wiser and one like unto thee?" (Gen. XLI, 39); and he fed the famishing people of Egypt so that Pharaoh changed his name into "Saviour of the World"; and finally, by establishing his father and brothers in Egypt, he brought to that country and its people the knowledge and worship of the true God. St. Joseph, on the other hand, interpreted rightly the dreams wherein God revealed His plans and designs regarding Mary and the Child, and by preserving the life of

the Child Jesus, he gave to the famished human race a Saviour. Hence, St. Bernardine of Sienna writes: "He (St. Joseph) surpassed him, because he gave not bread of corporal life to the Egyptians, but he gave to all the elect the bread of heaven, which gives spiritual life." Not only to Egypt, while residing there out of fear of Herod, but to the whole world St. Joseph gave the true faith and "the Apostle and high priest of our confession, Jesus."

**S**T. BERNARD has written pleasingly on this: "That Joseph, sold through envy and led into Egypt, prefigures the selling of Christ; this Joseph, fleeing from the envy of Herod, carried Christ into Egypt. That Joseph, keeping faith with his master, refused to have anything to do with the latter's wife; this Joseph, recognizing his Spouse, the Mother of his Lord, to be a virgin, and he himself being one, guarded her faithfully. To that one was given the interpreting of dreams; to this one was given the knowledge and participation in heavenly secrets. That one hoarded up grain, not for himself, but for the whole people; this one received in his arms the living bread of heaven and preserved Him both for himself and for the whole world."

A third prototype of St. Joseph was Moses, the leader of the Hebrew people. Moses was pre-eminent for the patience with which he bore the murmurings of the Jews and the hardships of his long journeys. He shone also with the faithfulness with which he carried out the commands of God and his intimate knowledge of divine affairs. We read thus of him: "For Moses was a man exceedingly meek above all men that dwelt upon earth . . . who is most faithful in all my house. For I speak to him mouth to mouth; and plainly, and not in riddles and figures doth he see the Lord." In St. Joseph these traits are found in an eminent degree, for where could one find greater patience and meekness than St. Joseph showed when persecuted by Herod and fleeing into Egypt? Where could there be greater faithfulness to the commands of God than that shown by him in safeguarding the treasures entrusted to his care? For this reason the Church praises him in the Office of his feast with the words: "A faithful man shall be much praised, and he that is the keeper of his master shall be glorified" (Prov. XXVII. 18). Where could one look for greater knowledge of divine things than in him who bore in his arms God himself and from these divine lips learned the secrets of heaven? What the Sacred Scriptures say of Moses may be repeated of St. Joseph: "Beloved of God and men, whose memory is in benediction. He sanctified him in his faith and meekness and chose him out of all flesh."

The last prefigure of the future St. Joseph was David. This king possessed an extraordinary humility, for, despite his exalted position, he went before the Ark, singing and dancing, and when derided by his wife Michol answered: "Before the Lord . . . I will both play and make myself meaner than I have done; and I will be little in my own eyes." St. Joseph likewise, despite his royal descent and intimate union with Christ, led a most humble and obscure life, and was immersed so totally in the Holy Family that the Evangelists make little mention of him. David possessed a strong sense of justice and obedience, so that the Holy Ghost could say of him: "I have found David, the son of Jesse, a man according to my own heart, who shall do all my wills." Hence, St. Bernard writes: "Plainly Joseph, son of David, is no less than his father. For I say he is the son of David not only in flesh, but in faith, sanctity and devotion, and him, like another David, the Lord found according to his own heart. To him He could entrust the most august and secret designs of His heart, and to him, like to another David, He revealed the hidden and unknown things of His wisdom." Indeed, St. Joseph omitted none of those things demanded of him, serving God in poverty and ignominy, in sorrow and exile, as well as in the comparative comfort of the home of Nazareth, and thus became an example of obedience and faithfulness to every divine inspiration. Finally, David gleaned honor from the fact that he was the father of Solomon, the wise king. Who cannot see herein the resemblance to that other Joseph, to whom the angel said: "Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife . . . and she shall bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus. For he shall save his people from their sins."

**S**INCE the cardinal virtues are the foundation upon which rests the Christian rule of life and are the source whence all virtues spring, it is plain to be seen that these four virtues shone preeminently in the four prototypes of St. Joseph, namely, Fortitude in Jacob, Prudence in Joseph, Temperance in Moses, and Justice in David. In the verification of these foreshadows in St. Joseph himself, these virtues stand forth as the most glorious diadem of the foster-father of Jesus.

Pope Pius IX., on the 8th of December, 1870, solemnly declared: "Just as God placed that Joseph, son of the Patriarch Jacob, as governor over the whole land of Egypt so that he might feed the people with grain, so in the fullness of time, when He was about to send to earth His only Begotten Son to be the Saviour of the world, God selected another Joseph, of whom that first one was a prefigure, and made him the lord

and prince of his house and possessions, and elected him to be the guardian of His greatest treasures. Indeed, he was espoused to the Immaculate Virgin Mary, of whom by the Holy Ghost was born Our Lord, Jesus Christ, who deigned among men to be thought the son of Joseph and was subject to him. And this Joseph not only saw Him, whom so many kings and prophets had desired to see, but also lived with Him, embracing and kissing Him with paternal affection, and carefully nourished Him whom a faithful people would receive as the bread that came down from heaven in order to obtain eternal life. On account of this great dignity, which God conferred upon this most faithful servant, the Church has always held the most blessed Joseph, next to the Virgin Mary his Spouse, in the greatest honor and veneration and in all her difficulties has implored his intercession."

**D**URING the Vatican Council, 344 of the Fathers petitioned Pope Pius IX for an increase of devotion to St. Joseph. Scarcely had the Council come to a close, when the Pope, with the above preamble and after reciting the difficulties under which the Church was then laboring, solemnly declared St. Joseph the Patron of the Universal Church. A few years later the masterful and erudite pen of Leo XIII brought out anew the sweet and heavenly figure of this Saint and in 1909 Pius X urged increased veneration of him, whose name he had received in baptism.

One of the greatest benefits that God has conferred upon His Church has been the wide-spread and ever increasing devotion to St. Joseph. It seems as if God himself would say to us what Pharaoh once said to the Egyptians: "Go to Joseph and do all that he shall say to you." By a special Providence St. Joseph was an eye-witness to the virtues practiced by Jesus and Mary during nigh unto thirty years. Through their words and examples he was able to ascend to the highest contemplation of spiritual things. His entire life was one uninterrupted hymn of love, praise and gratitude to God, and all his sentiments, affections and desires were in perfect conformity to the Will of God. Who is better qualified to teach us how to live in union with Christ than St. Joseph? Who is better able to show us the royal road to Christian perfection? Who more powerful to obtain for us the graces and blessings so needful in our daily lives? What more consoling at the hour of death than to have Jesus, Mary and Joseph to accompany us on our journey into eternity? The Church desires that the exalted dignity of this holy Patriarch should be universally acknowledged and that all the faithful should proclaim him their patron and protector.

# MEXICO AND COLUMBIA

By Jerome D. Hannan

MEXICO rises once again to disturb the world with its pretensions to becoming what is conveniently called a modern State. Those who applaud the determined cruelty of Mexican leaders have been conveniently lulled to rest by the assurance that this is all that Mexico aims to do. They might be pardoned if they showed more intellectual inquisitiveness as to what a modern State really is.

They might find that a modern State in many instances is no more than a despotic exercise of power assumed by violence. In that event, Mexico's aspirations might not seem so innocent. Indeed, Mexico's recent attempts at solidarity are paralleled more closely in the rise of European States than in the birth of our own United States.

Political theory has usually followed tardily in the wake of a despotic assumption of power. It is not known that Rome had any comprehensive political philosophy. It was quite satisfied to deify the emperor and the State. Roman public law seems to have been unconsciously aware that any argument in support of this position would have been a subtle attack upon the power wielded by the State.

The sword of the invading barbarians was too constantly raised to permit the voice that shouted its triumph to proclaim a justification for its usurpations. Even Charlemagne provided no political justification for his conquests except his desire to realize the aim of Augustine's *City of God*. A convenient philosophy had thus been provided for him by a Father of the Church and he was able to conquer Germany under its cloak.

The disintegration of his empire enabled petty chiefs to destroy utterly not only the notion of the empire but even the very concept of a State, except in so far as a barony could be called a State. But as certain of these petty chiefs became more powerful than their neighbors, they came to be able to effect by force those unifications of political power which eventually were known as the nations of Europe. So completely was each unification regarded as a conquest that the king was regarded not only as the governor of the State but as its proprietor.

A *status quo*, however, had been established. It was plainly folly to consider the suppression of power achieved by force in order to devise a planned international system upon the basis of which Europe should be partitioned and forms of government arranged. Political

theory wisely decided that it must rather interpret the *status quo* and prevent if possible further bloodshed by an attempt to maintain it. Thus nations that had grown up through the initiative of adventurous, and sometimes unscrupulous chieftains were now justified in theory and supported by the claims of racial interest. Both a philosophical and an emotional impulse was thrown into the balance in support of the nation as it had come to exist, even though few of the States thus recognized were homogeneous racially.

It ought not be forgotten that this program was not the outcome of any international agreement or of any preconceived logical and international distribution of the European domain. It was the private concept of a powerful chief with daring sufficient to carry it through. The success of the enterprise saw the establishment of the *status quo*.

IF a planned political economy had brought into being the modern States of Europe, there seems to be no doubt that the conflicts with the Church would never have arisen. As part of the plan, lawyers would have sat in council and consulted with authorities on Canon Law. They would have determined in a scholarly way the position which the Church was to hold in the new nations that had been established. And the lawyers of the time, being Catholic, and even for the most part clerics, would have recognized those rights of the Church envied by the ambition and the greed of kings who appealed to the emotions of their subjects to usurp them.

There is no parallel between the relations of the Church and the State in the United States and Mexico. Mexico came into existence as a nation several years too late, if not several years too early. It may have been too early and probably was, because its people were not prepared to assume the burdens of democratic government. It was too late because it followed the French Revolution. In any event, it might have been influenced by the model of the Constitution of the United States to maintain the separation of Church and State, but it probably would not have been founded on an implacable antagonism to the Church. However, the young Mexican Republic was confronted with the Church as an influential factor in the State. Even without the bad example of France, its reaction might have been jealousy of ecclesiastical influence, an

attitude inconceivable in the United States when this Republic was born.

THE planned political economy adopted by the founders of the United States was conceived prior to any perceptible growth of the Church. It would have seemed folly for the Fathers of the United States to call in canonists with a view to determining the rights of the Church. At that time, there was no serious prospect that the Catholic Church would ever be a potent factor in American life. When the Church followed its emigrants into the United States it was only logical that it should conform itself to the existing situation. That situation was not ideal for the Church, as Pope Leo himself suggested in his Encyclical *Immortale Dei*, because it did not recognize the juristic personality of the Church nor respect its claim to own property and to exercise jurisdiction over marriage and similar spiritual matters. But it found a situation where it could still maintain its spiritual administration to its adherents without in any way being oppressed. And it entered into a sort of implicit contract whereby it submits to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, even those provisions concerning religion.

In Mexico the scene was different and a planned political economy, based on wise statecraft rather than on the fury of revolt or the prepossessions of atheistic leaders, would have persuaded the drafters of the early Constitution to take counsel with canonists in order to determine as practically as possible the rights of the Church under the new government. They thought then probably, as the French Revolution under Mirabeau believed, that the Church was soon bound to surrender to inevitable decay. But they learned, as the French Revolution learned, that persecution infuses new life into this spiritual organization. The resistance that was immediately aroused, and which Mussolini has recently said no State can conquer, precipitated the movements of oppression to which the Mexican government has ever since been obliged to resort, because in the beginning it failed to recognize the rights of an institution whose dissolution it anxiously anticipated.

Mexico can never treat the Church as the United States does. We Americans must realize that. Mexico must either cooperate with the Church or continue to drench its altars with blood.



# THE RED JUDAS

By Douglas Newton

*THE STORY THUS FAR.—Béla Kún, dictator of Hungary, has sworn death to everyone opposed to his rule. A reign of terror has driven those fortunate enough to escape him into Vienna. In his possession is a book of poems between the lines of which are cunningly placed the names of the leaders of the revolt against him.*

*Dominic Sable, a young and wealthy Englishman, is helping to rescue and quarter the refugees from Budapest when among them he discovers Colette Honraith, a boyhood sweetheart. Love is born anew. But suddenly his love is endangered. Is she the Red Judas who betrayed the names in the book of poems? That book is in the office of Garrison—Béla Kún's Commissar—at Budapest. Colette had passed out of Budapest on a requisition signed by Garrison himself—a thing extraordinary. Did she buy her freedom with those names? Is she the Red Judas? Everything points against her. The leaders among the refugees have condemned her and demand her death. Dominic intervenes and obtains a stay.*

*He must get that book. He swears someone has impersonated Colette—but that story won't go. The only thing that will save her is to prove that the writing in the book is not hers.*

*He goes to Budapest. He goes to work in the very office of Garrison himself. He sees the safe—the book. He handles it. He must steal it. In and out of a hundred dangers—one escape after another. His fingers close on the book—and then he must drop it. A Jew in Garrison's office will prove to be his best friend.*

WHILE he was hunting through the second-hand bookshops for a pocket edition in olive-green leather, he noticed the man Jawl shadowing him. He moved off to another shop and Jawl followed. There was no doubt that the man would report what had happened to Heller. Dominic therefore led the man a wild goose chase through half the bookshops in Pest.

Heller never relinquished pressure. One day he thrust under Dominic's nose a batch of papers which were written in English.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

"What language is it?" Dominic asked.

"I thought your priestly education made you a master of all languages?" Heller sneered.

"Only Latin," Dominic said. "But though this is written in Roman script it is not Latin."

Heller snapped, "Surely you know English?"

"I have seen English, yes," Dominic agreed.

Heller's most dangerous trap was laid when Dominic and Schoplin did their turn at evening duty. They did this on alternate days in pairs—their extra duty lasting until eight or nine o'clock.

Dominic felt that these hours when he was alone in the room with Schoplin ought to provide his best chance of getting hold of the book. The safe door was always open, Schoplin having the key for the evening. Though the drawers were always locked, Dominic felt that if he could force the left-hand drawer, the task should be easy.

On the fourth night of this extra work Garrison left his key of the drawers behind on his table. Dominic found it there when he went to get a date-stamp. He could scarcely believe his good fortune.

IT was not like Garrison to be so careless, yet even the most careful have their casual moments. Dominic was not going to question his luck. His hand closed on the key, and in a moment it was in his pocket. Then, when Schoplin left the room for a minute later, he had the book out of the safe and in his pocket like a flash.

Schoplin returned chuckling: "Heller's girl has turned him down," he smiled.

"How's that?" Dominic asked indifferently.

He knew Heller had arranged to go to a dance. He had changed from his working clothes into a smarter suit in the office, and had told them all about it as he dressed. Remembering Heller's voluble boastings, Dominic smiled.

"Oh, I saw him outside as I looked through the window," Schoplin laughed. "He was talking to a couple of the Terror Boys."

At the mention of the Terror Boys Dominic knew a chill of alarm. His senses clamored that this was another of Heller's traps. The man's dressing for a dance, all his talk of being occupied until midnight had been meant to lull him into a sense of false security. Heller had also seen that late work would provide Dominic with his best opportunity of getting the book. He ought to have felt that when he found the key. It was not Garrison's key, but Heller's.

Dominic glanced quickly at Schoplin, who was immersed in a mass of papers. Shuffling some of his own papers to-

gether, he rose and went to the safe. Queer, how the mere act of unlocking a drawer became a matter of terrible tension. It seemed to him that the very whisper of the key turning in the lock must alarm Schoplin. In a minute that had seemed an eternity, Dominic was back working beside the young Jew, the book safe in its drawer, the drawer locked, the key once more on Garrison's table.

Heller delayed his return to the room until Schoplin opened the door as they left for the night. Then he came bustling in, saying he had left something behind. It was neatly timed. If Dominic had stolen the Petofi book, then that must be the moment when he had it on him. If it had been he was doomed. Heller had brought the two Terror Boys with him. They lounged outside the door, their hands very close to the butts of their automatic pistols.

Heller seemed to lose some of his assurance when he saw the key still on Garrison's desk. He stared at it, perhaps trying to recall if it was in the exact spot he had left it. Then he went over and opened the safe. He screened his movements with his body, but from the time he was there it was plain that he had not only taken the Petofi book out of the drawer, but had run through it to make sure it was not a substitute. When he slammed and locked the safe and came out he wore an air of forced geniality.

"All right, boys, you can go home to supper now."

There was a frown of perplexity and chagrin on his low brow as he spoke.

## XXVI

IT was not only the vigilance needed to outwit Heller that put Dominic under increasing strain: there was the growing need for haste.

"You must be quick," Zoltan Kafka told him. "Soon it is going to be too late even to save your own neck. Any day now there may come that last big 'Cra-ack' that means Béla Kún has blown to pieces."

It was true, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat was doomed. Clemenceau with a gesture had signaled its end. He had refused to negotiate peace terms with Béla Kún. No amount of bombast could hide the finality of that. True, the government tried to turn aside the destiny of fate with the age-old distraction of war. Their armies would march. They would drive the Rumanians and the Czechs off Hungarian soil.

The walls of Budapest caught fire with new posters calling "To Arms." A flood of eloquence strove to kindle a patriotism that would blind the race to the impending collapse. Hungary was to be whipped into a last effort of defiance. And as the new armies gathered more posters ensanguined the city, proclaiming that July 20th had been ordained for a Proletarian world revolt.

"And behind all this boasting," Zoltan Kaffka said, "they are packing to bolt."

The little *hausmeister* was well informed. Despite boasts, he knew the Rumanians were not beaten. They stopped and rolled back the half-hearted Red armies. They were marching on Budapest. And the Czechs were marching, and even the Serbs. The National Army from Szeged was also on the move.

The whole fabric of Béla Kún's rule was crumbling. From the inside knowledge he gained at his office Dominic knew that the day of reckoning was very close. The situation was doubly intolerable to him. That the book should be so near to his grasp and yet, because of Heller, so difficult to obtain, drove him to desperation. As the situation in Budapest grew more tense, he saw that he must be ready to do violence if he was ever to obtain the Petofi book. He bought a pistol and prepared to shoot it out, or, if necessary, hold up Garrison in order to get hold of the book.

Every day now he went to the office keyed up to seize any chance at any cost—it was therefore odd the way his chance came.

Garrison had been working at a pressure beyond the power of his frailty. His coughing and hemorrhage had developed terribly. A breakdown could only be a matter of time, and late on the afternoon of July 30 it came. A sudden fit of coughing racked him as he worked. He rose, half strangled, from his chair, bright blood came from his lips and he collapsed over his table.

They stretched him on his back at once, but he had lost consciousness and was obviously in great danger. Schoplin suggested that he should be rushed to a hospital. Heller telephoned for an ambulance. He snapped at Wittmann, who was loosening the unconscious Garrison's collar.

"You go with him. . . . No, you, Dominic Ambrus. Stay by his side and report over the phone. I shall take charge here."

**D**OMINIC went willingly. He realized almost as Garrison fell that here was a chance he must try and seize. Garrison carried the keys of the safe and drawer in his pocket. Here was his opportunity to get them.

He managed to secure them quite easily as the ambulance whirled them to the hospital. He waited until the over-worked doctors could come. Their re-

port was final. Garrison must die in the next twelve hours.

Dominic reported this over the phone to Heller, who grunted a little, and then added after a moment's thought:

"As you're out there, will you go and break the news to his mother? I've been trying to get her by phone, but haven't managed yet."

"I'll go," Dominic said willingly. He did not want to face Heller with those keys in his pocket. "Where does she live?"

"It's behind the City Grove, in the Amerikai-ut, No. 25. It's not your night for staying at the office?" Well, don't bother about coming back."

**T**HIS suited Dominic admirably. It gave him time to think out a plan for getting hold of the book. As he had to make a cross city journey, he had a long walk to scheme things.

He decided that he would arrange with Zoltan Kaffka to have a car ready to get him away tomorrow morning. He would go very early to the Parliament House, secure the Petofi book, and be away out of Budapest in the car long before Heller or anybody went to work.

He satisfied himself that this was the only plan. To his surprise, Garrison's mother was expecting him. Someone had managed to telephone to her, after all. It was not Heller, but a man who would not give his name. And the message was singular. Dominic was to wait for the speaker in Baross Square on his way home. The matter was urgent. If he failed to make the rendezvous there would be no hope of his attending the Schubert concert.

Garrison's mother had this message word-perfect. She was a small, frail, patient woman, of the kind not easily flurried. Her memory was excellent.

At Dominic's bewildered demand she repeated the message word for word.

It was then that he grasped it could only have come from Schoplin. What was more, there was no danger of their not attending the concert. It was in three days' time, and they already had the tickets.

The message, in fact, was a warning. Schoplin had learnt something that told him Dominic was in danger. That naturally meant Heller. It was the reason why Schoplin had not given his name. It was also the reason why Schoplin wanted to impress on him that they must meet before he reached his lodgings. Dominic guessed why. Heller could be sure of catching him at his lodgings—and if Heller took him with the keys of the safe in his pocket it would be fatal.

Dominic's mind was in so great a turmoil that he could only break the news of Garrison's seizure in a clumsy and disjointed way. Not that the old lady noticed his state. She had long been in-

ured to her son's illness and expected his doom.

"It is God's will," she said, and though her son had ceased to be a believer, she turned towards a small shrine of the Sacred Heart, and, making the sign of the cross, began to pray. The act was simple and natural, and because it was part of his blood, too, Dominic turned with her and said a *De Profundis* for Garrison's soul.

"He was a good son, and, in his way, a good man," the old woman said huskily. "I think the kind God will not forget that."

"He was a very good man according to his lights," Dominic nodded. "God Who made him will understand him."

Dominic's nerves were on edge as he walked to Baross Square. It was more than a sense of danger that wrung him. A sense of failure when success seemed so sure added a bitterness to his anxiety. He approached the square cautiously, taking cover in a doorway. The phone message might, after all, have been from Heller, a trap to catch him.

It was half an hour before he saw Schoplin moving round the square. The young Jew was behaving so cautiously that the sense of peril became more evident. When Dominic slipped up to him, Schoplin muttered, "Be careful," and led him down the road that runs into the Kerepesti Cemetery. It was not until they were walking among the tombs that the Jew said in a strained voice:

"Heller phoned the hospital. He found that Garrison's keys of the safe had gone. He is sure you took them."

**D**OMINIC'S heart seemed to stop. His triumph had been a trap, after all. Even in the disturbance of Garrison's breakdown, Heller had seen his chance of snaring his man. That was why he had sent him. It was with difficulty that Dominic said:

"What on earth makes the fellow think that?"

"Heller says you are a spy," Schoplin said nervously. "He has suspected you for a long time. He says he has collected enough evidence to arrest you."

"How do you know all this?" Dominic asked.

"Heller talked openly on the phone about you. After he had spoken to the hospital he rang up the Terror Boys and arranged for your arrest. He told them to make sure and secure the keys at once. He was so sure of you that he hadn't a mind for anything else."

"Yes—and so you telephoned me."

"A fool like that can cause endless trouble," Schoplin said. "I knew you were to break the news to Mrs. Garrison. I slipped out of the office to a call box and managed to speak to her."

Dominic paused in their walk. The blow, though oft dared and expected, stunned him for a moment. He knew it



WITH A LITTLE CRY OF JOY COLETTE RAN TO HIS ARMS

meant certain and probably not an easy death; the methods of the Terror Boys were too notorious to blink at, and for a moment he felt a quite unnerving fear.

He must have shown that in his eyes, for he saw the anxiety on the Jew's face change to a deeper strain and pallor. Only then did he recognize how his friend had sunk his loyalty and run a grave risk to save him.

"You wanted to save me—that was fine of you, Schoplin," he said.

"Then—you are a spy?" The very edginess of his tone told Dominic how the Jew had been torn between friendship and loyalty.

"No, I am not a spy," he said quickly. "But—you are here as an enemy?" Dominic could see the man stiffening.

"No, not as an enemy," he said. "I'm not here for any political reasons. I am here to try and save the life of a woman."

He watched Schoplin anxiously. How would the young Jew react to that?

## XXVII

HE saw he had struck the right note. Chivalry was the one sure way of appealing to the romantic nature of the musician. Schoplin's face showed relief, and he even took on a look of interest.

"You must prove that to me," he said, but in an easier tone.

"Of course," Dominic told him. "I will tell you quite honestly the reason of the whole thing."

As they walked, passing the imposing Kossuth Monument, Dominic began his story frankly, hiding nothing. The little Jew listened carefully.

"So you really are an Englishman?" Schoplin interrupted almost at once. "Heller suspects that. He has a man who says he has met you and has told him of it."

"I know," Dominic nodded, and he told the story of the rescue of Dr. Ady's companions.

"But in that way you were acting as our enemy," Schoplin said.

"I did not look at it like that," Dominic told him. "These fugitives were in danger of death. That is all I thought of."

Schoplin nodded. He, too, considered all this killing brutalized a noble movement. Also Dominic's candor moved him, even when he incriminated himself. It assured him that Dominic was not lying.

"It is a tragic business," he admitted in the end, "to have fallen in love with a woman who turns out to be a traitor, to have to stand by and see her condemned and killed."

"She is not a traitor," Dominic told him fiercely. "I know her too well. I mean to prove she is innocent."

SCHOPLIN smiled a little, yet the determination in his friend's tone kindled his admiration.



"That is absurd," he said. "You are found out. It is the end."

"No, I am not caught yet, thanks to you. And having got so close to success I must go on."

Schoplin smiled ruefully. "You are forgetting it is my duty to denounce you!"

"Schoplin," Dominic said quietly, "I have a pistol in my pocket. My hand has been on it since I met you. If I thought for a moment you would denounce me I would shoot you. Not even you may stand between me and saving Colette Honraith."

"You don't think I will denounce you, then?" the Jew asked.

"I don't think you will—knowing the truth."

"No, you know me too well," Schoplin's smile was twisted. "And yet—are you sure about the girl?"

"If I know you well, I know her better," Dominic said.

"Or love her too much," the Jew sighed, "for you know as well as I do that Garrison himself says she is the betrayer."

"Let me only get hold of that book and I am sure I can prove that wrong."

"Yet how?" Garrison saw her. He treated with her. He took the book from her own hands."

"But *did* he know for certain that the woman he met was Colette Honraith? Did he know her so well that he recognized her?"

"Knowing Garrison's upbringing, I should think it doubtful," Schoplin frowned. "But where does this lead?"

"I think someone else was pretending to be Colette Honraith. Someone who took her name and dressed like her that Garrison and others were deceived. And the proof of that will be the writing in the book. That writing will be found to be not Colette Honraith's, but someone else's."

"I think you are absolutely right," he said warmly. "The whole thing looks like a deliberate plan to make someone else bear the blame. Why should Colette Honraith have done it? She would know she was in no danger. She had worked with the People so it is quite illogical that one of her nature should have descended to such terrible treachery. But that cowardly political dabbler, Louis Honraith, driven on by his wife—yes, he was more likely to do this thing. I know Colette did not."

"THAT is true, yet there is small hope of getting people of her class to see the weight of it."

"No, the tyrants. They would prefer to murder her; that is their way," Schoplin said vehemently.

"All the more reason to prove them wrong and to prevent them killing her."

He could see by the light in Schoplin's eyes that that was the right note; to

thwart aristocrats would be a holy joy to the Jew.

"Yes," he said, "they should be shown up, proved murderers at heart. I shall help you do it."

Dominic held to the note.

"And there is no other way of doing that save by confronting them with the handwriting in the book."

"Yes, that would be final," Schoplin steadied, looked uneasily at Dominic.

"Only that book is ours. For you to steal it would be a treachery."

"Surely not," Dominic pressed. "I want only the book, nothing that can harm the Dictatorship or you or your friends. Even as a list it can be of little value to you now."

"That is true," mused Schoplin. "The names in it have been copied many times."

"To take it will hurt no one, but it may save Colette Honraith's life," Dominic pressed.

"Yes, yet it is impossible for you to get it now."

"I must get it. I cannot give in now I am so close to success."

"But you aren't. You are in terrible danger. You are bound to be taken, and that means death," Schoplin said fearfully.

"I must risk it. I must make a dash into the building somehow. . . ."

"No," the Jew protested. "They'll be watching for you there. Heller will have warned them. It's death."

"I must risk it," Dominic said urgently. "There's no hope for Colette unless I can save her!"

"It means simply flinging away your own life."

"Would you let that stop you?"

Schoplin walked on in worried silence for a minute, then he said with a rueful smile:

"It is plain that you are one of the world's fools—but so am I. That is how we took to each other. I like you better than ever for doing this—and I hate the idea of your being killed. . . . What if I get you this book?"

"I can't say no even to that, Schoplin," Dominic said.

"And if I get it for you—what then?"

"I go straight to Vienna, naturally, to save Colette."

"And you are sure there is nothing in that book but the list of names?"

"As far as I know nothing else. But look through it yourself before giving it to me."

"I must," the Jew said simply. "I cannot betray my class even for you. . . . But I will get it."

"Don't—don't forget you run risks," Dominic felt forced to say.

"Ah, that was a little feeling for me, in spite of your anxiety for Colette." The Jew smiled. "There is that between us that means something. Queer, isn't it? You, a rich English lord, maybe, I, a

little poverty-smitten Communist Jew. There is a great deal in this ideal of brotherhood after all."

"A very great deal," Dominic said. "If men could only get to know each other without quarrelling over views or their politics. . . . I feel like that about you, Schoplin. I want that book—but, next to Colette, I do not want you to be endangered."

"I know. It was a good moment in life when we met," Schoplin smiled. "But I don't think there is much to fear. I am the last person Heller would dream of suspecting. I haven't the guts, in his mind, for this sort of thing. Give me the keys. I will try for it some time tomorrow. And—are you sure you can hide yourself safely?"

"Quite sure. I can't explain—"

"You mustn't explain," Schoplin's smile was wry. "Already I ought to be suspecting much. But if you will wait at the gate of this cemetery until eight tomorrow night, or, better, the next few nights, I will bring you the book."

"That is fine of you, Schoplin," Dominic said. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Is that necessary?" The young Jew smiled. "I think not. We have understood each other so well. Au revoir, then, until I bring the book."

He went off, walking quickly. Dominic knew that Schoplin would not break his word.

## XXVIII

WITH Heller and the Terror Boys waiting to arrest him at his lodgings, Dominic did not go within a mile of them. He called Zoltan Kaffka over the phone, and using a password but no names, arranged to meet the little *hausmeister*.

When the little man arrived he was in such a state of excitement that he seemed to regard the young Englishman's danger as of quite minor consideration.

"The whole crazy government is tottering," he said as he caught Dominic's arm and began to hurry him through the streets. "The end is now not a matter of days, but hours. Presently all that will be left of Béla Kún's rule will be a cloud of dust. The Red armies are in flight everywhere. Nothing can save Budapest. It is only a question of who gets here first—our people, the Rumanians or the Czechs. God grant it will be Horthy and our Magyars. There is little left to fear."

"Yet what little there is is lethal," Dominic said. "There is time enough between now and the arrival of the first army for Heller to do all he needs to me."

"But he is not going to catch you," Zoltan Kaffka said. "Am I not taking you to a hiding-place? And tonight a car will carry you out of the city."

"I'd rather stay until the National Army arrives," Dominic said.

"Which means you have not yet got that book?" the shrewd fellow sniffed.

"But I expect to get it if I stay."

"Some people treat death as others treat flirtations," sighed the little man. "However, I have safe lodgings for you." "So you came with an alternative?" Dominic smiled.

"A wise man always allows for human obstinacy," shrugged Zoltan Kafka, and led Dominic across the city to a room in a homely street.

**"KEEP** under cover until law and order marches in on the points of bayonets," he admonished. "There will be disturbances, and disturbances give earnest enemies their opportunities for settling old scores."

There were certainly disturbances.

On the next day nothing happened; even Schoplin did not keep his rendezvous at the cemetery. The day after, August 1st, the Dictatorship had fallen to pieces and the Rumanians had a clear road to Budapest. At one moment word flew round that Béla Kún and half the People's Commissars had committed suicide, that Számuelly had seized power and had gathered his executioners for wholesale massacre. Strength was given to these rumors by sounds of firing and the sight of armored cars flashing here and there.

Then it was reported that Béla Kún, Számuelly, Haubrich and the rest had put themselves at the head of the armies and had fired the soldiery to drive the Rumanians running to the Tisza again.

Weaving through this tangle of rumor was more definite news. Béla Kún had called a great meeting of the Workers and Soldiers Council. With tears streaming down his face he had told them that all was lost. He and most of the other Commissars and their families had bolted to Austria, leaving the People in the air.

Dominic heard most of these things as he sat quietly in the house. He did not venture abroad until it was time to meet Schoplin. He had to pass through milling and restless crowds on his way to the cemetery, but they were suppressed and wary crowds.

Schoplin again did not appear, though Dominic waited for him until eight, when he had to be off the streets. Many difficulties and duties might have hindered the young Jew from reaching the rendezvous. All the same, Dominic was keenly disappointed. Trusting Schoplin absolutely, he had felt already that the book was as good as in his hands.

As he returned to his lodgings he noted that the city was taking on a new color. Green posters were being pasted over the prevailing red. But though the tint had changed, the texture was little altered. It was no longer a Dictatorship, but it was still "The Workmen's Government." And the old names still functioned in it—Garbai, who had been Béla

Kún's figure-head President, had simply stepped down to the Ministry of Education. Haubrich, Agostan - Augenstein, Dovcsak and other satellites of Béla Kún, were still in power.

"They are simply putting a new name on the shop front," Zoltan Kafka said when he saw Dominic next morning. "They think the old firm can still carry on—but we will see. Horthy is marching. When he arrives they will find him the sort of customer who is not easily fooled."

Dominic asked anxiously if he had heard what had happened at the Parliament House.

"A big stick has been pushed into that wasps' nest," the little man declared, "and all the wasps fly in and out, buzzing and stinging where they can."

Zoltan Kafka was all against Dominic trying to get to Garrison's room.

"That is dangerous folly," he protested. "Look, there are officers from the Missions, the Italian, the American and the English, there all day, standing between madmen and the prisoners. When men are in such a state of fear and hate it is not easy to stop them killing. If you go there and are recognized, you might start something that would lead to many deaths."

It was true enough. One spark might start a massacre, and if Heller saw Dominic he would provide that spark. Zoltan Kafka told him something about Számuelly. That dandiacal Jack Ketch had become almost crazed with fear when he found himself deserted. He had dashed to the aerodrome to a machine to fly to Russia. No pilot would take him. He had returned headlong to the railway station to get a train for Austria. There were no trains.

"There is already a story that the frontier guards shot him down like a dog."

Again Dominic waited at the cemetery that night. Again Schoplin did not appear. The next day passed in increasing turmoil, with the same sense of fear, hope and indecision. Yet when Dominic went out that evening he saw that Budapest had begun to steady itself.

**I**T was evident to all that the Soviet rule had gone, and that it was now only a matter of hours before the first invading army arrived to put normal life back into its place. Even the Workmen's Government knew it.

All red favors had vanished from caps and coats. White emblems and flowers took their place, and no man dared snatch them away. And once more Schoplin did not come. Dominic knew now that something had happened to prevent the Jew keeping his promise, and began to fear.

The next day he went to the Parliament House. The Rumanians were outside the city, with their officers actually

within it dictating the terms of entry. The last of the Terrorists had vanished underground. Terror Boys who had been caught had been killed.

**T**HE great Parliament Square was almost deserted. The House was like a vast tomb. There was chaos inside. There were signs of great bonfires of documents in the grates, as though men had made attempts to destroy evidence that would incriminate them.

With a mounting fear he made his way to Garrison's room. It was deserted. It had the same signs of hurried evacuation. His eyes sought the safe. Its doors were wide open. So were the lower drawers. They had been pulled out and half emptied. Only a few crumpled papers and one battered book remained in the whole safe—and that book was not the book of Petofi poems.

Dominic knew he had lost, but he would not allow himself to despair. He searched everywhere. He even knelt before the grate and went carefully through the ashes there. He found not a scrap of the olive-green leather binding. That gave him just the faintest hope. He felt that Schoplin after all had probably rescued it just before the debacle.

He went straight to Schoplin's rooms. The Jew had vanished. The landlady, who knew Dominic well, told him that on the evening after he had met and warned Dominic, Schoplin had come into the house like a hunted man. He had been followed, it seemed, for he asked his landlady to let him look out of her front window, which he did cautiously, peeping through the curtains.

He had seen men of whom he was afraid outside. Quickly he had packed a dispatch case and then had slipped out of the house by the back door and over the walls behind.

The woman had tried to stop him. He had said to her: "Would you like me to be shot in your rooms, then?" The woman had let him go, and when a truck had drawn up at the house a little later and leather-jacketed men had come demanding Schoplin, she had pretended to be surprised when his room was found empty. She would not say whether Schoplin had carried away a small book bound in olive-green leather or not.

Did it mean that Schoplin had not been able to get the book, had, in fact, betrayed himself to Heller in attempting to get it? Or did his escape mean that he had got the book and knew it meant death for Heller to find it on him?

Dominic had no means of telling. All he knew was that both Schoplin and the book had vanished and that his case, and Colette's, seemed more hopeless than ever.

He walked slowly to Zoltan Kafka's house trying to scrape together some shreds of hope. Two people were in

Zoltan Kaffka's room off the vestibule of the house. One was a tall man dressed for motoring, and thick with the dust of urgent travel. It was Stephen Varosmarvy.

The other was a girl who came straight into Dominic's arms with a little cry of gladness. It was Colette Honraith.

### XXIX

AS Colette's arms held Dominic fiercely, as though having nearly lost him she dared not let him go again, the young Englishman looked a question across her shoulder at Stephen Varosmarvy.

"She knows, Dom," Stephen said in an even voice. "That is how she is here—and so quickly. She is the reason why we ate up the road."

Dominic held Colette away from him. They looked at each other hungrily.

"How did you get to know? How much do you know?" he asked.

"Enough," she said with lips that trembled, yet with eyes that honored him. "What is said of me, how you are here because of that. Dominic—it was too much to do for any woman." A shudder passed through her. "The terror since I found out."

"Yes, but how?" Dominic asked again.

"She's a dangerous woman, this Colette," Stephen said, but his smile softened the grimness of his tone. "She charmed Erzebet Brio, and then me into betraying you."

"Erzebet Brio!" Dominic remembered her with something of a pang.

"Erzebet's a dear. She was afraid, too." Colette's eyes held him as she spoke. He felt that she was telling him that Erzebet loved him too, and he had won her through that. "But it was not Erzebet's fault. People let—let me know what they thought of me, and I heard whispers of what you were doing for me."

"Many more have reached Vienna from here. They talked a great deal before Julius Roth and the rest of us could stop them," Stephen explained.

Dominic nodded. He had feared that. Colette said:

"I'm glad they did. I learned about you that way and forced Erzebet to tell. She didn't want to—"

"How could she hold out against a veritable siren?" Stephen said dryly. "One's will has no chance."

"Ah—not even years?" Dominic cried.

"Mine! I was a child in her hands. Didn't I meekly agree to bring her by your car? By the way, Dom, it has done sterling service."

"So you are no longer neutral, Stephen; you are on our side?" Dominic said, and both his and Colette's arms tightened against each other's at that "our."

"Well," Stephen said slowly. "Well—

I am." His steady glance as it fixed Dominic said plainly. "But make no mistake, others are not." He looked round and finding that the *hausmeister* had discreetly left them, lounged to the door and shut it.

"Colette gave me her version of the affair; I would not have brought her otherwise," he went on. "But certainly I have come round to your opinion."

Dominic felt a lightening of his heart. To have won the studiously impartial Stephen Varosmarvy seemed a tremendous proof of Colette's innocence. He settled Colette into a chair, and asked her to tell him her full story. He had heard no more than an outline before.

"I'd like to hear it all—if we have time," he said.

"Well, it was very simple," Colette said. "I had been living for a year with the family of an old servant, the Hormans, over in Buda. I was keeping myself by working a little. I wasn't so comfortable, of course, but it wasn't so bad, and I was safe enough. It never occurred to me to think about escaping. I don't think I actually would have left Budapest if Louis had given me time to think it over."

"Louis came to see me once or twice a week, but"—she put her hand on Dominic's arm—"I must say things I would keep silent about if you weren't involved, Dominic. . . . About Louis, I mean. He was fond of me, but even then I knew his crossing the river was not entirely on my account. There were some people near the Hormans' house he liked to see—the Varaconjis. They were peasant people, and there was a pretty daughter named Steffi. . . . He had actually met her through visiting me at the Hormans. The Varaconjis were friends of the Hormans, you understand?"

"I DON'T think there was anything wrong. Louis, you know, was the sort of man who would make up to any pretty woman. And he wasn't happy with Manon. . . . I didn't like it, and told Louis so. He was my brother, my twin, and I couldn't help being glad to see him, even if he did go on to see Steffi Varaconji after seeing me. . . . Well, that went on for weeks, and then quite suddenly he arrived early one morning and told me he could get us all out of Hungary—that is, he had an official permit for three of us."

"Tell him all you know about that," Stephen said, and he turned to Dominic. "I have said nothing myself to her, not even mentioned names."

"You mean the name you made such a point of finding out," Colette said, "the name of the man who signed the permit—Garnison? It came up in this way. I showed no particular willingness to escape from Budapest, as I say. Frankly, I saw no need for it. I had neither political importance nor leanings—"

"Another thing," she continued, "it didn't seem quite right to—scuttle when so many couldn't."

"I know. You wouldn't 'rat' when I offered to take you to England," Dominic said.

"Oh, I duly noted the point, young Dom. She runs true to character."

"Well, Louis could not understand my attitude. He thought I feared the permit wasn't genuine. That's why he showed me Garnison's signature on it. He said that signature would pass us anywhere."

"He must have had personal contact with Garnison," Dominic cried.

"Louis wanted to make me feel that, too," Colette went on. "You see, I already knew that the Varaconjis knew or had some sort of connection with Garnison."

HERE, surely, was direct evidence incriminating Louis.

"So you weren't ignorant of Garnison either?" he said to Colette.

"No. I knew his name and his position," she answered frankly. "The Varaconjis were rather inclined to boast about him and his power."

"Did you ever meet him?" Dominic asked, remembering that Schoplin had insisted that Colette herself had taken the book to Garnison.

"Oh, no. He never came near the Varaconjis as long as I knew them."

"You never went to his office?"

Colette stared, quite startled by such a question.

"Why should I? . . . Oh, I see. If I had betrayed the list of names I should have done so. No, I never went to his office. I don't even know where it was."

"Well, then, perhaps Louis did," Dominic said, quite satisfied she was speaking the truth. "Did Louis tell you how he managed to get the permit?"

"I actually asked him. He told me that it had been simple enough, and that the Communists could be 'got at' as easily as anyone else if one knew how to pull the right wires. From that I suspected he had managed it through the Varaconjis, and it made me even more reluctant to go with him."

"Why?" Stephen asked curtly.

"I thought he had traded on Steffi's affections," she said. "It was not very pleasant to feel that I was to be saved through—well, a slightly sordid intrigue."

"But you agreed in the end?" Stephen said.

"It seemed to me I had no choice. Louis said that the permit was made out for three. If only two used it there might be difficulties and their escape prevented. Also, Manon needed another woman to see her through the dangers. It sounded an important argument, especially as there was very little time and we were both worked up. So I agreed."



# The Passion *and the* Poets

## *Devotional Poets of Seventeenth Century*

By Daniel B. Pulsford

**T**he great genius of Milton rises, in the period we are considering, like a mountain above the plain. The comparison between him and the poets with whom we shall be concerned is, from a literary point of view, entirely in his favor. The verses of George Herbert, Henry Vaughan and Richard Crashaw are quaintly pretty or have a fascinating exotic quality, but in no instance do they attain to the sombre grandness of the Puritan poet. Let us be clear about this. We must not allow our religious sympathies to deflect our literary judgment. The two things must be held separate. The fact that the last of the three poets named was a Catholic and that Herbert and Vaughan had Catholic tendencies must not blind us to the defects which enable Milton to cast them into the shade.

We may even admit that Milton's Puritanism had something to do with his eminence as a poet. It disciplined his imagination and taught it to eschew those pretty fancies which, in the Cavalier versifiers, were allowed to run riot. The same stern spirit which enabled Cromwell to win his battles manifested itself in the chaste classicism of Cromwell's Latin Secretary. Milton's sonorous verse marches in battalions with the same unsmiling obedience to orders as the troopers who at Naseby and Marston Moor sweep before them Prince Rupert's gay cavaliers. Also, there can be no doubt that the passion of revolt was, at the time, stronger than that which upheld tradition. The Puritans were in the ascendent. The cause of Laud, the High Church Archbishop, and, still more that of the Catholic Church, was under an eclipse. These things have their effect on literary productions.

It is not without reason that we have classed together two non-Catholics and one Catholic. They all belonged to the same reaction against Puritanism. The Puritan was by nature an iconoclast. He would hear nothing of traditional usages. Ceremony of any kind was to him an abomination. His favorite book, the Old Testament, set before him an austere model and made him suspicious of literary graces. But there were men who loved these things—country parsons and gentlemen imbued with the spirit of the old Universities who looked with horror on the vandalism that was being commit-

ted by the uneducated yokels and town-folk enlisted under the Commonwealth banner.

Driven into seclusion, some of them cultivated a scholarly piety. In a gentlemanly way they were deeply devotional, their devotion calling to its aid some of those doctrines and ritualistic practices associated with the Old Religion. At the same time they were intensely English. We shall find the secret of their High Church tendencies rather in the tastes that belonged to their class than in any desire to return to Rome. Their verses reflect the quiet, dignified ease of country parsonages. Their religion was quite incapable of facing and living amid the turbulent passions of their times. In the restricted retreats in which they had taken refuge their style inevitably reflected their condition. It became burdened with conceits. Evidences of what is known as "preciousness" are obvious. They are quaint rather than robust and their verse reminds us of those diminutive Japanese plants whose dwarfed imitations of nature's larger efforts are due in part to their being pot-bound. The best example of these Cavalier pietists is George Herbert, born in 1593 and dying in 1632.

It was for only two years that he ministered as vicar in the little parish of Bemerton in Wiltshire, for his decision to "take orders" was made comparatively late, his first intention being that of finding employment at Court. But those two years were not wasted. Such was the impression made on others both by his person and his poems that he was known as the "holy George Herbert." One of his longer poems, entitled, *The Sacrifice*, will give an idea of his style. In this it will be noted how fond he is of comparisons, which are often felicitous and strike an unexpected note. That they constitute poetry in the strict sense of the term may be doubted; they belong rather to what Dryden called "wit-writing." Here are some typical stanzas from *The Sacrifice*, picturing the scene in Gethsemane:

**A**RISE, arise, they come. Look how they run.  
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!  
How with their lanterns do they seek the sun!  
Was ever grief like mine?

The following verses speak for themselves:

For thirty pence he did my death devise,  
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,  
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice.  
Was ever grief like mine?

Hark how they cry aloud still, Crucify:  
It is not fit to live a day, they cry,  
Who cannot live less than eternity:  
Was ever grief like mine?

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise,  
Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,  
Leaving his blindness to mine enemies.  
Was ever grief like mine?

Now heal thyself, Physician; now come down.  
Alas! I did so when I left my crown  
And Father's smiles for you, to feel His frown:  
Was ever grief like mine?

**T**HE only other lines of Herbert on this subject which call for quotation are those which begin "Philosophers have measured mountains." I cite them chiefly for the sake of the last line in which we find another of those felicitous and epigrammatic sayings which in this poet abound:

Philosophers have measured mountains,  
Fathomed the depths of seas, of states,  
and kings,  
Walked with a staff to heaven, and traced  
fountains:  
But there are two vast, spacious things,  
The which to measure it doth more be-  
hove:  
Yet few there are that found them: Sin  
and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair  
Unto Mount Olivet, there shall he see  
A Man so wrung with pains, that all his  
hair,  
His skin, his garments bloody be.  
Sin is that press and vice, which forceth  
pain  
To hunt his cruel food through every  
vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay  
And taste that juice, which on the cross  
a pike  
Did set again abroad; then let him say  
If ever he did taste the like.  
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,  
Which my God feels as blood; but I, as  
wine.

Henry Vaughan (1621-1695) may be described as a disciple of George Herbert, but many will prefer him to his master. His imagination is loftier, less domestic. George Herbert, for instance, could never have written those lines by which Vaughan is best known:

I saw Eternity the other night  
Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless  
light,  
All calm, as it was bright;  
And round beneath it, Time, in hours,  
days, years,  
Driv'n by the spheres,  
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the  
world  
And all her train were hurl'd.

VAUGHAN belonged to a well-known family in Wales. After a University career he devoted himself to medicine and practised not far from his native place. His life fell in one of the most turbulent periods of English history, that of the Civil War between Roundheads and Cavaliers, but though his sympathies were strongly with the latter, he took no part in the strife, his abstention being due, it is said, to conscientious objection to the shedding of blood. This peace-loving recluse, in addition to the duties of his calling, indulged in verse-writing such as was common among the more cultured of the time. But a serious illness resulting in a spiritual crisis, his thoughts turned with fervent piety to religion.

After bringing out a volume of verse he published a collection of prose meditations. Among other things, this latter production contained a translation of a discourse by St. Anselm, the famous Archbishop of Canterbury. "It will be conjectured from the epithets given to St. Anselm," says a biographer, "that Vaughan's religious spirit, though very fervent and real, was not exactly of the character of that which prevailed at this time. The Puritan principle had been to cry down antiquity and pour contempt on that which was authorized and established. Vaughan on the other hand was a lover of order. He knew how to distinguish between forms and formality. He delighted to look up to the great and good of other days for direction and precedent. What others before him had found to be conducive to their spiritual welfare, might, he thought, conduce to his. He was glad therefore to listen to their teaching, and conform to their example; and instruction always came to

him with additional weight and force, when backed by such authority."

Such preference for the guidance of tradition was, of course, very far from an acknowledgment of the claims advanced by that living Church which embodies and develops tradition. All that can be said of Vaughan and his like is that they were religious conservatives. Both their class prejudices and their national limitations prevented them from beholding the vision of the Universal Church. Yet within those limitations they were able to manifest a true, if somewhat retiring piety.

This will be seen from Vaughan's lines on *The Passion*. They do not, it is true, exhibit him at his best; the influence of George Herbert is too marked. They are quoted because, while being fairly characteristic, they are relevant to our subject. Here they are:

O my chief good!  
My dear, dear God!  
When thy blest blood  
Did issue forth, forc'd by the Rod  
What pain didst Thou  
Feel in each blow!  
How didst Thou weep,  
And thy self steep  
In thy own precious, saving teares!  
What cruell smart  
Did teare thy heart!  
How didst thou grone it  
In the spirit,  
O Thou, whom my soul loves and feares!  
  
Most blessed Vine!  
Whose juice so good  
I feel as Wine,  
But they faire branches felt as blood,  
How wert thou prest  
To be my feast!  
In what deep anguish  
Didst thou languish!  
What springs of Sweat and blood did  
drown thee!  
How in one path  
Did the full wrath  
Of thy great Father  
Crowd and gather,  
Doubling thy griefs, when none would  
own thee!

How did the weight  
Of all our sinnes,  
And death unite  
To wrench and rack thy blessed limbes!  
How pale and bloudie  
Lookt thy Body!  
How bruised and broke,  
With every stroke!  
How meek and patient was thy spirit!  
How didst thou cry,  
And grone on high  
"Father forgive  
And let them live!  
I dye to make my foes inherit!"

O blessed Lamb!  
Thou took'st my sinne,  
That took'st my shame,

How shall thy dust thy praises sing?

I would I were  
One hearty teare!  
One constant spring!  
Then would I bring  
Thee two small mites, and be at strife  
Which should most vie,  
My heart, or eye,  
Teaching my years  
In smiles and tears  
To weep, to sing, thy *Death*, my *Life*.

IN Richard Crashaw we are introduced to another of those scholars who were driven by their reaction against the Puritanism of the times into sympathy with Archbishop Laud's High Church views. Crashaw, who was born in 1613, was the son of a fierce anti-Catholic controversialist, which perhaps, as so often happens, endowed Rome in his eyes, with the fascination of forbidden fruit. It was not, however, until after some years spent at Cambridge University where he made friends among the High Church party, that he actually became a Catholic.

His father, who had died in Richard's youth, had left his son but the smallest pittance wherewith to continue his education, and it was in direst poverty that his fellow-poet and friend, Abraham Cowley, found him in Paris. His conversion had taken place somewhere between 1643 and 1645, and it was in the last-named year that the destitute exile was discovered and rescued.

Cowley was attached to the Court of Queen Henrietta, the Catholic wife of Charles I of England, and introduced his impoverished friend to that lady. She gave Crashaw letters of introduction to friends in Italy where he became Secretary to Cardinal Palotta, who described him as "a man of angelical life." The Cardinal procured him a benefice in connection with the Holy House of Loreto, but a few months after his appointment, the poet contracted fever and died. The date of his death is given as August 25, 1645.

IT is significant that Crashaw's best-known lines are those in which he celebrated St. Teresa, whom he addressed as "undaunted daughter of desires." I speak of this as significant because that which distinguishes this poet from those we have been considering is a more passionate strain of devotion, a warmth of mystical piety akin to that of the great Spanish Saint herself. Perhaps we may suppose that it was this more ardent strain which carried him beyond the boundaries of Anglicanism.

Crashaw is often described as florid and exotic, and there is ground for the criticism. These are not English characteristics and they help to explain why it was that he could not content himself with the religion that satisfied the quiet spirit of men like Herbert and Vaughan.

His chequered life is in the same contrast with theirs. Instead of a country parsonage or the security of a recognized profession and the quiet of an obscure Welsh village, it was his lot to be a wanderer on the Continent and to know the depths of poverty. In following his fortunes we glimpse a larger world than that viewed from the study windows of those contemporaries whom we have classed with him. The passions with which he came in contact were unknown to those recluses, and this fact is not without its bearing on their respective styles. But it must be admitted that Crashaw was not entirely successful in his attempt to anglicize a devotional spirit which needed Spanish or Italian in which fully and properly to express itself. To English ears he sounds often over-florid, over-sweet. There is in his writing a dangerous sensuousness which, had he lived longer, would no doubt have been curbed. He had to acclimatize to the colder atmosphere of his native land and flowers that had grown elsewhere and the result, at that early stage of the process, was naturally to give an impression of something exotic.

A few verses from his poem *Upon a Bleeding Crucifix* will enable the reader

to form an opinion for himself as to this. Here are the first five stanzas of the poem in question:

Jesu, no more! It is full tide;  
From Thy head and from Thy feet,  
From Thy hands, and from Thy side,  
All the purple rivers meet.

What need Thy fair head bear a part  
In showers as if Thine eyes had none?  
What need they help to drown Thy heart,  
That strives in torrents of its own?

Water'd by the showers they bring,  
The thorns that Thy blest brow encloses  
(A cruel and a costly spring)  
Conceive proud hopes of proving roses.

Thy restless feet now cannot go  
For us and our eternal good,  
As they were ever wont. What though?  
They swim, alas! In their own flood.

Thy hands to give Thou canst not lift;  
Yet will Thy hand still giving be.  
It gives, but O itself's the gift:  
It gives though bound; though bound 'tis free.

This is a fair example of such refer-

ences to the Cross as occur in Crashaw's verse. They take such figures of speech as "rivers of blood" or "the garment of blood" in which Our Lord's nakedness was clothed, and play on it in a manner that is alien to modern taste. Yet Crashaw was a true poet. The Hymn to St. Teresa has been praised by critics as eminent as Coleridge. One of them goes as far as to say, "I know nothing in devotional poetry finer than this."

THE interest of Crashaw and his fellow-poets consists largely in that they constitute the poetic channel through which Catholicism returned to their native land. English Catholicism still bears traces of their influence. The somewhat academic and Tory character of the Oxford Movement carried on the tradition which they helped to create. The influence of Crashaw is particularly conspicuous in Francis Thompson, with whom later we shall have to deal. But a change is taking place. English Catholicism is passing from its academic stage, the stage in which its leaders were scholars tinged with the memory of Archbishop Laud, and is taking more popular forms. And this transformation, as we shall see, is mirrored in its literary productions.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

### The Secrets of the White Lady

by Captain Henry Landeau

*The Secrets of the White Lady* is a narrative of the activities of Belgian Secret Service organizations, operating in occupied territory during the war. Captain Landeau's account is straightforward, soldierly. His sense of dramatic situations is really fine. His sympathetic understanding of the characters in his book reveals his own essential kindness.

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them up. But the author's personality throws a glamor about the dangers and heroism of espionage that must be far removed from the reality.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. \$3.00.

### In Quest of Beauty

by Dom Willibrord Verkade, O.S.B.

*In Quest of Beauty* is the sequel to Verkade's earlier book, *Yesterdays of an Artist Monk*. In his *Yesterdays* Dom Verkade told the story of his life up to his entrance into the cloister; in his *In Quest of Beauty* he tells us of his days in the cloister, from the warm enthusiasm of his youthful first surrender to the calm serenity of his ripe old age.

There is the absorbing account of his first days in the monastery; of his renunciation and final separation from all earthly things. There is the limpid narrative of his ordination day and of the ecstasy of his first mass. There is the record of his artistic work in various churches throughout Europe and in the

Holy Land; the decoration of a convent chapel in Vienna, or of a church in Prague or in the Black Forest of Germany. There is valuable and interesting information concerning the Beuronese school of religious art, of its theory and philosophy. But beyond all this, dominating all this, there is the sheer *humanness* of the book. One comes to know that Dom Verkade is a great artist; that he is a convinced Religious; but above all, one comes to know that Dom Verkade is *human* in the richest and noblest significance of the word.

And it is in this that the true charm of the book lies. For it is this human quality of the author that provides the field for the play of Divine Grace; the quickening sensitiveness of the response to Grace; and the mellowing richness of the character that Grace has formed. The quest for beauty was a successful quest because beauty was sought in God.

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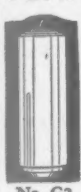
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by Christopher Dawson

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such transitional times, will find in this  
latest study of Mr. Dawson's an in-  
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son not only gives the clearest and  
simplest explanation we have seen of  
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less known form of dictatorship as it  
exists in Turkey, and which, in his  
opinion, is the kind of rule most likely  
to spread in the Western world. As it  
is, even the more conservative nations,  
such as France, Britain, and the United  
States, are already affected, in some de-  
gree, by the universal tendency for the  
state to absorb to itself more and more  
of the "totality" of life. The Modern  
State, as it is developing, is more than  
political; it has a philosophy, a re-  
ligion, of its own. With such a "re-  
ligion," that of Christ must necessarily  
conflict.

In the face of such a conflict,  
Christians must know just where they  
stand. It is not enough to protest blindly  
against the encroachments of modern  
tyrannies; we need an intelligent grasp  
of the real principles involved. Then,  
too, we owe it to ourselves and to so-  
ciety to spread and to actualize, as far  
as possible, the healing doctrines of  
Christ. We have a solution for the ills

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With the exception of the first three chapters, which are profoundly theological, the style is easy and the matter not too heavy for the layman. The reader of this book will be brought to a realization of his dignity, of the glory and grandeur of the Church and at the same time numberless avenues are opened up for thought and activity. In one sentence in the chapter on the "Unity of the Mystical Body," Msgr. Sheen mentions a need which we trust he in his own inimitable way may one day fill: "What Being is to Metaphysics, Love is to Theology—though we have not yet built our manuals around that central truth." A good book is the best of friends, the same today and forever. Such is the latest book that has come from the pen of Msgr. Fulton Sheen—a book for priests, religious and laymen.

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*The Longest Years* therefore is a tribute to Sigrid Undset's creative genius. But it also contains that magical quality of style, dramatic sequence and healthy realism inseparable from her writings.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.00.

### Blessed Gemma Galgani

by Father Amadeo, C.P. Translated by Father Osmund, C.P.

Blessed Gemma Galgani has indeed been well served by her biographers. The large and detailed life by Father Germanus, her spiritual director, has attained an immense circulation in Italy (by 1929 more than 71,000 copies had been sold) while an English translation is already in its third edition. Much new matter, however, has become available since the death of Father Germanus in 1909, and so the writing of a new definitive biography of Blessed Gemma Galgani was entrusted to the capable hands of Fr. Amadeo, C.P., the Postulator of her Cause in Rome. This new biography contains much hitherto unpublished material, and is the only authenticated record of her whole life. Father Osmund Thorpe has performed a useful service in placing this eminently readable translation at our disposal.

We are glad to note that the special and unique relationship between Bl.

Gemma Galgani and the Passionist Congregation is strongly emphasized in these pages. Pope Benedict XV, on the Introduction of her Cause, could declare that "The pious virgin, Gemma Galgani, if not by habit and profession, undoubtedly by desire and affection, is rightly numbered among the religious children of Saint Paul of the Cross."

Father Osmund's translation is fresh and vigorous, and will be a stimulus to the devotion of Blessed Gemma's clients in this country. We earnestly commend it to the attention of all our readers, and particularly to the members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion.

Burns, Oates & Washburne, London. \$3.50.

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by Clement Crock

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**2** Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

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